

PHOTOPLAY

MAY
25 CENTS



Illustration by
ELEANOR
CARLOW
Designed by
Eileen Warren

MAKING A FORTUNE
LOOKING DUMB
FREDERICK L. COLLINS



**LUCKY
STRIKE**
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
Lucky



LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
—THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.



They Taste Better

HELEN TWELVETREES HELPS ANN Get Her Man

TELLS HER HOW EVERY WOMAN CAN HAVE A LOVELY FIGURE THE EASY HOLLYWOOD WAY

NO WONDER SAM'S NEVER ASKED ME FOR A DATE!

HELEN TWELVETREES HAS MY IDEA OF A PERFECT FIGURE, SAM

MAN SHE'S A HONEY! I COULD FALL FOR A GIRL WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT!

HELEN TWELVETREES HAS A GORGEOUS FIGURE! I WONDER IF SHE'D TELL ME HER SECRET. IT MIGHT HELP ME TO WIN SAM. I'LL WRITE TO HER

HELEN TWELVETREES ANSWER TO ANN

My Dear Ann:
I'm glad to tell you my stay-slim secret—tho it isn't mine alone. Most of the Hollywood stars eat Ry-Krisp to protect their figures. Get the Hollywood Habit. Eat Ry-Krisp and I believe you'll get your man

(LATER)

ANN! YOU LOOK WONDERFUL. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FIGURE?

IT'S A SECRET — HELEN TWELVETREES TAUGHT ME. RY-KRISP WITH EVERY MEAL! SHE SAID IT WOULD WORK WONDERS, AND IT HAS. I GET PLENTY TO EAT—YET I'VE LOST POUNDS!

MISS JOHNSON — ANN — THAT DRESS IS A KNOCKOUT! ER-R— WILL YOU GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME TONIGHT?

I'D LOVE IT. (TO HERSELF: SIX WEEKS AGO I COULDN'T HAVE WORN THIS DRESS!)

I JUST LOVED HELEN TWELVETREES IN THAT PICTURE. HASN'T SHE A MARVELOUS FIGURE?

NO LOVELIER THAN YOURS, ANN DARLING— WILL YOU MARRY ME?

"YOU CAN SEE HOW IMPORTANT A GOOD FIGURE IS TO THE BEAUTIFULLY FITTED LINES OF A GOWN LIKE THIS. RY-KRISP HELPS ME KEEP MY FIGURE AT ITS BEST— ALWAYS!" SAYS HELEN TWELVETREES.

GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT! Eat RY-KRISP

You'll Love It Because It TASTES SO GOOD!

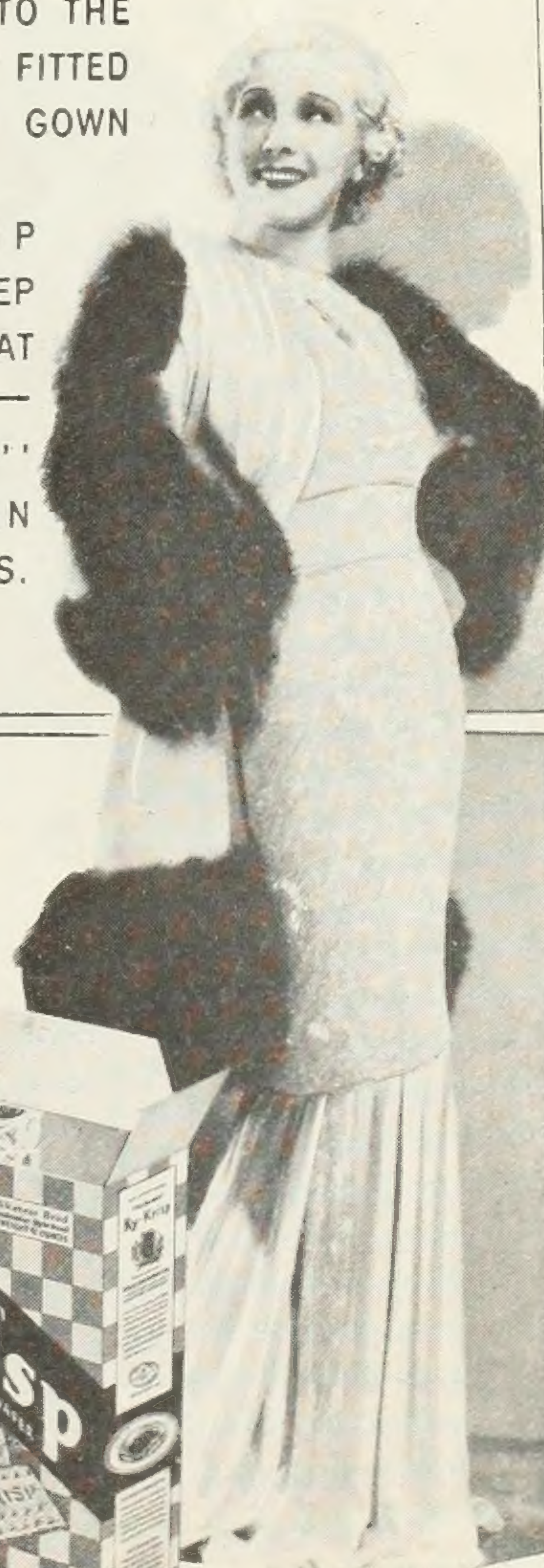
SERVE WITH SALADS

Ry-Krisp doubles appetite appeal of salads!

SERVE WITH SOUPS

Ry-Krisp makes any soup taste just twice as good!

DO as the movie stars do—eat Ry-Krisp and ENJOY reducing. Ry-Krisp actually helps you to reduce because it's filling but not fattening. Just whole rye, salt and water — double baked for lasting crispness and temptingly different flavor. A healthful food for all the family. Ralston Purina Company, Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Missouri.



"GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT—EXERCISE REGULARLY, EAT RY-KRISP INSTEAD OF HEAVY STARCHY FOODS—WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY"

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST- BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement...a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty...mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance...you'll laugh at its bright comedy...and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MACDONALD • *Nelson* EDDY NAUGHTY MARIE

"AH, SWEET
MYSTERY OF LIFE"

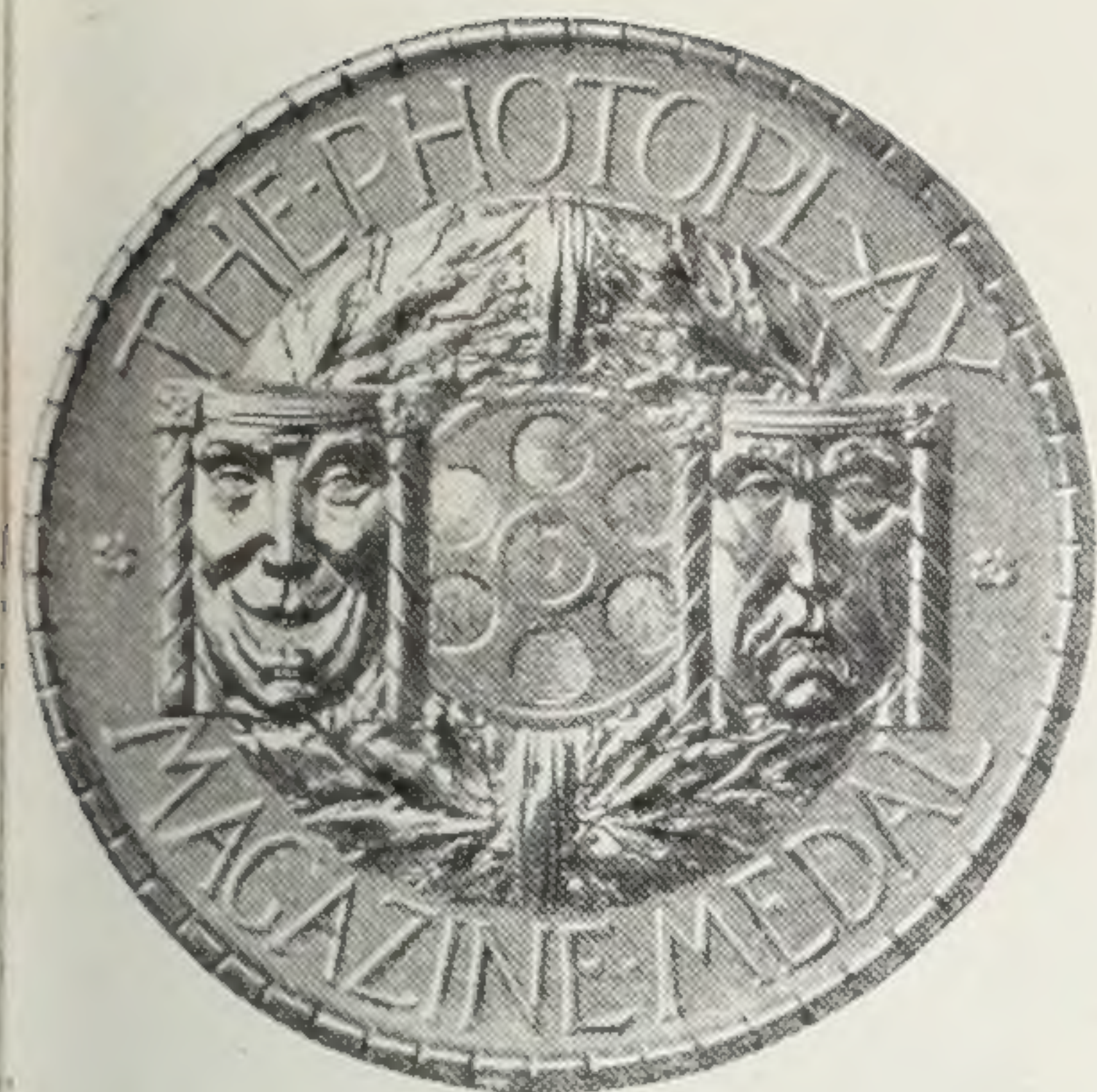
"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
FRANK
MORGAN
Douglas Dumbril
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG



SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE



WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL
FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF
THE YEAR

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7th HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
- 1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVII NO. 6

MAY, 1935

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WALLING JR.

● The joke's on somebody. But judging by the way these four are taking it, it's not on any one of them! Left to right, Ida Lupino, Tullio Carminati, Mary Ellis and James Blakeley. The four are principal players in Paramount's "Paris in Spring," and were just leaving the studio after a hard day's work when something funny happened. Stage star Mary Ellis, you know, is Paramount's newest big bet for stardom

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Ruby Keeler in the swell-
est stepping she's ever done!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
as Al Jolson sings his heart
out to Ruby in 5 new ballads!



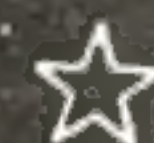
GO INTO YOUR DANCE
to the lilting tunes of 8 grand
songs by Warren & Dubin!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with 100's of girls in ravishing
Bobby Connolly spectacles!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Glenda Farrell, Patsy
Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny
Rubin, and other big stars!



Clap Hands for Another Honey
from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical
Miracle that Runs Away with
April's Blue Ribbon! Even if
Its Drama and Music Weren't
Blended So Magically into
Entertainment That Is Sheer
Enchantment, You'd Still Insist
on Seeing It Because It Teams
for the First Time on the Screen

Al
JOLSON
and
Ruby
KEELER

in

"GO INTO
YOUR
DANCE"

Famous "42nd Street's" author,
Bradford Ropes, wrote this
story of a girl who played with
death for her man's life—
staged against the thrilling
backdrop of New York's hot
spots. And you'll like Archie
L. Mayo's smart direction
for First National Pictures.



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

★ **AGE OF INNOCENCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—For those who appreciate an intelligent interpretation of a great theme—love's sacrifice for convention's sake. John Boles and Irene Dunne are a splendid team. (Nov.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley. (Jan.)

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Fay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Jan.)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BADGE OF HONOR—Mayfair.—Phony and amateurish, with some pretty awful dialogue. Buster Crabbe and Ruth Hall. (Nov.)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attache. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

★ **BELLE OF THE NINETIES**—Paramount.—La West comes through again with a knockout performance. Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katherine De Mille do well. But the film is a major triumph of Mae over matter. (Nov.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, underseas adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

★ **BIG HEARTED HERBERT**—Warners.—Just one heartfelt laugh. Guy Kibbee is grouchy father, continually reminding Aline MacMahon and their children of his struggle to success. (Nov.)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

BRIDE OF THE LAKE, THE—Amer-Anglo Prod.—Pleasant romance against a background of Irish country life. Nobleman John Garrick in love with peasant girl Gina Malo. Stanley Holloway sings Irish ballads. (Dec.)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (Jan.)

BY YOUR LEAVE—RKO-Radio.—You'll chuckle plenty. Frank Morgan is the picture, as the husband in his forties who wants to be naughty and has forgotten how. Includes Genevieve Tobin. (Dec.)



The talented British actress, Elizabeth Bergner, known to American moviegoers by her "Catherine the Great"

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

★ **CARAVAN**—Fox.—For a riotous carnival of song, dance, costume and operetta plot, we recommend this film laid in Hungary. A-1 cast includes Jean Parker, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Phillips Holmes. (Nov.)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG, THE—Warners.—Smooth and clever, different and diverting murder yarn. Lawyer Warren William solves mystery. Mary Astor, Gordon Westcott. (Nov.)

CHAINED—M-G-M.—Splendidly written, acted, directed, with Joan Crawford married to Otto Kruger and in love with Clark Gable. (Nov.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (Charlie Chan) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as Chan, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—A merry and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (Jan.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Colorful British version of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Fritz Kortner, German star, and Ann May Wong excellent in leads. (Dec.)

CITY PARK—Chesterfield.—As one of the cronies who become involved in the destiny of a girl (Sallie Blane) gone broke in the big city, Henry Walthall is superb. (Nov.)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as Clive. Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

★ **COLLEGERHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat as Dantes; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a loveable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louis Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (March)

★ **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**—Paramount.—A truly remarkable picture, that has for its theme the workings of an unscrupulous mind. Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne all first-rate. Suspense maintained throughout. (Nov.)

CRIMSON ROMANCE—Mascot.—War story of good flying, plenty combat scenes. Two pals, Beary Lyon and James Bush, both fliers, of course, fall in love with ambulance driver Sari Maritza. (Dec.)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Hentley Hentley carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

★ **DANGEROUS CORNER**—RKO-Radio.—A story with two endings—what happened at the "cover-up." Involves a "suicide"—actually murder. Full of startling revelations. Ian Keith, Erin O'Brien Moore, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, others. Excellent. (Dec.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child David, W. C. Fields as Micawber, Madge Evans as Agnes are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing the film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND—M-G-M.—In probable in spots, yet meat for baseball and mystery devotees. Paul Kelly convincing as a reporter. Robert Young and Madge Evans love interest. (Nov.)

DEFENSE RESTS, THE—Columbia.—Entertaining story of a none-too-ethical but unbeatable criminal lawyer (Jack Holt) forced to defend a kidnaper. Jean Arthur. (Nov.)

DESIRABLE—Warners.—A neat gem that will please the entire family. New laurels for Jean Muir and George Brent. (Nov.)

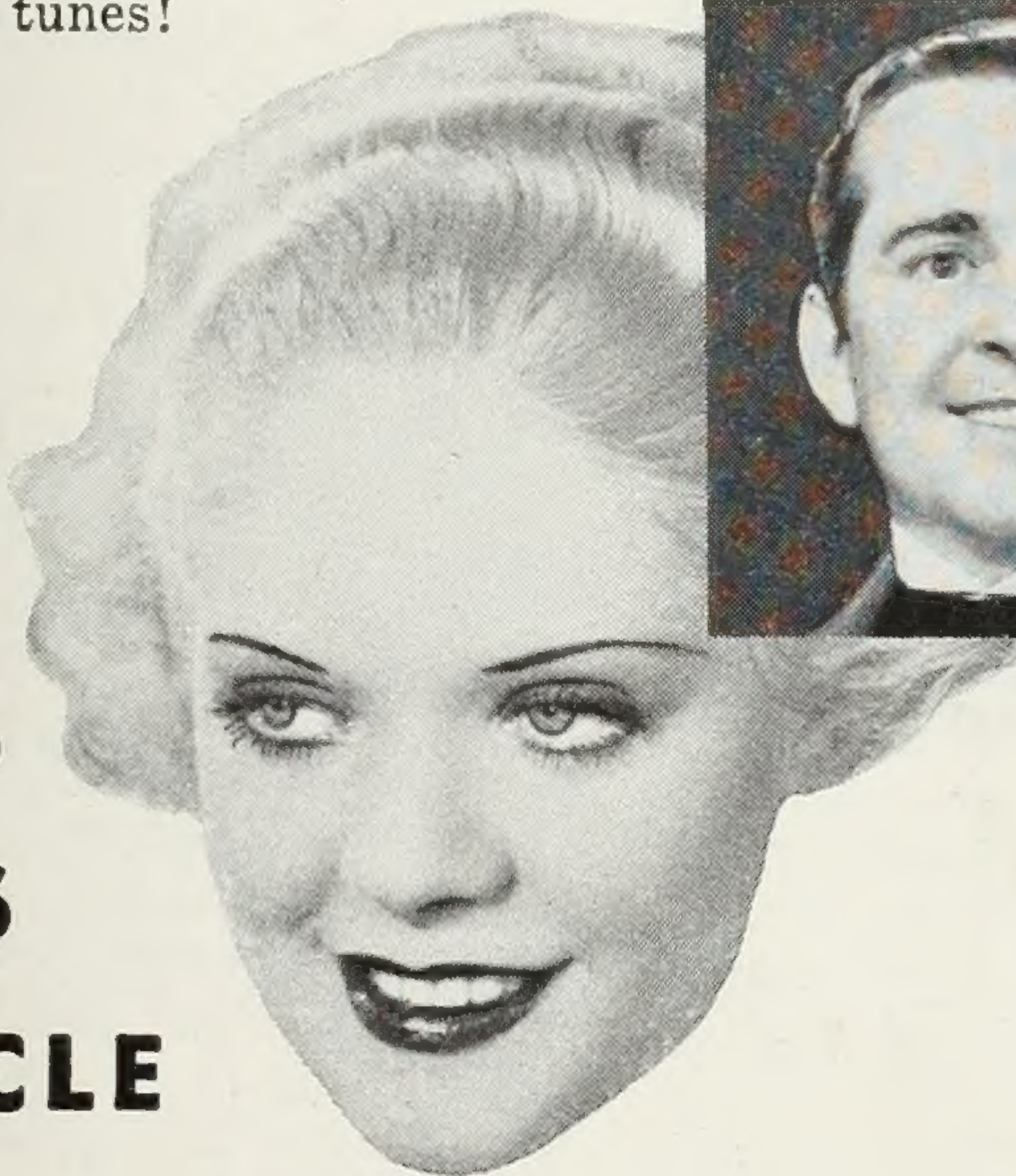
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

IT'S TOPS..
his year more
than ever!

ge it from me—this new Scandals is 365
ies greater than last year's . . . and what
legant entertainment *that* was! Only
erge White himself could have out-
azled his 1934 creation.

re going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's"
the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the
eties to thrilled "o-ohs" at the ro-
nce. And you're going to dance out both
er shoes this spring to the swingy
hythms of six hit tunes!

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE



Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films'
glamour gal. She has what it takes to
the cinema heights.



Watch the sparks fly!



otuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous
including 30 beauty contest winners!

FLASHES from GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS

by Jerry Halliday

A frolicking foursome
bubbling with the
gaiety of the Gay
Nineties number



with

ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced
and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in
this picture. And what a marvelous
singin'-steppin' duo she and Jim-
my Dunn make! • As for Lyda
Roberti . . . *well* . . . team up Po-
land's gift to Hollywood with Ned
Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then
look out below! • Fox Studios
have staged this musicale with a
lavish hand. And what a great, big
hand YOU will give it!



Hollywood cheered this masterpiece
of that master showman, George White

HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE,
DANCE-ABLE TUNES!

"According to the Moon-
light"
"It's an Old Southern
Custom"
"Hunkadola"
"Oh I didn't know (you'd
get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got
shoesies"



Letters

From all over the world, readers of Photoplay express themselves here in print

WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE—

OUT of hundreds of magazines published every month, PHOTOPLAY is the only movie magazine found on the shelves of the Elizabeth Public Library. It is placed with the other honorary "Literary periodicals," but I can assure you that it is read more than any other runner-up as indicated by a busy line calling for it and by worn-out pages.

VERA RADZUCK, Elizabeth, New Jersey

TO YOU, MISS GARBO—

I AGREE with Eunice Gideon and John Boyan in the March PHOTOPLAY, when they protest at the way our Garbo is being "murdered" with such ordinary stories.

She is the *only* great actress on the screen today.

Also another of our finest stars has been pushed into obscurity after making a wonderful showing—Nils Asther.

MRS. TED BROWN, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

AFTER seeing Garbo in "The Painted Veil" have I changed my mind about her! Always, before, she seemed like a wooden woman to me—stalking across the screen with the same old tragic face and soulful eyes. Phooey!

Now she is alive, warm, human, as we would have her. A thousand pardons, Miss Garbo, and a big bouquet to you—orchids, of course, and lots of them.

FERN HOPEWELL, South Bend, Ind.

PHOTOPLAY's fans seem to know what it's all about. The three letters dealing with Garbo in the March issue, for instance, were all bell-ringers.



Feminine fans everywhere are clamoring for more pictures of Charles Boyer

Garbo has been unduly criticized. She does need a good picture, and she has a decided flair for sophisticated comedy.

So far as I am concerned, Greta Garbo is easily the most beautiful woman on the screen; in the world, for that matter.

Yes, Garbo must remain the greatest name in the motion picture industry. How about it, M-G-M?

ROBERT CHARLES, Syracuse, New York

I AM not sure that I agree with H. Pratt who in the March issue said "Garbo would be replaced on her pedestal if she played in a good high comedy." I didn't know she had fallen off, and I don't think she needs replacing, as there is something about Greta Garbo that all other screen actresses try to imitate. I would like to see her, though, in more costumes such as she wore in "The Painted Veil," and I believe the public would, too. But as for high comedy for Garbo, that's too much.

MRS. C. J. RAMYNS, Lynbrook, L. I.

MARCH PRIZE LETTER WINNERS

The winners of the three cash prizes for letters from Photoplay readers for the March issue were as follows: First Prize (\$25.00) Marion Werner, 1590 Alice St., Apt. 203, Oakland, California. Second Prize (\$10.00) Louise Kennedy, P. O. Box 116, Byron, Illinois. Third Prize (\$5.00) Kathryn Hilgers, 1825 Grand Ave., Racine, Wisconsin.

AND YOU, MISS DEL RIO

MAY I refer Adoradora de la Pantella who in the March PHOTOPLAY, criticized Dolores Del Rio, to any biography of *Du Barry*? Del Rio gives us the only true *Du Barry*, the others having been only fictitious stories, each different, written to please the individual star.

How much longer are we going to be so narrow as to put type ahead of ability?

MARIE-BERNADETTE MORON, Baltimore, Md.

BY all means Dolores Del Rio's portrayal of *Madame Du Barry* was grand. Lively, sympathetic and perfectly natural. Besides she looked her loveliest. It was a gay, colorful picture, with dialogue as deliciously frothy as a chocolate ice cream soda, as some one said.

LUIS ZALDIVAR, Tacubaya, Mexico

I READ a letter in the March PHOTOPLAY criticizing Dolores Del Rio's fine work as *Madame Du Barry*. I think Dolores Del Rio made the best performance as *Du Barry* ever put on the screen.

M. M. SHARON, Pennsylvania

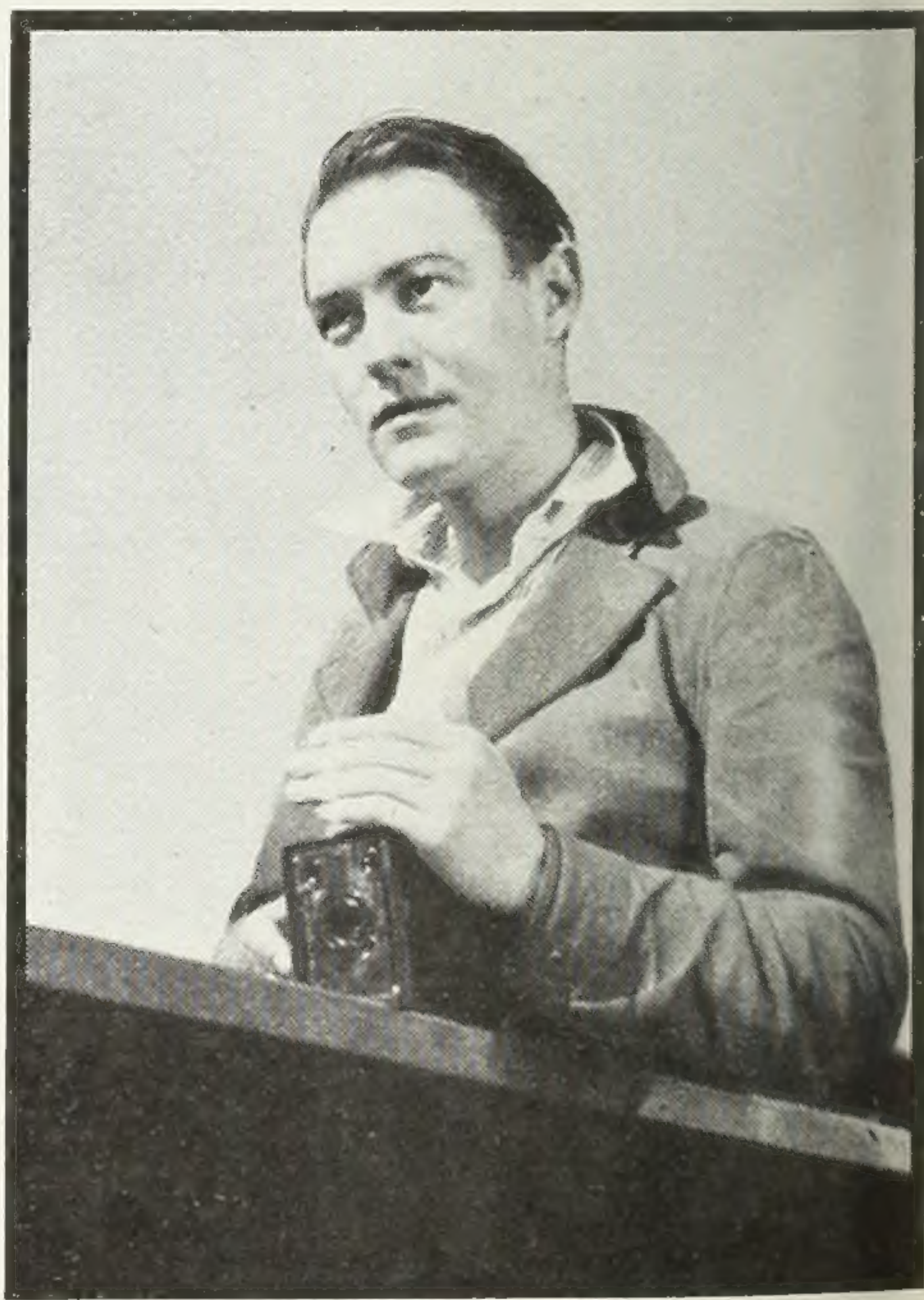
IN the March PHOTOPLAY I read a letter by Adoradora de la Pantella criticizing Dolores Del Rio as *Madame Du Barry*. Dolores Del Rio was good in that picture. Can it be Adoradora de la Pantella does not like Mexicans? We all like Spanish films and are especially fond of Dolores Del Rio, and a group of my Laredoan friends are ready to sign a paper to that effect.

Hurrah for "Lola!"

RAY VEYTIA, JR., Laredo, Texas



"Go Into Your Dance" is Ruby Keeler's latest picture. And she does just that to lead one of the cabaret dance scenes



Richard Cromwell is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. Between scenes, he snaps pictures of the rest of the cast



Billie Burke greets you in the royal manner. She is playing *Lady Baccarat*, an English noble-woman, in "Becky Sharp"

ATTENTION MR. DICKENS

DESPITE all the excitement and ballyhoo, "David Copperfield" falls short of being the great picture we expected to see.

It has atmosphere to a degree and a number of first rate performances are given by individual actors, but it lacks the intense dramatic quality a story of this kind should carry. It comes nearer to being a revue of Dickens' characters than the tale of *David's* struggle against almost overwhelming odds. The dramatic march of the picture is interrupted too often to make it a gripping story, possibly because there are too many characters. There is no criticism of the directing which I feel to be very fine. Too much has been attempted for a two-hour film.

Now, many double feature bills are presented, some lasting as long as three and a half hours. So, why not add an hour's length more to a single feature such as "David Copperfield," or any other much-loved novel when screened?

MARGARET DOLLER, Watertown, N. Y.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" is the greatest motion picture that has ever been made. In its fidelity to the original, its wonderful atmosphere, the excellence of its cast, and in every detail of its production, it stands alone.

LUCIA C. MARKHAM, Lexington, Kentucky

MAY all the Bluenoses who are worried about the decline of the cinema witness at least one performance of "David Copperfield." When Hollywood gives us a picture as charming and perfect as that, the motion picture industry cannot be in such a deplorable condition.

MRS. R. M., Toledo, Ohio

"BROADWAY BILL," "The County Chairman," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "Sequoia" are achievements that must be reviewed in superlatives. Then along comes "David Copperfield," and words seem strangely inadequate. Such a vivid translation from book to screen would have wreathed the face of the immortal Dickens in rapturous smiles. True Dickensian characters in breathing Dickensian atmosphere make a screen creation that is truly impressive.

MRS. WILLIAM V. ALBAUGH, Baltimore, Md.

Letters

Frank exchange of opinion by movie-goers has a far-reaching effect on pictures

IF Charles Dickens were living today, he would more than agree with the producers of "David Copperfield."

LAURINA DELELLA, Hartford, Connecticut

DRESSLER SUCCESSOR?

WHEN reading the March PHOTOPLAY I came across the letter about Jane Darwell. I, too, saw "The White Parade." We have had no hope of ever finding one who could ever take the place of our beloved Marie Dressler, but we sincerely believe that now we have found her. Here's to you, Jane Darwell!

DOROTHY NICHOLSON, Amboy, Ill.

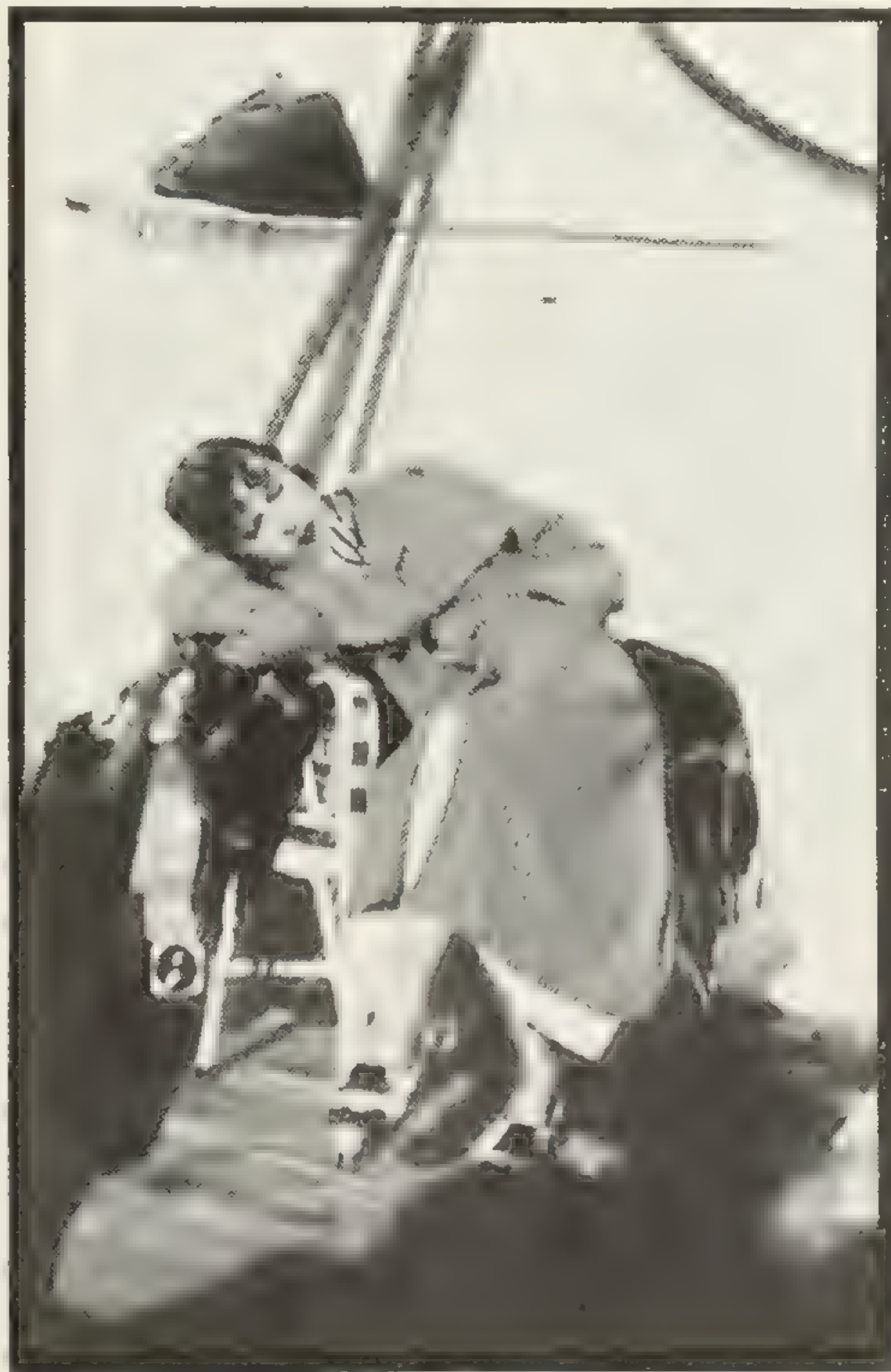
TO MISS CRAWFORD

PEOPLE laugh at Joan Crawford for giving those too soul-searching interviews recording every shade and nuance of her progress in character building. She seems contradictory, confused, in a perpetual state of flux.

Only the mentally, spiritually dead are always the same uninspired individuals, for Life is change.

Let us admire Joan as a completely human being striving to mold all the warring instincts, the clashing colors, the jarring, discordant notes that are her life into one splendid, harmonious fabric that shall be both beautiful and strong.

MARY IRENE WOODRUFF, Charlestown, Mass.



Fay Wray is making "Clairvoyant" in England. No, she is not shown in a trance. She is resting between scenes



An aristocratic son of Old Russia? Just Walter King, dressed up for the part. Walter's latest is "Spring Tonic"

GOODY—GOODY?

CAN'T Janet Gaynor be put in a different kind of movie aside from the goody-goody parts she's always in? Something with ginger.

MARY MACY CARPENTER, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

ALL FOR DIETRICH

IN the September PHOTOPLAY I read about the "Revolt Against Dietrich." I am a true Marlene fan and she is the reigning beauty of the screen. She is a great actress, and I shall stick by Marlene through thick and thin. She is absolutely perfect. If she does not want to interview writers why should she? No publicity for Dietrich and Garbo—come on, you Marlene Fans, and tell Hollywood that Marlene is still your enchantress!

PHILLIS NICHOLLS, East London, Cape Province, South Africa

A TRIFLE PUZZLED

MY age is between twelve and thirteen. When I stepped up to the box-office window a few weeks ago, ten cents in hand, the girl took a look that was supposed to be searching and said briefly, "Adult's price."

That was only fair, because a sign said, "Children under twelve—10c." But, when a picture such as "Life Begins" comes along a sign appears "Adults Only," and the girl gives me an icy stare and says, "Can't you see the sign? Adults only."

Such contradictions are beyond me. Can nothing be done?

MARVIN MUDRICK, Philadelphia, Pa.

HANDS OFF FILMS!

SAY hands off the films. They should be left to develop and grow, and surely when "dirty pictures" can produce such lovely things as "Little Women" and "David Copperfield," we have little to worry about.

RUTH AHLBERG, Peru, Nebraska

FULLY SATISFIED

MOVIES, all kinds—sexy, cowboy, comedies, romantic, religious, and historical—are an asset to the human race. Here's to them!

MARY E. REBMAN, Greenville, Cal.

PRAISE FOR "PROGRAMS"

FEEL compelled to sing hymns of praise for various unimportant program pictures which have lately been coming out of the studio. They're usually used only as fillers-in or as parts of double bills, but some of them have a lot of truth and moments of brilliant acting. And they leave a good taste in one's mouth; there's none of this off-color stuff in any of them.

X. Y. Z., Aberdeen, Wash.

BRIGHT SPOT

THE only bright spot on the comedy horizon is the Todd-Kelly hook-up. These girls are doing an excellent job of laugh making for the public and should be given a vote of thanks. The other so-called synthetic comics should retire or go on the radio, say at 3 A.M.

EMMA C. MURPHY, Lakewood, Ohio

A REAL FARM STORY

KNOW that there must be quite a few thousands of farm people who have the same idea I have, namely, to give us one *real* farm picture!

I ask for one which really relates the simple, fun-loving life so many of us live; about our drought trials, our flood trials, our "good crops," our "bad crops," our homey parties, dances, clubs and home demonstrations.



After an absence of seven months, Joan Blondell returns to the studio to star in Warner Bros.' "Traveling Saleslady"

And, we are very modern. We don't go to our parties in gingham and overalls.

JUST A FARM GIRL, Luling, Texas

PREFER THE DEMURE

SIDE in with the LETTERS contributors who would prefer the demure pictures, also the historical productions. A Garbo film would readily be exchanged for a picture starring Shirley Temple or a Will Rogers.

R. M. F., Kinder, Louisiana

TOO MUCH SADNESS?

MY hat is off to the movies—all of them. My only criticism is that we see in so many pictures of today too many of the things that go to make up sadness, suffering and unhappiness.

MRS. H. G. RICHBERG, Dawson, Georgia

Letters ·

Photoplay readers freely express their own ideas about current shows and stars



John Buckler, Franklin Pangborn and Ralph Bellamy take advantage of a lull in the shooting of "Eight Bells" and play a new game that has the studios agog. And, incidentally, it is appropriately enough called "Hollywood Stars"

TOO MUCH GUSH?

WHY must we have so much gush about picture people and picture affairs?

I like my pictures; lots of 'em, and I know my casts, private lives—the usual fan stuff, but the infallibility of the stars fairly nauseates me at times. And some of those clever stories about them. Ugh!

MRS. VIOLET MATOAKA CARR, Hyampom, Cal.

SIMPLICITY PREFERRED

MY husband and I recently saw "Forsaking All Others." Tell me: are there people as witty as Joan, Bob, Clark and all their various companions? If so, what a strain it must be for them to merely live! Imagine having to be so devastatingly clever all of the time. The witty and nutty remarks were really too much for us; we felt a little relieved to get out of the theater and just ride home in absolute silence, something we rarely do.

FLORENCE HOLMES, Jackson, Cal.

GLAMOUR DESIRED?

FANTASY and glamour surrounding the stars is what the public wants and asks for. They want to keep their illusions free from grim reality. They pay to be fooled and object when realism is thrust at them. The public wants to go on dreaming of Garbo's mystery, Gaynor's fragility, and Crawford's dramatic honesty.

If the stars enjoy cereals and wieners, just as you and I, don't tell us. Let us go on thinking that they dine on nectar and ambrosia.

O. LA PLANTE, Worcester, Massachusetts

FOR A FREE FORCE

MAY the motion picture producers and the American public fight to keep the talkies a free force for education, subject only to art and truth. While we look, moral censors may change to political censors and propagandists—most poisonous to the nation and the citizen.

ROSEMARY WOOD, Buffalo, New York



Young George Breakston, who played Puck in Max Reinhardt's road show of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and pal

Letters

**Whether you liked the picture or not,
what you think is interesting to others**



Ray Rannehan, Technicolor chief cameraman, and Rouben Mamoulian, director of the full-color feature, "Becky Sharp," look over some Technicolor film results

"ALL QUIET" AN INFLUENCE

JUST recently "All Quiet on the Western Front" was brought back to Boston, and it tipped the audience until the final scene faded. Show "All Quiet" to the youth of the world every five years. There will be less glorification of war!

WALTER ST. CROIX, Lynn, Mass.

LAUSIBILITY SOUGHT

ISN'T it about time that super-producers confined their gigantic-scale scenes to the great wide spaces, and for indoor scenes give us something plausible? All very well, perhaps, when portraying courts and palace pomp; not so bad sometimes in restaurant scenes (although there are instances—!), but a lot of us are growing critical when asked to believe in private mansions where the heroine wanders through at least four magnificent rooms before finding lover or husband—or both—in the fifth.

G. EDWARDS, Nova Scotia, Canada

HERO TAKES IT

WHY does the hero always stand and take it when the heroine slaps his face? It is not human nature for a man to kiss a woman unexpectedly and at least not be partially prepared to dodge a slap in the face. Yet always in the movies, the hero literally braces himself and takes the slap calmly. It's ridiculous.

DORIS N. McCORMICK, Xenia, Ohio

OUT OF CHINA

THERE are many pictures which have a slight or a great deal of Chinese air, and most of them, to my great astonishment, are far from being true and real. People wear such clothes that were long buried and their manners are such a queersort.

In "Student Tour" there is a scene of the S. S. Arcadia coming into the port of Shanghai. The background is a typical Oriental water front with high mountains perched up in the back. But in reality there isn't a single mound or hill within a hundred miles of the vicinity of Shanghai.

SUNG KYUNG KHWE, Shanghai, China

INDIA SPEAKS

WHILE on a visit to the United States, I had the occasion of seeing the film "India Speaks." Needless to say, I was utterly disappointed and was surprised at Jack Haliburton's imagination. I believe he was the producer and a player in the picture.

In the interest of better pictures and in justice to India, I quote from a leading editorial in one of our newspapers, The Times of India; referring to "India Speaks," "Hollywood has perpetrated too many gaucheries of this description."

G. HABIB, Bombay, India

FOR COLLEGE PICTURES

EVERYONE likes college pictures because they have plenty of pep in them. Why don't we have more? They make you feel like living.

POLLY ANN PANDRES, Dallas, Texas

OPERA ASKED

WOULD it not be possible to bring to the screen the operas now offered only to those who are fortunate enough to live where they are produced? And to those who possess sufficient funds to pay for the privilege of seeing them?

I realize that perhaps "box-office attraction" does not lie in this field, but cannot (and should not) public taste be educated here as well as in other lines?

MARJORIE W. EGGLETON, Macedon, N.Y.

JUDICIOUS COMEDY

AMONG our most entertaining plays are those including in their casts teams of popular comedians.

Most people want diverting plays with casts of intelligent and capable actors, but let us have those in which comedy is used in its rightful place and applied with a judicious and discriminating hand.

LUTHER SWEET, Yosemite, Kentucky

TO THE UP-CREEK BOYS

IF all the sermons and patriotic propaganda that we hear about "Our America" were chucked and only Will Rogers left, it would be enough to make our youth—and age, too—conscious of the kind of shrewd, human, honest, courageous Yankees that gave us our nation. It would make us laugh at our foolish attempts to ape Riviera manners and European worn-out mannerisms. And make us proud of those Up-Creek boys who are the smartest and best in all the world.

MRS. CLARENCE ROSE, San Francisco, Cal.

ALL GOOD MOVIES

AM wondering why we do not hear more exclamations of "Good! Excellent! Bravo!" and the like from the howling hordes who so blatantly condemned the movies some months past. Seems to me it has been in order for some time now, and we should stand up and cheer as the big parade of good movies is passing before us.

Also, it is really a shame that our government cannot H.E.L.P. in order that her unprivileged peoples might see the best movies of all time.

MAE CARTER, Lexington, North Carolina

MORE "SEQUOIA"

GIVE us another picture like "Sequoia," and we no longer need "Censorship" in pictures.

RUTH SILLIE, Seattle, Washington



The cameraman catches Louise Fazenda repairing her make-up between scenes

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT—RKO-Radio.—Fine cast wasted in this tale of "Blue Bookers" of 1929 giving away to "Brad Streeters" of 1934. Sidney Fox, Ned Sparks, Polly Moran, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer. (Nov.)

DRAGON MURDER CASE, THE—First National.—Not up to the S. S. Van Dine standard—nevertheless satisfactory film fare. Warren William is a convincing *Philo Vance*. Helen Lowell, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot. (Nov.)

DUDE RANGER, THE—Fox.—If you like Westerns, you may like this one. George O'Brien rides. Irene Hervey, Leroy Mason, Henry Hall in it. (Dec.)

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—A completely boring attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased mind. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland bogged down by it. (Jan.)

ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spotty entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her bewildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Jan.)

★ **EVELYN PRENTICE**—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy thinks she has murdered a man, but Isabel Jewell is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband is engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Jan.)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his two lady friends. (March)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, actor, is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catching instead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

★ **FLIRTATION WALK**—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien's a tough sergeant. Take the family. (Jan.)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothorn and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

FOUNTAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Rather slow-moving, yet exquisitely produced with a capable cast including Ann Harding, Paul Lukas and Brian Aherne. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film début as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)

★ **GAY DIVORCEE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Grandly amusing. Fred Astaire's educated dancing feet paired with those of Ginger Rogers. He's mistaken for a professional correspondent by Ginger, seeking a divorce. Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady pointed foils. (Dec.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

★ **GIFT OF GAB**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe, fast talking news announcer, flops, but is boosted up by Gloria Stuart. Story frame for gags, songs, sketches. Alexander Woolcott, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Victor Moore. (Dec.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST, A—Monogram.—Folks who enjoyed Gene Stratton Porter's novel will want to see this. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser, Ralph Morgan well cast. (Nov.)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicalities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouper, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned *Pip*, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (Jan.)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillingwater, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

★ **HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—Tuneful and peppy. About a wealthy miss and (honest!) a window washer. Josephine Hutchinson (fresh from the stage), and Dick Powell are the two. You'll like it and hum the tunes. (Dec.)

HAVE A HEART—M-G-M.—A wistful tale about the love of a cripple (Jean Parker) for an ice-cream vendor (Jimmy Dunn). Una Merkel-Stuart Erwin are a good comedy team. (Nov.)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

★ **HUMAN SIDE, THE**—Universal.—Accurately titled—a family story that is entertaining from start to finish. Adolphe Menjou, Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen. (Nov.)

I AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HAPPY BRITISHERS

Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale, who still, after four years of marriage, speak of each other in superlatives



"THE lady with the loveliest legs in London," who is seen by American movie critics as the inevitable partner of Fred Astaire, is none other than chic, slender, brunette Jessie Matthews, star of the Gaumont British picture "Evergreen," which created something of a sensation in this country.

So much so that it seems just about a certainty that before long she will be teamed with Astaire, in that she is "tops" anywhere as a dancer.

At the top, she is seen reading her mail with husband Sonnie Hale, leading British comedian whom you also remember in "Evergreen,"—at their large rambling country house just outside London. Sonnie raises pigeons and ducks. You can see the ducks just above. Miss Matthews, who has been in the theater in important rôles ever since she turned seventeen, is not only a talented star, but a gracious and charming hostess of the large ménage, which is always open to visitors.

And are they in love! After four years of married life.

Says Sonnie, "Jessie is the most beautiful lady in the world."

Says Jessie, "Sonnie is the most charming and adorable man in the world."

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer who is taken by a society gold digger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Jan.)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

★ **JUDGE PRIEST**—Fox.—Will Rogers makes Irvin S. Cobb's humorously philosophical character live so enjoyably, you wish you were a part of the drowsy Kentucky setting. The music heightens your desire. Tom Brown, Anita Louise the love interest. Perfect cast. (Dec.)

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS, THE—Warners.—Comedy, "so-called," about two manicurists (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell) out to do some gold-digging. Not for children. (Nov.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

★ **KID MILLIONS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

★ **LADY BY CHOICE**—Columbia.—Fresh and original, with a new situation for May Robson. Carole Lombard, fan dancer, "adopts" May, an irrepressible alcoholic, as her mother for a publicity gag. Roger Pryor, Walter Connolly important. (Dec.)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia.—Leslie Howard in a mild little English farce. Binnie Barnes, Nigel Bruce. (Nov.)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture. Hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruesome for the kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, thugs, dope, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Parker, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Jan.)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Professor Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*. (March)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram.—Eddie Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Collyer. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the youngsters. (Jan.)

LOST LADY, A—First National.—Willa Cather's novel, considerably revamped. Barbara Stanwyck fine in title rôle; Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez satisfactory. (Nov.)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

LOVE TIME—Fox.—The struggles of Franz Schubert (Nils Asther); his love for a princess (Pat Paterson); her father's (Henry B. Walthall) efforts to separate them. Lovely scenes, lovely music. (Dec.)

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overplayed adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial saga of the lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)



Richard Cromwell teams up with Will Rogers in "Life Begins at Forty"

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sobbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their rôles. (Feb.)

MENACE—Paramount.—Mystery. Starts weak, but picks up, and you'll be well mystified. A mad, man threatens Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Berton Churchill whom he blames for his brother's suicide. (Dec.)

★ **MERRY WIDOW, THE**—M-G-M.—Operetta striking a new high in lavish magnificence. Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier rate honors for their performances. (Nov.)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman *P. T. Barnum*, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gay Patrick. (Apr.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount.—Interesting adaptation, with Pauline Lord, ZaSu Pitts, W. C. Fields and a host of other fine players. (Nov.)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective, and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

★ **MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTIC HOUR, THE—Progressive.—Crookedest crooks, fightingest fights, tag with fast trains, middle-aged hero, dastardly villain, his bee-oofal ward. But no custard pies. Montagu Love, Charles Hutchison, Lucille Powers. (Dec.)

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-act thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men, and men into statues. (March)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dublin's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Jan.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outlick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Striving for suave robs story of much charm. Neil Hamilton reforms Binnie Barnes, who picks up diamonds hither and thither. Has laughs, and Paul Cavanagh, Eugene Pallette, Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

OUTCAST LADY—M-G-M.—Every cast member—including Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Hugh Williams—does his utmost. But this rambling presentation of Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" hampers their efforts. (Nov.)

OVER NIGHT—Mundis Distributing Corp.—Crook melodrama, but no suspense. Story is telegraphed ahead. But, it has engaging Robert Donat and beautiful Pearl Argyle. (Dec.)

★ **PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent teaches her her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

★ **PECK'S BAD BOY**—Fox.—The story so many of us have enjoyed in days gone by, effectively screened. Jackie Cooper is the "bad boy," and Thomas Meighan is *Mr. Peck*. (Nov.)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, and good Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay thario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Peterson. (March)

PURSUED—Fox.—Too hilariously melodramatic to be true. Everyone, including cast—Rosemary Ames, Pert Kelton, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie—must have been kidding when they made this picture over. (Nov.)

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE—Paramount.—Hinges on the long-gone custom used to make out the firewood, "bundling"; a Hessian soldier and a Colonial lass in Revolutionary War days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Barbara Barondess. Very amusing picture. (Dec.)

READY FOR LOVE—Paramount.—Amusing, could please entire family. Richard Arlen, newspaper owner, mistakes Ida Lupino for the innamorata of the town's leading citizen. Marjorie Rambeau, Kent Durkin, Beulah Bondi. (Dec.)

REDHEAD—Monogram.—Grace Bradley doesn't subscribe to the theory you shouldn't marry a man to reform him. She does, and it works. Bruce Cabot and man. (Dec.)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care about automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

RETURN OF HANDU, THE—Principal.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is Chandu. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Miriam Hopkins does grand job of title rôle, as girl who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself alone. Fay Wray. (Nov.)

ROCKY RHODES—Universal.—Good fare for western devotees, with fist fights and lots of fast riding by Buck Jones. (Nov.)

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and CharlesUGHTON in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love object. (Jan.)

SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Peterson lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS—Liberty.—Life in a girl's reform school, in the raw. Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly try hard, but it's a wearisome story just the same. (Nov.)

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrich Studio.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Sally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other stars in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

SEQUOIA—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

6 DAY BIKE RIDER—First National.—Typical Joe E. Brown, plus thrilling racing and good gags. City slicker Gordon Westcott steals Joe E.'s girl, Maxine Doyle. But Joe E. outpedals Gordon and—Frank McHugh good. (Dec.)



"Baby Garbo" is what they call Cora Sue Collins on the M-G-M Lot

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

STUDENT TOUR—M-G-M.—A floating college used for a musical background. Charles Butterworth, Jimmy Durante, Phil Regan, Maxine Doyle, Nelson Eddy, Monte Blue, Florine McKinney. (Dec.)

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, A—Monogram.—William Collier becomes a philosopher of the air bringing fame and welcome cash to his surprised family. Lucille Gleason, Russell Hopton, Gloria Shea, William Janney. (Dec.)

SWEET ADELINE—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Columbia.—An amusing story, written, directed and acted by Frank Craven. Helen Ware, Arthur Byron, Mary Carlisle, Charles Sabin in good support. (Nov.)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—Universal.—Frank Morgan turns in top-notch job as taken-for-granted father. Binnie Barnes, Lois Wilson. (Nov.)

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—No justice to its locale. Jimmy Dunn, a has-been director, makes a comeback and wins leading lady Alice Faye. Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant bright spots. Grant Mitchell. (Dec.)

TOMORROW'S YOUTH—Monogram.—Dull, Philandering husband John Miljan. Wife Martha Sleeper. Other woman Gloria Shea. Near tragedy to son, Dickie Moore. He's touching. (Dec.)

TRAIL BEYOND, THE—Monogram.—Supposedly a Western, but—Anyhow, gorgeous scenery, beautifully photographed. John Wayne, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Robert Frazer, others. (Dec.)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief drawing power. There's a murder on shipboard, not so intriguing. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the romantic interest. Radio stars abound. (Jan.)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

WAGON WHEELS—Paramount.—Familiar Zane Grey Western plot. But there is a good song—and Gail Patrick. Randolph Scott is hero; Monte Blue, the villain. (Nov.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Universal.—A field day for June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta, despite the late Russ Columbo's unsurpassed vocalizing. (Nov.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—RKO-Radio.—A moving preaching against divorce. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley. Frankie Thomas the child victim. Should see him; he was in the stage play. (Dec.)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

★ **WE LIVE AGAIN**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Tolstoi's "Resurrection" again. But that simple story is given such a sincere humbleness it plumbs your heart. Anna Sten, Fredric March, and an excellent supporting cast give it to you. (Dec.)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep'n' Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

★ **WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS**—M-G-M.—Expert adaptation of the James M. Barrie play, brilliantly acted by Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne and capable supporting cast. A sly, human fantasy, delightfully real. (Nov.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)

★ **YOU BELONG TO ME**—Paramount.—Master David Jack Holt manages to outshine troupers Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Helen Morgan, though they are all in top form. (Nov.)

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL—Mascot.—Perhaps the array of 1934 Baby Wampas stars and fact that it is Bill Haines' "comeback" will compensate for weakness of plot. (Nov.)

WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL . . . WAKE UP



TODAY IS YOUR WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . It's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her

breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of

odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. *The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.*



BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE . . . DEODORIZES LONGER



Shirley's Birthday

■ But six brief years ago, on April 23, to be exact, that winsome darling of the screen, Shirley Temple, was born. In that short span, Miss Temple has seven box-office hits to her credit, with "The Little Colonel" being the latest. She is now finishing "Heaven's Gate," and she is scheduled for the musical hit, "Daddy Long Legs"



Rochelle Features

■ Spring has come! Birds are singing, soft winds are blowing, and here's Rochelle Hudson lovely as a flower in a spring-time frock! Rochelle is always fresh as a daisy and just as pretty—even though she's been carrying a terrific load of work on those slim shoulders lately. Her next is the Fox musical version of "Daddy Long Legs"



Sophisticated Lady

■ Hollywood waits breathlessly while Connie makes up her mind! After that hard-boiled newspaper man, Gable, led her through the paces in "After Office Hours," Miss Bennett decided she needed a vacation—maybe. Or perhaps another picture with a different type of rôle. We'll see. In the meantime, Constance rests



Richard Returns

• Ten months ago, Dick severed his movie connections after eighteen years of continuous work as a leading man. His next picture, he said, would be hand-picked, and he'd take his time. Now Paramount has come along with "Four Hours to Kill," from the stage success, "Small Miracle," and Dick's right in there

H O T O P L A Y

C l o s e - U p s

a n d L o n g - S h o t s



Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

WHEN the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences pinned orchids on "It Happened One Night" and on the stars of that production as well—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable—for the best film and acting of 1934, their selections indicated a real understanding of the purpose of the cinema; namely, entertainment.

Symbolic photography, "artistic" lighting, propaganda, and a morbid theme—matters so dear to "the intellectuals"—have little meaning to the normal-minded.

When they go to a picture genuine Americans want to see their own healthy interests and emotions reflected. And that's just what they got in "It Happened One Night." The picture is still going around, so, if you missed it, you have yet a chance to enjoy it, as millions of others have done. The story has the undefinable charm that immortalized such novels as "Little Women," "David Copperfield," and "Huckleberry Finn."

Incidentally, for the first time in its history, the Academy gave its award for the best picture, the best acting and the best direction to the same film, Director Frank Capra receiving his share of these several honors.

The Academy itself seems entitled to some special mention for its clear-sighted recognition of what constitutes excellent screen fare.

THE afternoon before the Award banquet Norma Shearer and Claudette Colbert were having tea together.

"I haven't any more chance of winning it than the man in the moon," laughed Claudette.

"Nor I," laughed Norma.

"Then let's toast the winner with a cup of tea," Claudette suggested. They poured the cups.

"To Bette Davis," they chorused.

That night, of course, Claudette carried home the little gold statuette.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN believes he has discovered the secret of successful screen stories. It's all in getting a good writer.

Says he: "I have signed up Rachel Crothers under an arrangement which is simply revolutionary—one thousand dollars advance on her next story and the rest straight royalties."

Well, he picked a Broadway winner, at any rate. Miss Crothers has been ringing the bell as a playwright these thirty years.

Mr. Goldwyn elucidates the disadvantages of the wonted Hollywood procedure. Unknown writers, he explains, are accepted too frequently on their press-agents' valuation. A writer may be signed for a twenty-week period at one thousand

dollars a week. When the contract is nearly up the press-agent repeats on some other unsuspecting producer.

MR. GOLDWYN concedes that "they may have written a wonderful play. Arriving in Hollywood, they're rushed to an office and told to produce a good story in a couple of days. They can't do good work in that time . . . Left to produce in their own way, paid according to the value of their product, the good ones will produce good stuff and the bad ones will have to go back to their plows."

Mr. Goldwyn evidently believes, like the critic in George Bernard Shaw's "Fannie's First Play," "If it's a good author it's a good play." But his idea is fundamentally sound. An expert and conscientious playwright left to his own devices is, in the nature of things, far more likely to repeat a success than is a harried hack.

PRINTED criticism and comment upon motion pictures have almost achieved the position of a major industry in this country, so numerous are they. Many writers seem to know nothing of, or entirely ignore, such delightful comedy as "It Happened One Night," such spirited musicals as "Roberta" and "Sweet Music." They give grudging praise to masterpieces like "David Copperfield" or "The Little Minister."

Don't they realize that there are fewer picture flops than stage flops; that there are more uplifting, heartening screen than stage plays; as much "art" in films as there is in the theater?

The following editorial, quoted from *Motion Picture Herald* is enlightening, with reference to this subject:

"ACROSS the land are some two thousand-and-odd persons with access to printers' ink who are willing to commit themselves to print with opinions about our art and industry. In a fashion, the repute of this industry is made by what they say. Examination of their printed comment reveals that few of them see pictures, but that many, many of them, being typical editorial writers, rewrite and comment upon what someone else has written, or more likely, rewritten.

"Now the painful fact is that the problems of the motion picture arise not so much from the persons who see them as from the persons who read about them. Continually we are confronted by opinions on pictures, on block booking, on censorship, on this and that by persons who get their entire information from what somebody said in somebody's paper about what somebody wrote about what he heard from somebody. Meanwhile there is a theater in his town."

OVER in England—an actress—they wouldn't say who—is waiting in vain for Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur.

It happened this way: The two boys called on Noel Coward to ask him to take a rôle in a picture, the script of which they were writing. When the three came out of the huddle the original ideal—and, incidentally, the English actress—had been forgotten.

Instead, they had formulated "Miracle on 49th Street," with Coward in the principal rôle, now being filmed at the Astoria Studios, New York.

WHILE the B. E. F. (British Expeditionary Force) continues to bombard us with its films, the homeland is vigorously endeavoring to countermaneuver our occupation of British theaters.

Two leading companies are reported to have raised a war chest of seventeen million dollars to gain control of these houses. They do not expect to throw out American-made films, but they do expect to get a better break in the home business.

Further grievance is the claim that, in some instances, half of an English picture house's revenue goes to the American film companies.

Apparently British enterprise, slow but sure, thinks it has found a way to reduce American aggressiveness in its own markets.

The New Stream-Lined MAE WEST

by SUSAN HARTWELL

brief two years ago Mae West
red the feminine contours of
world when she swept across
cinematic heavens in "She
Him Wrong."

the versatile Mae is about
the same thing again, to the
t of the fashion designers and
gions of feminine and mascu-
ans. But this time she's offer-
stream-lined silhouette instead
the full-rounded curves of two
s ago.

ll part of the radical change
character Miss West portrays
r newest Paramount Picture,
n' to Town." No longer
a swaggering gal of the Gay
ties; this time she is the per-
cation of the spirit of 1935.
Westian curves are still there,
course, but they are streamlined
the modern manner.

the story and background of
n' to Town" offers just as
contrast to her previous
les as the Mae West of 1935
e to the Mae West of 1933.
fashionable spots of smart,
ent-day society—Long Island,
and Buenos Aires, Argentina,
istance—replace the Bowery of
Nineties and gay spots of New
ans a generation ago as the set-
for the action of her new picture.

her leading men have under-
a radical change. Gone are
rize-fighters and gamblers of an
era; instead honors are shared



by Paul Cavanaugh,
suavest of suave Anglo-American
actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of
the heel-clicking, hand-kissing,
heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West.
She is going to set a new standard

in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in
fashions and in the feminine form
divine when Paramount's "Goin'
to Town" reaches the screens of
the world.

(Advertisement)

The Girl They Tried To Forget

Everyone but Bette Davis raised a hullabaloo about Bette's being almost left out when the Motion Picture Academy made its awards



THE least disturbed by all that thunder in the West—still reverberating—over the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' annual awards is that little blonde center-of-it-all, Bette Davis.

She's the least disturbed by the fact that the Academy gave her belated recognition for the dramatic greatness she uncovered in her characterization of the cruel, destroying *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage," because she cares least about such honors.

Not that she isn't appreciative of the startling flood of indignation with which her staunch supporters inundated the august Academy, nor is she unaware of the fact that a stirring write-in campaign to put her in her rightful place was made and which brought about the "special award."

But, Bette just doesn't give a hoot about such things. As a matter of fact, Bette wasn't even in town when the repercussions began to echo the length and breadth of Cinemaland.

She was away on her idea of a perfectly marvelous vacation.

She was five hundred miles north of Hollywood, up towards San Francisco, in a roadside auto camp with her husband, frying his morning eggs, burning the toast, and worrying far more about her Scottie, which had a boil on its ear, than about the even more painful irritation the Academy had started.

Bette isn't even a member of the Academy. In fact, she has never attended one of the annual Award Banquets at which that congress hands out gold statuettes to various screen artists—including one actor and one actress—saying, in effect, "You're the top. This means that in 1934 you delivered the best individual acting performance on the screen."

BUT this year—well, it was rather taken for granted that Bette would be at least one of the select three to be nominated in accordance with a custom that has endured since the Academy was born. But Bette wasn't even nominated. You remember those nominated were Norma Shearer, Grace Moore and Claudette Colbert, with the final award going to Miss Colbert. And no one will honestly question that final choice, for "It Happened One Night" was grand entertainment—an excellent story with acting that superbly sustained it. No, I think no one is quarreling with the decision, but here is the question that has been raised: why, when nominations were

under consideration, the mental lapse, not only as concern Bette Davis, but also with regard to Myrna Loy, who climaxed a year of exceptional achievement with her engaging brilliance in "The Thin Man"? And why were Robert Donat's "Count of Monte Cristo," and George Arliss' "Rothschild" overlooked?

The howls, were, however, the loudest concerning the alleged slight to Bette, who is neither "politically" strong nor even has been handed too much prestige in Hollywood.

Hollywood championed her so vigorously that for a while the whole town seemed to be one giant indignation meeting. Editorials, articles, telegrams, telephone calls bombarded the austere Academy until, I am sure, like the bewildered author in "Once In a Lifetime," its members eventually concluded that "It couldn't *all* be a typographical error."

EVEN my postman lingered the other morning on the doorstep and pushed back his cap from a puckered brow.

"My son and I have been talking about this Academy nearly passing up Bette Davis. It's a darn outrage," he said heatedly, "and I think PHOTOPLAY ought to give 'em the devil!"

What my postman failed to notice was that the Academy, possibly for the second time in its career, had already experienced a goodly dose of "the devil." And it started early, on the posting of the nominations, because after a few days of being on the receiving end of unleavened brickbats, it took pains to announce that the voting for the main award would be free for all. That's when the write-in campaign for Bette started, followed, sometime later, by the "special award" for Bette.

Heretofore, in case you don't know, each acting member of the organization was supposed to have three votes. The three resulting nominations closed the voting—tight.

Not because Bette Davis needed any extra champions. The woods were full of 'em. It was because PHOTOPLAY knew it would be interesting to see how Hollywood's Number One Forgotten Woman felt about suddenly becoming the object of Hollywood heated affections that I dashed on a thousand-mile round trip jaunt to the auto camp, to see her. This auto camp was just south of San Francisco, where Bette, whose weekly pay check does her very, very nicely, was keeping house for her lord and master, Harmon O. Nelson, in Spartan simplicity.

Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, in Spartan simplicity in an auto camp south of San Francisco—and it's no gag

She was blissfully unaware that thousands were yowling because the Academy forgot her *Mildred* when making the annual awards

Ham's work is near-by and Bette has a quaint idea that her place is with him. She knows too he won't be supported by a movie-star wife

She's been forgotten before! Besides, she's busy enjoying life with Ham, learning how to broil lamb chops and make the toast



Y KIRKLEY BASKETTE

It's only fair to confess herewith that I, pretty much in common with all the rest of Hollywood, had regarded this auto camp business with a jaundiced eye.

After all, when a Hollywood actress cashes a check for three or four figures of the best every week, and then chooses to stop indefinitely at an auto court, it's news—such unnatural news that it stirs suspicions of a publicity "gag."

But it just happens that the Nelsons live on a budget predicted both on Bette's income and Harmon's income, which last, of course, is not movie money. When she's not working, she lives on his paycheck, and, I might truthfully add—loves it.

Ham, as she calls him, heads an orchestra in a nearby night club, and Bette has a quaint conviction that a wife's place is with her husband.

She greeted me wearing slacks, and the worried look of a lady whose Scottie is a surgical problem.

I remembered talking to Bette Davis right after "Of Human Bondage" had been released. Like everyone else, I had been tremendously impressed with the genius she had revealed in painting *Mildred*, that vicious, anaemic little trollop of Somerset Maugham's play. Rather reverently I had asked her what in the world had happened to her to give such a performance.

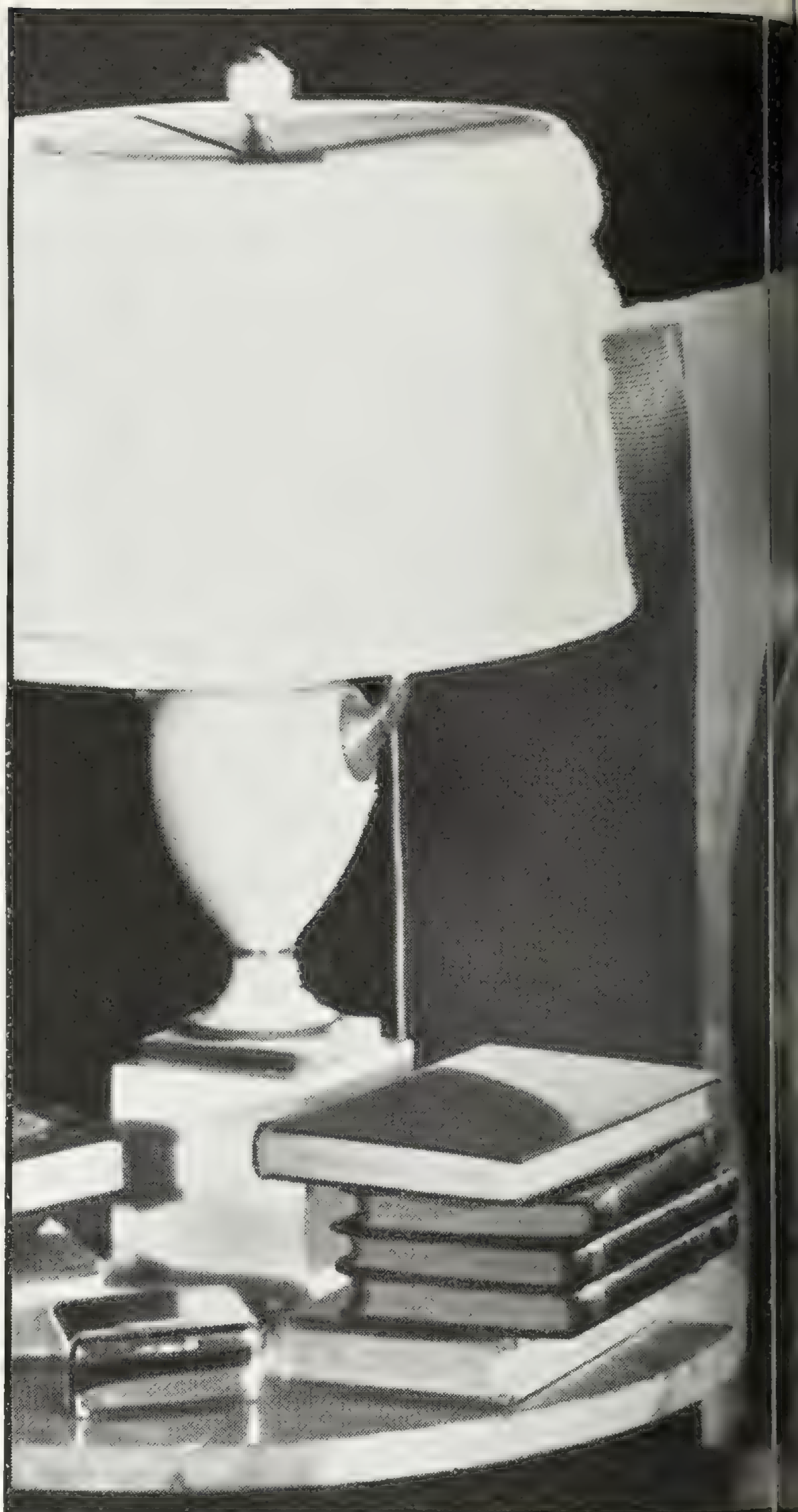
And she answered, "Nothing."

So I should have been prepared for her rejoinder when I informed her importantly, as if [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

• Some call her a second Marie Dressler. That's all bosh! She's a first Constance Collier!

Her name is Constance Collier and while she has been an actress since she was a child, she is scarcely known outside New York; in that city and in London she is considered one of the most remarkable and popular persons on the stage

A MIDDLE- AGED WOMAN RAN AWAY



If you do not live in New York or London, it is possible you have never heard of Constance Collier.

This will be remedied as soon as you see "Shadow of Doubt," her first M-G-M picture; in fact, after you see that, you'll never forget her. She plays *Aunt Melissa*, a plausibly regal *grande dame*, and she runs away with the show. She gathers up the honors nonchalantly with her train, as Constance Collier (with or without train) has been gathering honors most of her life.

Because she is a woman in middle years who plays character rôles, some silly persons have mentioned her as a second Marie Dressler. Bosh! She's a first Constance Collier! Marie Dressler herself would have been the first to say so. Each has a distinctly different personality and technique, although they did play the same rôle in "Dinner at Eight"—Miss Collier being the original of the part in the New York production.

Anything written about a woman who stirs the imagination as does Constance Collier is bound to be filled with extravagant phrases. So let's begin right now by saying she is the most

formidable woman ever to endow pictures with her presence. Not the formidable that frightens you. Mercy, no! The formidable which is undaunted by opposition or adversity, and which makes one regard her accomplishments and her life with respect. Respect without fear. She has been so valuable to her undertakings, to her friends, and to the theater.

She is a superb actress, a writer of real distinction, a producer of successful plays—and a woman whose gallant gestures have enriched the theater.

Noel Coward, her friend of long standing, writes the preface to Miss Collier's book, "Harlequinade." Here are three revealing paragraphs by Mr. Coward which give an intimate picture of the woman who wrote that brilliant life-story:

"Constance Collier in America seems to go native more thoroughly than at home, her suite at the hotel being generally shambles of critics, musicians, actors, producers, leading ladies, animals and tea-cups, with herself presiding from the bed in pink dressing-gown, with a dog in one hand and a cigarette in the other.



CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

WITH THE SHOW

'She has a whole-hearted passion for animals which is expressed in a strange particular voice reserved exclusively for horses, parrots, monkeys, dogs or cats which she may happen have by her at the moment. Animated, probably subconsciously, by some queer nomadic instinct, she invariably travels with her own atmosphere, consisting of silk cushions, tea-pots, hot water bottles, books, coffee percolators and live stock, and she can be viewed placidly surrounded by all of it within half an hour of her arrival, anywhere.

'Constance Collier, as a person, possesses all the range and variety appropriate to an actress of her reputation.'

That is a quick comprehensive view from close range. She came to America this last time, at the persuasion of Louis Mayer and an M-G-M contract. She has had a great and influential on the English stage and she also occupies an enviable position in the social picture.

Yet she gives not the slightest hint of social consciousness. She would scorn to trade on the fact that princes are known to her by their first names.

She prefers to talk, blithely and with pride, of early days in cheap theatrical lodgings when her mother was a clog-dancer and pantomimist in second companies. Of her Portuguese grandmother, Madame Leopoldine Collier, who brought one of the first ballets to England. When Constance was three years old, she was "turned out at the bar." All her family were dancers. Her mother and uncle were the "Child Wonders" of the music halls at six and eight.

Her father was an extremely clever actor who only remained on the stage a few years. Constance was born while her mother was on tour, in lodgings on Windsor Hill. When her mother had to be on the stage, she wrapped the baby in blankets and left her to kick among the make-up on her dressing-table. So she has always adored the peculiar smell of grease-paint and dressing rooms.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By RUTH RANKIN



BALL

Since coming to Hollywood in 1930, Charlie has made the studios pay high for his peculiar talents. He knows his box-office value

If you were a young mother and woke up to find on your pillow a baby with a face like Charles Butterworth's, how would you feel?

I put this question the other night to a Beverly Hills matron. Her answer was brief—and conclusive:

"Sunk!"

Charlie's mother was apparently of sterner stuff. She was a Butterworth—at least, her husband was—of the South Bend Butterworths. So she sent the boy to Notre Dame.

The wan young man did not become a Four Horseman of the Football Apocalypse. The Rockne influence has never been a dominant one in his life. He adopted the quieter, but perhaps no less dangerous practice of writing monologues and reciting them in his bleak, colorless voice to all and sundry who could not get away. Otherwise, he was a credit to his mother, and also to his father, Charles, Senior, a physician who had felt some of the highest brows and taken some of the fastest pulses in South Bend.

Charlie emerged from Notre Dame an LL.B., which means Bachelor of Laws, which means he was all set to be a lawyer. But he wasn't. He passed his bar exams just to show he could, and joined the Indiana Bar Association just to show there was no hard feeling. But monologuing was his profession; so he decided to write pieces for the papers, where nobody could answer him back. He got himself a job on the Chicago *American* from a man who had never heard him monologue. And everything looked just fine for a literary career for Charles E. Butterworth, Notre Dame, '23.

Funny, but most polite comedians start life in some more or less polite profession.

HE MADE

Charles Butterworth went right into the big money when he began talking to the office water cooler

Roland Young was an artist (he still cartoons a bit). Charlie Ruggles' mother raised her boy to be a doctor. Edward Everett Horton, although never active in any outside profession, started with the best of intentions by attending Columbia University. Most rough-and-ready comedians on the other hand, come into the studio, or the theaters, or the circus tents at an early age. For example. Eddie Cantor at thirteen. Joe E. Brown at nine, Buster Keaton as soon as he could walk. Oliver Hardy is an exception to this rule. Like Butterworth, he is a full-fledged graduate-in-law.

But to get back to Charlie's newspaper career. His stay in the Chicago field was not a protracted one. The stuff he wrote for his paper was good enough. He could describe a fire in a laundry with just the dull finish the event demanded. But the South Bend curse was still on him. He

would recite his monologues to the city editor; and the city editor didn't care for monologues, especially Charlie's dead-pan kind, so he told Charlie to go away and not bother him or the paper any more. He even suggested a place for Charlie to go.

The boy had spirit, though. He wouldn't go to that place, yet. And he wouldn't go back to Indiana. He'd gotten an LL.B. there once; there's no telling what he might catch this time. So he took a New York train that didn't stop at Elkhart—there was one, but it's been taken off—to get himself a job on the stage. There was a stage in New York, then—all the good actors hadn't emigrated to Hollywood. In fact, there were altogether too many good actors in New York to suit Charlie.

In desperation, he turned once more to newspaper work, first on the suburban Mount Vernon *Argus* and later on the metropolitan New York *Times*. But once a monologist always a monologist. When he finally managed to rustle himself a week's booking, with promise of more weeks to come, on a small-time vaudeville circuit, he promptly threw up his job with the *Times*. But the additional weeks did not materialize. It seems that a comedian wasn't a comedian on this circuit unless he continually slap-sticked and fell down and went boom.

At first, Charlie thought that his audiences just happened to be composed exclusively of city editors; in fact, he clung fondly to the idea through Friday and part of Saturday but Saturday night, with the help of the manager, Charlie became convinced that the American public, in general, was not ready for the doleful agonized type of humor he so longed to

**by FREDERICK
L. COLLINS**

FORTUNE by LOOKING DUMB!

phase. This was before 1929, when the country was not yet
or-conscious.

Having failed at both acting and newspapering, Charlie
that face of his back to Broadway, and started to look
me honest work. He found it at last, a secretary's job,
office of J. P. McEvoy, author, columnist, most affluent
Hollywood scenarists, who was then turning out sketches for
olway musical shows. McEvoy didn't really need a
rary. He, himself, writes all day with both hands. Some
le has a pair of educated feet that write all night. But
had been to South Bend, too, so he gave Dead Pan Charlie
for the sake of dear old Notre Dame,
vent right on producing his current
o "Americana."

Charlie had learned his lesson. He
at recite any monologues to McEvoy.
when Mac was out, which was most
the time, Charlie practiced his stuff on
swivel chairs and the autographed
ographs and the water cooler—es-
sly on the water cooler. One morn-
while he was addressing the cooler,
ng believe it was a Rotary Club in full
eon, Richard Herndon, backer of the
voy show, came on him unawares.

Charlie was going strong. In the dry,
sant, pained manner which has since
ne familiar to millions of movie fans,
as proposing for election to Rotary a few of his personal
There were, for example, the "moth ball designer,"
he "meat costumer," and the "step tacker," and the "bear
ptician," all of whom Charlie said had "risen to the top
eir respective professions," and were therefore eligible
membership in the club. It was good stuff, Herndon
ght, and the way the boy did it was still better stuff. Five
tes later, Herndon was on the telephone talking to Butter-
h's boss.

"You're crazy!" McEvoy told him.

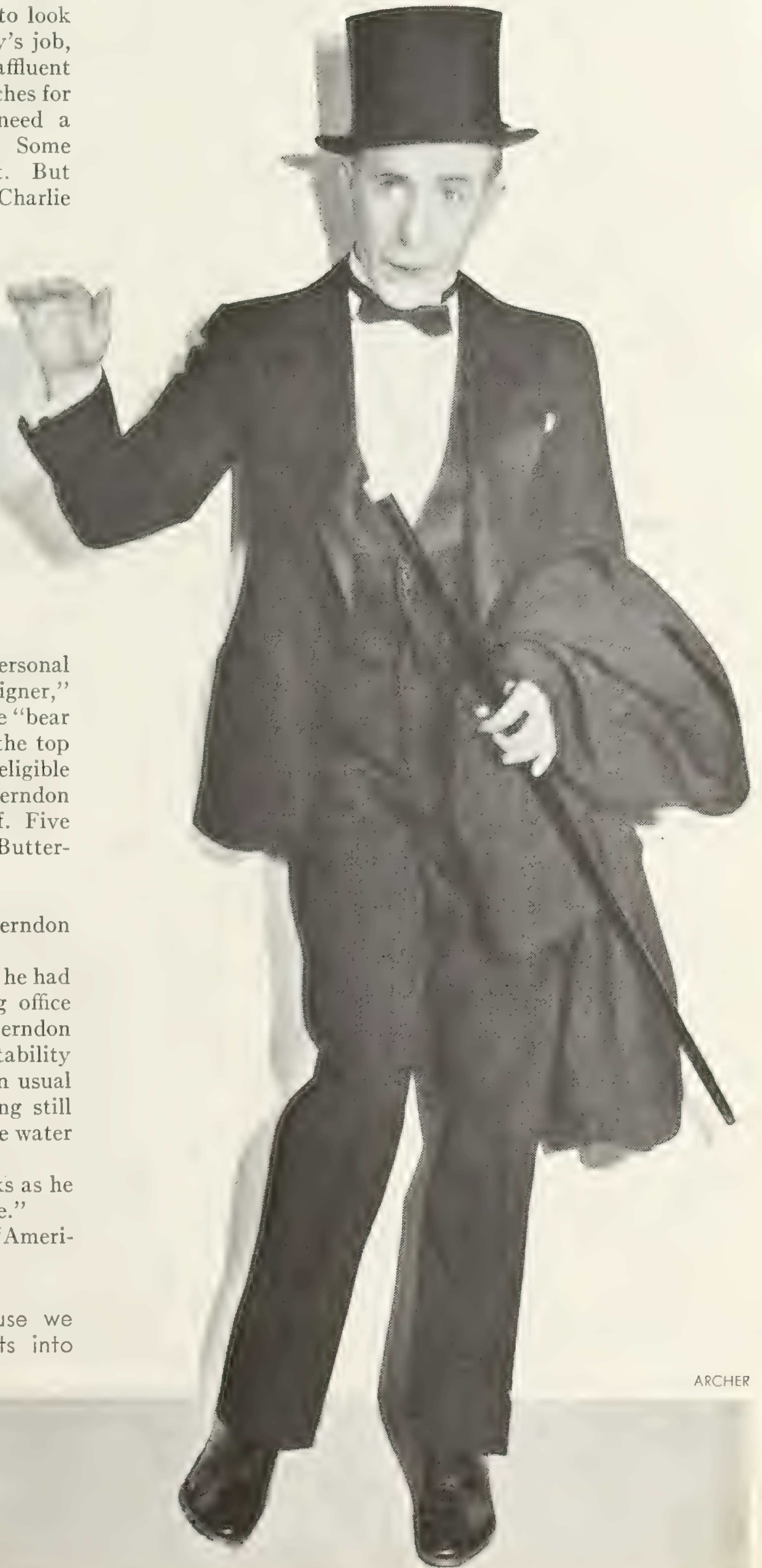
"You just come over here and see if I'm crazy," Herndon
sed.

McEvoy came. Not, he afterward confessed, because he had
slightest hope that his sad-eyed, anaemic young office
tant could actually be funny, but because Dick Herndon
supplying "Americana" with whatever financial stability
show could boast. Butterworth, scared stiffer than usual
he presence of his boss and the prospect of losing still
her job, was even better than he had been before the water
er.

"I struck a note of pathos that day," Charlie remarks as he
the story, "which I have never quite reached since."

Result: when the curtain went up on the big scene of "Ameri-

t feeling of kinship with Butterworth is because we
have been in just those predicaments he gets into



ARCHER

cana," the audience beheld a Rotary luncheon in silent and solemn session. The lunchers weren't flesh-and-blood actors, but dummies—the kind ventriloquists use in their acts, only with long, pallid faces instead of bright and grinning ones. Presently, with an awkwardness which might well have been the result of the pulling of a string or the turning of a crank, the dumbest of the dummies rose and made a bow. It was Charlie.

Nobody in that hard-boiled first night audience knew who he was. His name was so far down in the list of players that it would take a divining rod to find it. But as the hesitant, almost apologetic newcomer went into his water cooler routine and agonized through six halting, painful nominations of deserving fellow-townsmen, with a simulation of suffering which made not a few of his hearers writhe with sympathetic understanding and sent the rest off into spasms of uncontrollable laughter, that strange world which was Broadway knew that another star comedian had come to town.

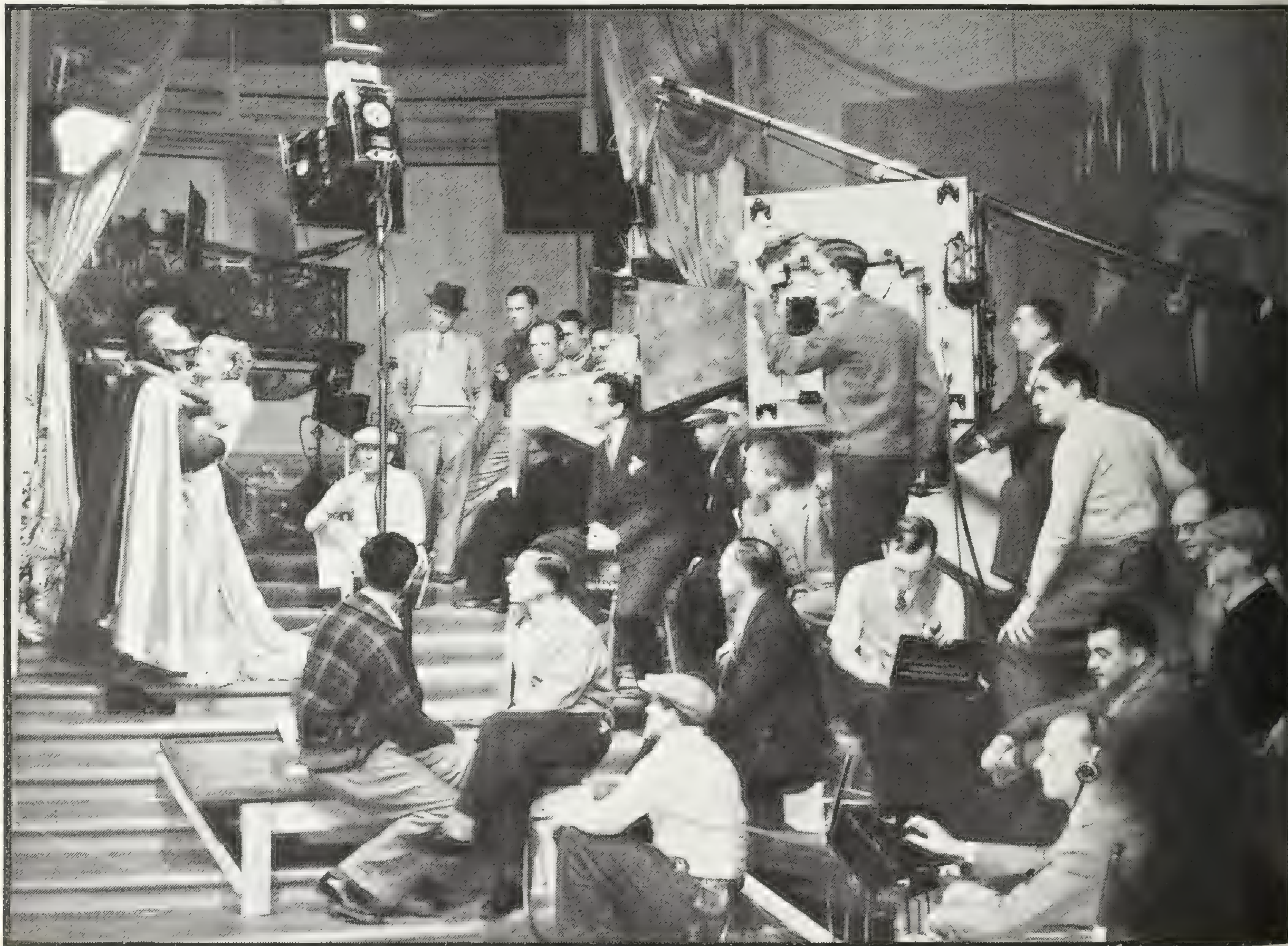
Charlie was happy—in a grim, Butterworthian way. He had at last found someone who would listen to his monologues, about two thousand somebodies a night throughout the long run of "Americana" and its successor, "Allez Oop!" In the latter show, he scored tremendously in that now classic black-out "Alone At Last," and, although still out-ranked in the billing, cornered the best notices. Then came "Good Boy," the show which featured Eddie Buzzell and Helen Kane, the "but-dut-de-dut" and "vo-do-de-o" and "boop-boop-a-doop" girl. Butterworth was cast as a painfully moral country lout, whose chief function was to stalk disapprovingly through the proceedings, recurrently raising his hands to heaven and remarking wanly,

"Oh, the pity of it!" Buzzell was good; Miss Kane, on her performance, speedily rated stardom; but again the Notr. Dame monologist ran away with the show. Then came "Sweet Adeline," the Broadway production, of course, and finally, pictures.

Although Butterworth was a success in films from his very first production—it was "The Life of the Party," starring Winnie Lightner—he was by no means the immediate sensation that he had been on the stage. Perhaps it was because the pictures, with their break-neck speed, gave him fewer chances for the long, halting, agonized soliloquies for which he was famous. A less shrewd performer would have changed his style, yielded to the director's repeated urgings to put more pep into his work, and become just another Hollywood comedian. But Charlie was too smart to do that.

Gradually, the picture magnates realized that Charlie wasn't as dumb as he looked, and gave him more and more of the opportunities his own style of work required. His soliloquy over his flute on the ladder in Chevalier's "Love Me Tonight" was the first of such opportunities; his recitative monologue to his horse in "The Night is Young" is a more recent instance. These specialities which Butterworth has the rare knack of weaving into both the plot and the character he is playing become the highlights of any picture.

In his private life, Charlie isn't so dumb, either. You hear wild stories of his pranks just as you do of all the comedians. To listen to the press agents, you might think that Joe E. Brown, one of Hollywood's quietest and most serious young men, never entered a drawing room except with a hand-spring and that the highly intellectual [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120



Could you bid a fond farewell to your lover that convincingly with so large an audience? It doesn't seem to bother Miriam Hopkins or Alan Mowbray. They are playing a dramatic scene in Pioneer Pictures', RKO release, all-color production, "Becky Sharp." The "audience" comprises twenty-three technicians necessary for photographing the two people.



T SHOULD REQUIRE REHEARSING—

RINKING A GALLON
F ORANGE JUICE!

• Edward Arnold can wear as many diamonds as Jim Brady even if he can't drink as much orange juice. Jim himself tossed off a gallon without blinking an eye! Arnold, who closely resembles the Brady of the gay nineties, plays the rôle of the famous figure in Universal's "Diamond Jim"

CALYORK'S GOSSIP



FREULICH

Frankenstein's choice of a lady is Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton), who is cast opposite Boris Karloff in the "Bride of Frankenstein"



KAY FRANCIS is still getting reverberations from her fateful party . . . First, she had two reporters tossed out who were there to cover an assignment—not to crash the party. Then, after all the publicity about how she bravely went through the ordeal with a high fever and a well-developed attack of influenza but-the-show-must-go-on, a mean old health officer failed to see it that way. . . He wrote her a lengthy reprimand about how people with flu ought to stay in bed and not go around spreading germs—and if her guests didn't care, perhaps the people they would expose to contagion might care . . . Winding up with words about "gross negligence." Then, to top it all, Kay failed to show up at the big Warner studio party, at which every actor on the lot, even Paul Muni who never goes any place, put in an appearance.

And so Kay, you can readily see, is in the dog house plenty for the time being . . .

Pals in New York think nothing of it when Irvin S. Cobb appears in a knee-length smock, his writing habit. But Cobb's costume causes a stampede out in Hollywood

FOR some obscure reason, the quoting of odds and prices paid by winning race horses is banned over the radio.

When the fabulously rich Santa Anita \$100,000 handicap was run off near Hollywood recently, the entire world was pretty much agog to hear what the winning thoroughbred, Azucar, paid off in the machines.

The announcer skipped the vital figure, as instructed. But Ben Bernie and Al Jolson were sitting near the microphone.

"What did Azucar pay?" yelled Bernie.

"Twenty-eight, sixty," yelled Jolson.

And an invisible army of radio listeners breathed an inaudible "Thanks."

IT was one of those moments in the day when even a moving picture director's nerves are a bit frayed from coping with crowds of extras and innumerable important details of making a picture.

Cecil B. DeMille sat relaxed in his canvas megaphone throne on "The Crusades" set and mopped his brow. A prop man approached him.

"Mr. DeMille," he ventured timidly, "the falcons are getting sleepy."

DeMille looked up wearily. "What do you want me to do," he snapped, "croon to them?"

AN impressionable (and very hot) Spaniard arrived in town the other day, with just one thing on his mind. He wanted to meet one of our celebrated platinum blonde stars and receive a signed picture from her. After pestering the studio for days, he was given the promise of a photograph—a beeg one—but it didn't arrive.

When cameramen intruded to photograph Dolores Del Rio, her dogs, Michael (left) and Faultless of Blighty were all set to tear right after them.

PHILIPS



OF HOLLYWOOD

Imagine his enthusiasm to behold the object of his affection at Victor Hugo, where he was dining. Approaching boldly, he requested the photograph. She assured him it would arrive immediately. Sure enough, bright and early next morning, there it was, autographed, and affectionately.

Half an hour later, another was delivered, autographed, and also affectionately, in an entirely different hand! A call from the studio brought the information (and some quick thinking says we) that she had signed the last one with her left hand! And the nice guy was perfectly satisfied—twice as pleased, no doubt.

They were bringing the monster's wife to life in "Bride of Frankenstein," and if you remember the formula in the final chiller, you'll recall that the event is attended by flashes of lightning and all sorts of startling electrical phenomena. This surged and darted and thundered about the body of Boris Lanchester while the cameras whirled and twirled about.

When it was all over, Boris Lanchester, watching from the sidelines, muttered through his teeth, "Well, this isn't the first time that the proper amount of sparking brought a woman to life."

Frank Kitchen, noted Los Angeles correspondent, who recently acted as a peace mediator in the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks misunderstandings (in fact, he sailed to Europe and got Mary to come back for the effort at a get-together) feels the spell of Hollywood in an experience he had in New York just before he came to the Coast.

Kitchen had occasion to stop in at the Metropolitan Club House. There he greeted the girl at the telephone switchboard. Although she had officiated at that post for over twenty years or more, he had known the operator of that span—Caruso, Pavarotti, Galli-Curci and many others—the walls of her little niche were bare of the usual autographed pictures.

As he left, the telephone operator hailed him, saying she understood he was on his way to Hollywood. Mr. Kitchen nodded.

"Would you do me a favor?" she asked wistfully. "Would you send me an autographed picture of a star to hang in my room?"

"I'll try," said Kitchen. "Whom would you like?"

"Mae West," said the telephone girl.

The scene was the players' bench of a recent professional football game between the Chicago Bears and the New York Giants in Los Angeles.

"Red" Grange sat on the bench. He was there to draw the crowd. He might run off a play or two, but he sat there so



Charles Wesley Ruggles (left) had a birthday party, and among the guests were the Crosby twins, being held by Arline Judge, and Gary Crosby

While Jean Harlow was rehearsing a scene for "Reckless," Tom Evans (Madge's brother) snapped a picture

Randy Scott, Mrs. Astaire and Fred Astaire celebrated the completion of "Roberta" with a party at the Trocadero

PHILLIPS





Janet Gaynor drops in on Shirley Temple for a bit of chit chat on the Fox lot and it would seem that it is plenty interesting and funny, too

people would pay to hope to see him play.

As he sat, I saw a small boy hovering around him. He was holding an autograph book and a pencil. More than anything else he wanted to have the signature of the "Galloping Ghost." He waited and waited. Finally, he managed to edge up to Grange and ask him to take off a second or two and scribble his name.

"Red" Grange shook his head. The little boy edged away, heartbroken.

NOW I want to shift the scene to the Riviera Polo Field. It was Sunday and all the screen stars were out to



Wally Ford and his Great Dane, Dick, are so inseparable that when Wally went on location with Columbia's "Hot News" company, he rode in one of the trucks so that he could be near his boon pal. Some pal!



LIPPMAN

Jack LaRue says if picture making were all like this, a chair and a footstool at every turn, life would be one sweet song without a sour note!

watch their favorite sport. In one box sat Will Rogers and his friend Irvin Cobb, the humorist.

In a chukker intermission I saw two tots clamber up to the famous pair. One was about seven, the other around five.

"Hello, girls," said Will, grinning a grin as wide as an Oklahoma prairie. "What can I do for you?"

They held out autograph books, tongue-tied.

"Sure," chuckled Will, engaging them in conversation while he wrote out an elaborate autograph. How old were they? Did they like polo? Could they ride a horse?

He was honestly enjoying the visit, and his treatment of those two kids was actually sweet.

At the end he said, "Do you know who this man is?"

They didn't.

"He's Mr. Cobb," said Will, "Mr. Irvin Cobb, the writer. And listen, he's a big man in more ways than one," he grinned. "You ought to have his autograph too."

I don't know that all of this proves anything. Except it struck me as singular that one who for business reasons should have been obliging wasn't—and one who didn't have to was.

Just about ready for the glorious person of Marion Davies, that by now noted bungalow of hers as it has been set up on the Warner lot. And, it may be added, this is only a "dressing room"





"Slide, Scotty, Slide!" The star member of the "Our Gang" comedies' baseball club goes home on a tight day, and, finally, makes it

ANN DVORAK doesn't particularly care if the world knows she makes her own hats. What would probably annoy her would be if it got around that she goes swimming in the pool together. . . It's her own pool, why not?

THE Arlens are going to get out those old passports and sail for England again, around the first of May. Dick will do the picture for Gaumont British, Abby will do the sights—again—and the baby will probably do very well, too.

SINCE Barbara Stanwyck left Warners, she is asking eighty thousand for a picture. That places her practically in the Garbo class. There are those around town who say Barbara is taking not-so-good advice. Anyway, it never hurt anyone to ask—or else how would you find out?

POSSIBLY Lee Tracy will learn sooner or later to keep silent about his boyhood indiscretions.

To a magazine interviewer he confessed "busting" a window pane some years ago in St. Louis, Mo.

The other day came a bill from the house-

holder—\$1.75—one broken window pane. They had him. So Lee sent a check, not for \$1.75 but for \$33.50. Accumulated interest! But—could the interest have come to that much, or is Lee an octogenarian.



JONES

Ann Sothorn had to live on a freighter for three weeks in the filming of "Eight Bells," but when Ann learned even freighters serve "three squares" a day, then it wasn't so bad, as the smile may well tell you

holder—\$1.75—one broken window pane. They had him. So Lee sent a check, not for \$1.75 but for \$33.50. Accumulated interest! But—could the interest have come to that much, or is Lee an octogenarian.

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THERE is a youngster in Hollywood who will get along. He plays both ends against the middle—and finds it profitable.

He was an extra in "Les Miserables." Only twelve years old. Director Richard Boleslawski offered him a nickel for every papier-mache stone he threw that hit Fredric March in a street stoning scene.

The boy registered a half

PHILLIPS



Judith Allen created something of a sensation when she appeared at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby with this string, or flock, or whatever you call them in a group, of Russian wolfhounds

dozen. As he paid him off, Boleslawski mused that if his aim had been better he might have made more money.

"Oh, I did all right," said the youngster. "Mr. March paid me a dime for every one I missed."

| SUPPOSE all testimony at horse races should be thrown out of court on the grounds a person is likely to say anything when "they're coming down the stretch."



William Powell makes certain each hair of that snappy mustache of his is in its right place just prior to some intense drama with the intriguing Jean Harlow in "Reckless"

However, Connie Bennett scanned the entries at Santa Anita not long ago and drew a ring around a nag yclept Later On. She explained that the reason she was going to wager the laundry money on his nose was that Later On pretty neatly summed up her life.

Later on what, Connie?

Incidentally, the bangtail came in and Connie collected upwards of a hundred dollars.

Nice bangtail!

HIS feet are not the only business-like things about Fred Astaire.

Recently Fred received a letter from an unknown opportunist who wrote he was planning an expedition into the unknown *Matto Grosso* jungles of South America.

He wrote that he thought it would be nice if Fred financed the excursion.



PHILLIPS

In return, he promised to cut Mr. Astaire in on the railroad which he planned to build after he had found out what was what about the country.

Fred found himself moved to decline the business opportunity, but now when people discuss their triumphs in the world of finance, Fred rises above it all. You see, he very neatly squelches the conversation by nonchalantly reminiscing of the time he turned down an interest in a South American railway!

"MARGARET LINDSAY is taking up sculpture," a friend told me.

"Splendid," said old Cal. "How is she getting on?"

"Oh, she just went down town to buy the materials. She's going to do a model of Venus this afternoon."

Within a week, I assume, she will put Michael Angelo out of business.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

A retrospective Eddie G. Robinson as he dines at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. Maybe he's thinking of the plans again afoot for him to do a picture on Napoleon





BOURNE

• "Go Into Your Dance"—and Ruby Keeler does, with Al for a partner! The Warner Brothers' film is the first picture that Jolson and his lovely young wife appeared in together. It's said that production was almost impeded by Al's and Ruby's eagerness to give each other all the camera breaks. That's devotion!



• A symphony in pink and gold. For golden-haired Alice Faye is gowned in her favorite color for a scene in the coming Fox Film, "The Scandals of 1935." The dress of manon pink is fashioned of sheerest chiffon, trimmed in sequins and dotted with pale pink tulle camellias. A most gorgeous blonde



• Would you know him? Not with that beard—well maybe! It is George Arliss, costumed in scarlet fur-trimmed robes for the title rôle in "Cardinal Richelieu." Arliss returned from England where he made "The Iron Duke" to begin work on the Twentieth Century film version of the dramatic character



• After seeing how charming Ann Dvorak looks in dancing togs movie-goers have been yelling for another one like "Sweet Music." But no—not just yet. Ann has decided to enter the school of hard knocks. She's teamed with Jimmy Cagney in his next Warner Brothers' flicker, "The G Men." A pretty girl to sock!



My MOM

by

TOMMY FARRELL

Glenda Farrell's young son tells what he thinks of his motion-picture star mother. And, we may say, it's plenty

Once in a while Tommy has to assert himself. About that half-breed Siamese cat, for instance. Now the cat is wearing glasses

Tommy wants folks to understand that his Mom isn't like the diamond-digging rôles she plays on screen. But some day he intends to deck her in furs, jewels

WE been reading all these stories in the magazines lately about my Mom. Honest, they don't do her justice. May-be it's cause no one knows Mom like I do. I've known her for a pretty long time now, you see—'bout twelve years exact. Well, I might as well come right out and tell you there's no head-ache in her life but me. Course, you can't help these other guys for falling for her—she's swell! For instance, you oughta see the room she just finished decorating for me. As I always said, give Mom a house she can decorate, and she's happy. That's why I'm studying so hard in school. Someday I'm going to make a lot of money, buy a lot of houses—and just let her decorate. I was saying about the room. Well, it's just like any guy's room, you know—swell little bed, couple of chairs, one of them better than the other. Then there's a desk, with one of those old things on it. (P. S. Mom knows how much I don't like geography so she thought that might help, I guess.) Then there's my tiger picture. Now that picture just goes to show you another thing or two about Mom. She knew I



PHILLIPS

wanted that bad. As I always said, if I had a picture on the wall of tigers ready to spring and everything, it would give a little better masculine look to the whole room. Well, sir, Mom and I saw just the picture I wanted one day when we were walking down Hollywood Boulevard. It was kind of expensive, so she said we'd better just forget it for the time being. So I did—but every once in a while I couldn't help thinking—and sometimes, I guess I thought out loud to Mom and said, "Wasn't that a swell picture of those tigers?" And she'd always say, "Yes, dear," look kind of sad, and then neither one of us would say any more about [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

A HEROINE TO HER TAILOR

It was one of those dim, dark days that always so surprise Sunny Californians. From the windows of Watson and Sons' Tailor Shop, where I was waiting for a fitting, one could see up and down Hollywood Boulevard. Black, shiny, wet cars, moving through traffic; dripping umbrellas dodging in and out of the stores; policemen in oilskins; slow, wet, careful busy-ness.

It was early in the morning, and Watsons' was quiet. There was no other customer in the shop.

And then . . .

Out of the rain came Garbo.

The door opened softly, and a tall figure walked wearily across the room. She was clad in a brown slouch hat, a tan rain-coat, tan slacks, brown turtle-neck sweater, short tan woolen socks and brown shoes. She gave the impression of walking with absolutely no effort, so swiftly did she traverse the length of the room; and yet seemed incredibly, unbearably tired.

It was not a dramatic entrance, but just the same the pacific atmosphere of the tailor shop immediately went into large and excited ripples.

Garbo is one of the most vital beings possible to imagine, in spite of her apparent emotional exhaustion. She is almost electric.

I remembered Stephen Phillips' line from "Marpessa" . . . "Infinity upon thee broods." It expresses, as well as words can, her detachment from time, the other worldliness of her presence. More of "Marpessa" came:

"Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands,
Of birth far-back, of lives in many stars,
O beauty lone and like a candle clear
In this dark country of the world! . . ."

She disappeared behind the Venetian blind screen which forms a large semi-public square where full-length mirrors behind the windows make fitting more convenient than in the smaller private dressing rooms. Young Mr. Watson came out of his office.

"Allo, Bud," she said the "Bud" hovering in her indescribable accent between "Baud" and "Bode."

"Is Mr. ————— here?" she asked apprehensively, naming a famous star who evidently had been there several times when she was having fittings.

Mr. Watson assured her he was not.

"Tank goodness," she said, twisting her gleaming, long braid out of the way into a tight washer-woman's knot. It stuck perkily out in the back, an incongruous contrast to the beauty of her profile.

"You know, Miss Garbo, we can come to your home or to the studio for your fittings if you would rather not come here," said Mr. Watson.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "I like to come here. Neither you nor your father bores me."

Which is one way of saying that she doesn't like to be talked to.

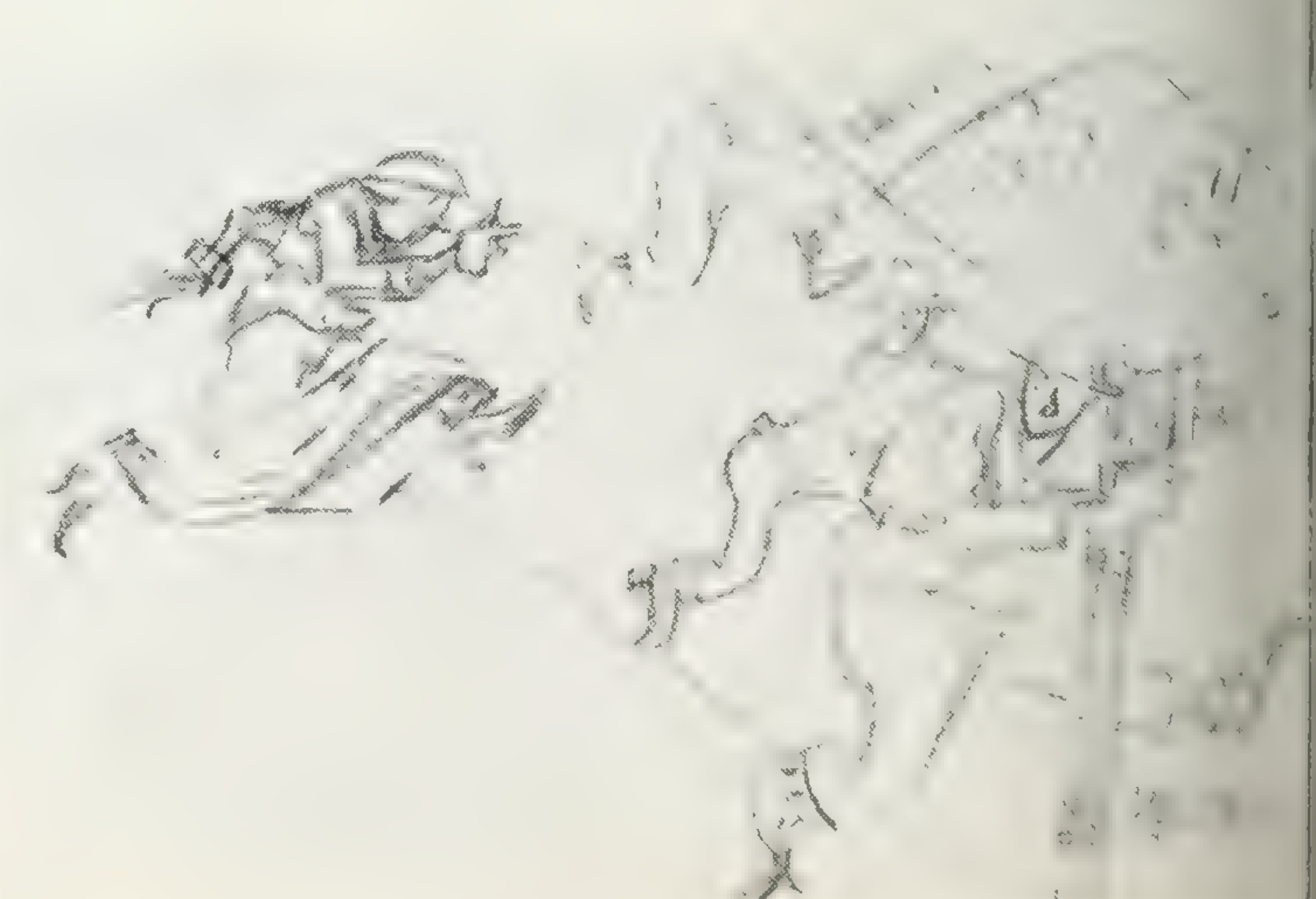
The tales of Greta Garbo's indifference to clothes certainly were disproved on this day. For almost two hours she stood patiently, while cloth was draped around her, skirts were turned up, and coats were adjusted over her shoulders.

She wore no jewelry and no perfume. Her make-up consisted solely of mascara on her extremely long lashes. Her skin is burned to a rich, deep tan.

"I wish you would look at these slacks," she said once while waiting for a coat to be brought to her. "One pant is shorter than the other, I am sure. One cannot walk with one pant shorter, can one?"

Another time she exclaimed, upon seeing herself in the mirror, "Ah, I am getting so thin! I have lost, I know, fifty pounds."

SKETCHED IN HOLLYWOOD BY DAN SAYRE GROSEBEC





**b y W I N I F R E D
A Y D E L O T T E**

Garbo talked very little during her fittings. Her deep, low, utterly weary voice spoke mostly in monosyllabic answer to some question the fitter would ask. "Yes . . . No . . . Exactly . . . Do you think the skirt is long enough? . . . The collar? Oh, just the ordinary collar but big enough to turn up, you know."

She tried on a heavy white Cricket flannel, double-breasted, action-backed, sports suit, and stood quietly for more than an hour while a heavy, grey tweed overcoat, cut after the fashion of those worn by Russian army officers, was fitted on her.

By and by the shop began to fill up. Young Mr. Watson dashed about between a world famous director, a wealthy society matron, a popular featured player, and Garbo.

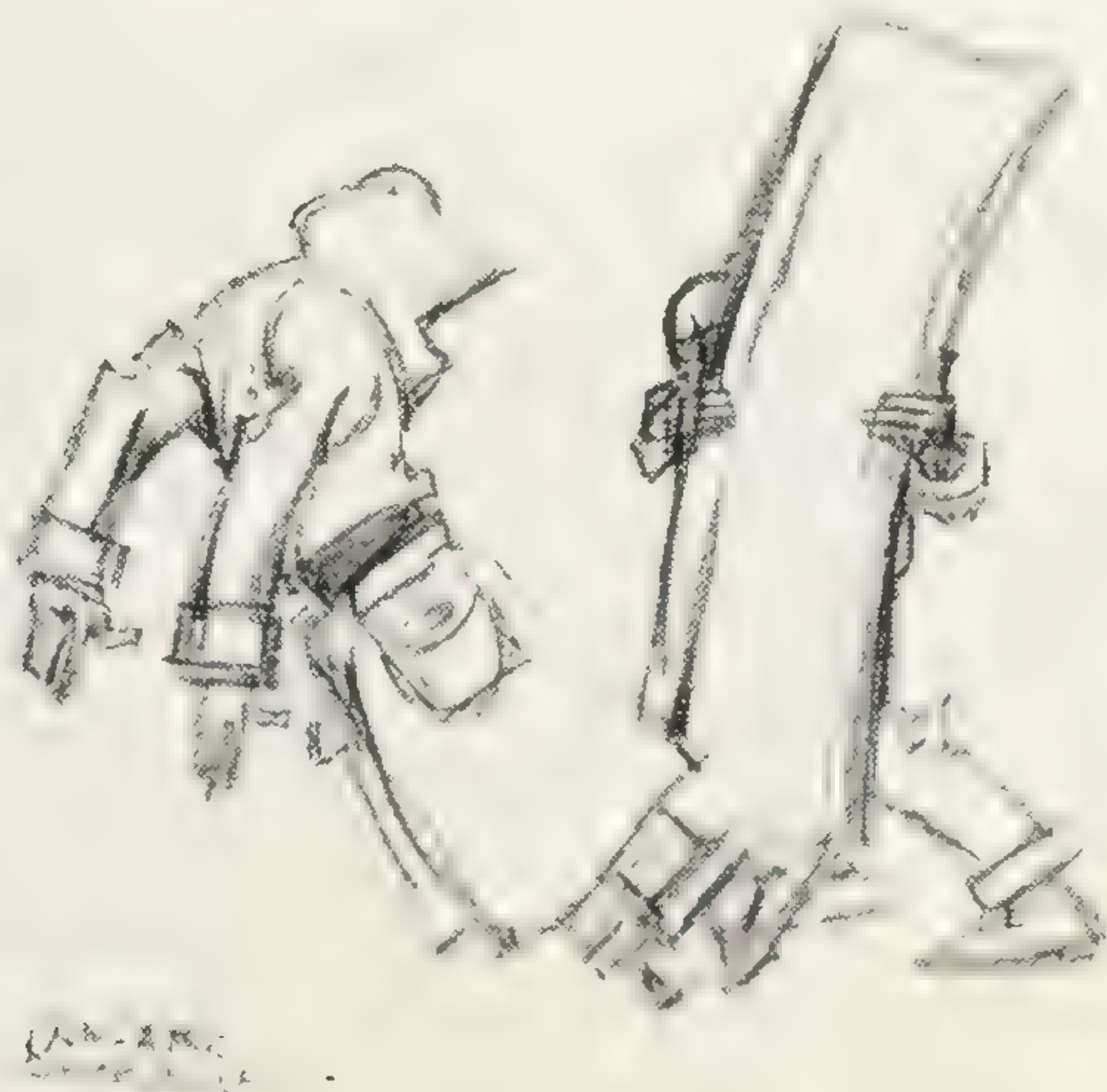
Finally she said, "You are getting busy, Bud. I will go now and come back another time."

Through the crowded room the tall figure strode. She opened the door softly and disappeared. And the miraculous part about it is that not one of the customers in the room knew that Garbo had just walked through, so swift, so inconspicuous was her passage.

She has been buying her suits from Watsons' for several years. Mercedes d'Acosta took her first to the shop. Bud Watson remembers that day vividly.

Garbo walked rapidly in, took a quick, uneasy look around the quiet, main public waiting room, hiding her face behind a large gardenia. Then she disappeared into one of the small private dressing rooms and refused to emerge from it. However, on this visit she ordered four or five top coats.

On the next visit, she got a slant on the same dressing room from the door, and made it in par. Gradually, as she came in for more and more fittings, she realized that none of the Watsons' customers would disturb her privacy. Of course, even the other stars who are there to look at new materials and styles are galvanized by curiosity whenever she appears, and every fitter and tailor in the place [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Here is a very unusual HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY

THE Object of My Affection" and "You're the Top" have two points in common. Both are recent popular songs and each has a title which is pronounced incorrectly nine times out of ten. People almost invariably say "Affections" and "Tops."

Otherwise, they are poles apart. "You're the Top" was composed by an ennuied young gentleman named Cole Porter who is well on his way to becoming "the American Noel Coward," if that's his idea of a good time. He writes smart music and sophisticated lyrics to go with it, sweetly savage odes like "Night and Day."

"The Object of My Affections"—pardon, Affection—was, on the other hand, the particular brainstorm of Pinky Tomlin, a bumptious bumpkin whose idea of song-rhyming would be hooted out of the average high school, and whose tunes are revamped hillbilly ditties that joggle along like a worn-out car over a rutted Oklahoma cow-path. Yet today, Pinky Tomlin is the sensation of blasé, know-it-all Hollywood and most points East; he has wowed 'em with—of all things—naïveté.

He arrived with his manager in an old car, late last September. The manager rejoiced in the somewhat startling sobriquet of Coy Poe, a name which he has since consistently belied. A few days before, back in Oklahoma, Coy had said to Pinky, "Let's go to California! I'll be a producer or somethin'." So they went to California.

Two months later, Pinky Tomlin got a contract as "the hog-callin' crooner" with M-G-M, at a salary of one thousand dollars a week. The contract was good for six months, with no lay-offs—in itself an extraordinary concession. Pinky sang "The Object of My Affection" to a cow he was milking in "Times Square Lady," besides another little humdinger he had run up in his spare moments entitled "What's the Reason I'm Not Pleasin' You?" The picture was hardly finished before Manager Poe had wangled permission for Pinky to make an eight-weeks' tour of the East, including personal appearances at the Capitol in New York and the Oriental in Chicago, at a reported sum of three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars per week, or a grand total of thirty thousand dollars.

That was in February—just four months after Pinky had hit town with one suit, some small change, and a song or two—besides, of course, the car and the manager. I talked to him

Pinky Tomlin listened to what his mother told him, and put her words into a song—now he is getting \$1,000 a week as a result

By PHILIP K. SCHEUER

before he started back on his triumphant Easter tour. At that time he had three suits—a clear gain of two hundred per cent—some more small change (Coy Poe banks everything for him), a new car and house (rent one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month, with gardener and house boy thrown in) on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills.

Pinky Tomlin looks like a minister's son attending a perpetual barn dance. He is tall—slightly over six

feet—and thin, has pale blue eyes behind rimless glasses, pink complexion, and what he insists is pink hair to match. When he went to school, back in Durant, Oklahoma, they used to call him "Red." "After I beat up enough of them," he said, "they started callin' me Pinky. It stuck.

"That's Pinky—with a y," he added earnestly. "It doesn't look right with an *ie*."

The son who was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Tomlin in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, on the ninth of September, 1901, was christened Truman. The family moved to Durant when Truman was three. Durant was a typically rural Oklahoma town, and the Tomlins had a barn, chickens, cows and "haws" in the "back yard." They didn't have much money, however, so Pinky worked at odd jobs on the side—in a music store, and so on. When he set out for the University of Oklahoma, a Norman, he had nothing but a guitar and a couple of shirts. The guitar got him a job in an orchestra, with which he remained for six years—four of them as manager. He sang as well as he played during this period, and was able to make his way through law school, although he was not graduated. He was too musical to suit the faculty, so he quit.

One day a year ago last summer, he bade farewell to his mother.

"Where you goin'?" she asked.

"I'm goin' to Texas to see the object of my affection," Pinky told her, brightly.

"With that complexion?" his mother (rather irrelevantly, it seems to me) retorted.

Pinky's complexion reddened still more. "What did you say?" he inquired, slowly. An idea was taking root.

All the way to Texas—about fifty miles—the words kept jingling through his brain. "Object . . . affection . . . complexion." By the time he got where he was going, he had it half worked-out:

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



HURRELL

FANNY TOMLIN, BUMPTIOUS BUMPKIN, WHOSE IDEA OF RHYMING IS A LAUGH, WHOSE TUNES ARE RE-
MAPPED HILLBILLY DITTIES, YET WHO HAS WOWED BLASÉ HOLLYWOOD WITH HIS OPEN SIMPLICITY

Don't Love me!

The publishers desire to call to the attention of their readers that the author of "DON'T LOVE ME" in order to conceal the true locale of the story, used the name of the Mercy Hospital, in Muskegon, Michigan, although none of the incidents and none of the characters involved in the story are in any way connected with that institution. We are advised by the Sisters of Mercy who conduct the hospital, that the heroine of the story never was associated with the hospital; that the wedding described did not take place at the Mercy Hospital; that male persons are not permitted to go to nurses' rooms for any purpose whatever, and that narcotics cannot be given or a dosage increased by a nurse without prescription by the attending physician because of very strict accounting kept of all narcotics.

The publishers wish to give assurance that no offense was intended to the Sisters of Mercy or to Mercy Hospital, and that if the story gave any offense, it was unintentional on their part.

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

SHE was a nurse, beautiful, desirable. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her, deeply and honorably. Sam Werks merely coveted her. But it was not in her to love or desire. Gregory Cooper faced a serious operation. He asked her to marry him—and he'd live. The doctors said it was impossible for him to live. She married him, out of compassion, to ease his mind on that long journey. But—he lived, only to die under suspicious circumstances—an over-dose of a sleeping potion. She had been the last nurse to attend him—and it was known why she had married him. But, on the testimony of Werks, she was cleared. Then Werks, also Cooper's lawyer, handed her a check—Cooper had left her \$10,000. But Werks insisted she sign it over to him—for services rendered, the giving of false testimony at the hearing in Cooper's death. She tore up the check, and Werks sprang at her, but she struck him down, ran away, to Hollywood, to a break in the movies—from the accidental discoloration of her hair!

He looked around to see that no one was watching. His eye fell on Louella, asleep. "If that wench belongs to you, send her away," he said. And who was I to disobey him?

UNCLE LOU" was swell about everything. He even suggested that I hire a lawyer to represent me in arranging the terms of a contract. My only experience with practitioners of the legal profession had been with Sam Werks and I shuddered at the idea, so I told Uncle Lou I would sign on as one of the hired hands on any terms that he thought fair and equitable. That turned out not to be a mistake

at all. Louie Mueller, was and is, a fine example of the old-fashioned kind of American business man. His word is at least twice as good as anybody else's bond and he prefers to do business on a basis that is profitable to all concerned.

My proposition appealed to him and he became then, and still remains, my best advisor. He didn't know me, but he got me—sensed that I would play fair with him. I guess that the



ing which amused him most and started us off together on my right foot was my forthright account of what had happened to my hair.

"I can probably get my own color back," I told him, "but I don't know how soon."

"I do," Uncle Lou said, when he had finished laughing. "Never! Sam," he said, turning to the tall, thin man, "send

somebody down to that shop on Main Street and see if this colored girl, Louella Whitemeat, will take a job as Miss O'Hare's maid. If she will, tell her to bring along that stuff she put in the hair dye by mistake."

Sam Feldman objected—that was his job, to object to everything—but Uncle Lou so flattered him that Sam himself went to find Louella.

That same afternoon Uncle Lou changed my name to Rochelle Adair. I was a new toy to him and right away he wanted to see what he could do with it. The person that I am today is the result of a remodeling process which began then and there.

"For a year you do nothing but get ready," Uncle Lou declared. "All anybody will know about you is a name, which ain't yours anyway, and then all of a sudden some morning, Garbo will wake up and wonder what has become of her shoes."

It was my turn to laugh. "I could never be that good."

"Probably not," Uncle Lou admitted, "but I got a director who ought to be able to do something with you."

It seemed like a strange and fantastic fairy story. I was sitting there in that truly palatial office wearing the only dress I possessed in the world, looking out through a plate glass window at the sight-seeing bus which was going away without me. Already I was looking at the real world as something remote from which I had been snatched by a magic hand. I would have been no more helpless had a giant Martian reached down from his planet and plucked me, squirming, from the earth and held me in his palm for incredulous inspection. I never did anything again in accordance with any plan which I might possibly have conceived in the wildest dreams of my earlier existence.

By nightfall I was installed in a bungalow up on the hills back of Hollywood with Louella as my personal maid. This last seemed more impossible to me than anything which had gone before.

"You're crazy, Louella," I told her as she was brushing my hair after dinner. "You're a rich woman—or will be some time. Why should you want to work for somebody else?"

"I'll tell you, honey, Miss Rachel," she said, with rhythmic swings of the brush. "I got a kind of a clambering vine disposition, I guess. Got no ambition, no ma'am. All I want is somebody to belong to that I can take care of." Her voice was low and soothing. "Minute I saw you, honey, Miss Rachel, I got a funny feelin' in my inwards. Right off I wanted to do something for you. I don't guess white folks ever get that feelin'—it's something left over from before that war we don't neither one of us know anything about . . . back in 1861. My granddaddy was there—body servant to Gen'l Culpepper."

Louella was right—I mean about the instinctive adaptability to personal service of the descendants of slaves. I've seen other instances since of that inherent desire in the Negro to attach himself to someone, a desire which makes the negro unhappy and, usually, unsuccessful on his own. Of course, at the time of my first association with Louella, I had had no experience with servants of any kind—a nurse is only a sort of a glorified servant herself.

Actually, Louella never became exactly a personal maid. She was practically a companion. Don't ask me how I could think of such a thing. *I'll ask you*—why not? Louella was a swell girl about my own age—she loved me—she was gay—she never had a mean thought. I was hungry for real friendship. If anybody wants to know how much I cared about her, the answer is—all that I'm capable of. That's settled.

We explored the bungalow that night. There were two Filipino boys who went with the house. Also a police dog. It was the home of a scenario writer who had amassed a few thousands and one wife and was now on leave of absence in Europe. I temporarily inherited the entire works including Amanuensis, the canine above mentioned, who barked at me at first although he immediately made friends with Louella.

There was an empty garage with room for two cars. In the morning there were two cars in it, both inexpensive.

There were no near neighbors and no one displayed any curiosity about our presence in the canyon. There seems to be a sort of general Hollywood hillbilly custom of presuming that everybody's name is John Smith unless he explains differently, and after all, what of it?

Uncle Lou Mueller never came to the house. I reported daily to the studio and was told what to do. I wasn't in front of a camera for nearly twelve months, but I did get a pretty

tair training in diction, carriage and social behavior. They tried to teach me to ride, but I was a washout at it. Finally they gave up and I was able to sit down without using a cushion. Perhaps my inability to act in a saddle is one of the reasons you find me so frequently emoting in a bedroom. But Hart and Tom Mix can have the open spaces—give me the great indoors!

Louella kept my hair at exactly the same abnormal height. I got used to it after awhile and didn't think any more about it. It was just one more thing that made me look freakish, and I was accustomed to having people stare at me anyway.

They didn't stare much, though,—in Hollywood—not until after I had made my first picture. Extraordinary looking people are not exactly novelties on Celluloid Boulevard (I mean Sunset, if you don't live out here.)

Marlene Dietrich had a corner on pants at the time. I wasn't allowed to wear slacks. Just as well, probably, because I'm not built so that I need suspenders. But I had a lot of nice clothes, simple things, designed for me by a famous designer who was working for Uncle Lou at the time.

During this period of almost a year, I didn't have any adventure. A few men tried to make my acquaintance in movie theaters and on the streets, but I was at least a thousand years old as far as that sort of thing was concerned, and I had already developed an anti-pick-up technique which never failed. You don't have to answer in Hollywood any more than you do in any other town.

My home town, by the way, had slipped out of my life like a port left behind in a round-the-world cruise. I didn't hear from anyone back there and, apparently, no one knew or cared what had become of Rachel O'Hare. And that was all right by me.

I dreamed sometimes of my final experiences in my home town—mostly nightmares in which the moist, frog-belly-like hands of Sam Werks were touching my flesh—but I always managed to wake myself up before I screamed, and in daylight I could almost forget.

CHAPTER XIV

Lest my experience in getting into motion pictures seems too bizarre, I think I'd like to go on record by saying that my particular "break" never happened to anyone else. I couldn't act—there are critics who say that I have never acted even yet—all that I had to contribute to the screen was what I was born with. If you will take the trouble to remember a few of my pictures you will recall that the stories are written around me—they concern not so much what I do as what other people do because of me. In an industry which types its people by the rôles in which they make their first popular successes, I was almost instantly shoved into the character that I have ever since played—that of the glamorous adventuress. Sometime in my pictures I have a heart of gold and sometimes merely a lump of chilled steel, but never has any audience been left in doubt as to the contours of my body.

You see, I have no illusions about my ability. But I'm not bitter about it, either. Never having been ambitious to become an actress, I am not disappointed because I have not rivalled the meteoric Hepburn in her field. I haven't even tried. Instead, I've thanked my lucky stars that I have been able to get by as long as I have.

You see, all I've ever really cared about was being somebody's mother—several somebodies' mother, in fact. But I don't quarrel with nature because in the general scheme of things everyone laughs at me and thinks it is a pose.

Uncle Lou Mueller had an option on my talents almost as unflattering as my own.

"You're a kind of beautiful statue, Rochelle," he said one day in his office, "and in this new picture I'm going to make all you got to do is stand almost still while hell rampages around you. I . . ." He stopped as if shot. "'Hell Rampages!'" he repeated. "There's the title for it! I just made it up and it's five hundred per cent better than any title then two-thousand-dollar-a-week authors have dug up yet."

"In this new picture,"
Uncle Lou said, "all you
do is stand almost still
while hell rampages
around — 'Hell Ram-
pages,' there's the title!"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

That *was* the title, too. Or maybe I'm not telling you any-
ing. Lots of people saw the picture.

True to his word, Uncle Lou had the hired hands in the
scenario department write a part for me in which I scarcely
to move. For fifteen hundred feet of film I lay on a
transport and, if you know that ninety feet of celluloid go
ough a projector per minute, you can figure it out.

I may have been a nonentity myself in "Hell Rampages,"
but nobody could make a similar criticism of anybody else in
the cast. Uncle Lou hired one of the best directors in Holly-
wood, to handle a cast that included four leading male stars.
There were no women names in the line-up, but that's the kind
of a picture it was.

The director—for the purpose of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



★ VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M

A STORY of love enduring all, with Helen Hayes as Walpole's lovely *Vanessa* and Robert Montgomery the rogue, *Benjie*.

The story contains all of the book that could be encompassed by a picture. It moves in measured tempo, revives some famous Victorian scenes, and serves to prove that the love affairs of our grandmothers were every bit as involved as our modern ones.

The *Judith* of May Robson is full-flavored and salty. Otto Kruger gives a splendid interpretation of the insane man, and the supporting cast is excellent.

It's Helen Hayes' picture. She plays with her usual subtlety and appeal. Montgomery, while a convincing lover, seems to lack something for the part.



★ GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount

SHE'S a lady now! And, to prove it, Mae West gets married—not once, but *three* times, during the film!

Mae begins in this opus as a dance-hall entertainer in a small cattle-town. That's where the first husband (Fred Kohler) comes in. When he gets shot on their wedding night, presto! Mae is an oil heiress. With the money she buys herself a title and second husband (Monroe Owsley), but all the time it's English engineer Paul Cavanagh she wants—and finally gets.

Mae West wrote the original story, the screen adaptation and dialogue herself. And the film has plenty of fast West lines—some of them way down South, all of them clever, many of them hilariously funny. Mae looks gorgeous, and you'll love seeing her pursue the men instead of *vice versa*.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ ROBERTA—RKO-Radio

TREAT yourself as soon as possible to an evening with "*Roberta!*" For, this enchanting revelation of unforced gaiety, song and beauty is one of the most delightful experiences you will ever have in the theater.

Fred Astaire ranks top on our list of entertainers de luxe, and this time he really comes into his own. Besides the nimblest soft-shoes on record, he is runner-up for spot as best light comedian—and (can you bear it?) he plays the piano nineteen to the dozen! Ginger Rogers has learned a lot since "*Gay Divorcee*" and the Astaire-Rogers routines are top! Freddie does all right alone, too. Ginger looks really chic. Irene Dunne sings gloriously the lovely songs and acts as if she meant it—a triumph.

Randy Scott, rescued from the Westerns, is perfect as the American who inherits a Parisian couturière establishment from his *Aunt Roberta* (Helen Westley), and goes on from there. Irene as *Stephanie*, a refugee Russian Princess, becomes his partner (he inherits her later)—and Freddie Astaire strays in with a stranded American band. Ginger is the little girl who used to live next door in Indiana—gone phony Polish Countess. Claire Dodd as the heavy, Victor Varconi, Luis Alberni, Ferdinand Munier and others are splendid. The picture has that air of well-bred nonchalance achieved only when story, setting costumes and dialogue are so good the actors are not conscious of them.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ROBERTA
LIFE BEGINS AT 40
VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY
GOIN' TO TOWN

WEST POINT OF THE AIR
LES MISERABLES
LADDIE

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Fred Astaire in "Roberta"
Will Rogers in "Life Begins at 40"
Helen Hayes in "Vanessa—Her Love Story"
Mae West in "Goin' to Town"
Wallace Beery in "West Point of the Air"
Fredric March in "Les Miserables"
Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables"
Bill Robinson in "The Little Colonel"
Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel"
Donald Crisp in "Laddie"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 118



LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox

VERY recent Will Rogers picture seems to get better and better. And here's another smash hit for "Mark Twain on the Screen."

Taking Walter Pitkins' interesting title only, Fox has cooked up a screen play which fits Will like an acrobat's tight. It has action, humor, keen characterizations and some good old fashioned "gags"—funny ones.

Will eases along delightfully in the sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, who believes in a town boy's innocence after a bank robbery. And even when Will's loyalty costs him his newspaper, his believable, astute courage wins out over a hot-time-in-the-old-town-tonight election.

Rogers can move into more excellent rôles than any other star. He's perfect as the ink-stained tank-town crusader. More than usual, this picture is spiced with typical Rogers witty observations and dry witcracks.

You won't have a minute's recess in laughing at Will, but if you do there's Slim Summerville in genuine character relief—not his usual hokum stuff, either—and Sterling Holloway.

Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson are the boy and girl. You'll believe and sympathize with their romance. George Barbier and Jane Darwell stand out in a pretty truly perfect supporting roster. And George Marshall's direction is superb. Don't dare miss it.



WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M

AMAN'S picture aimed at anyone who ever went up in a plane. For the ladies, there are Wallace Beery and Robert Young.

Story is the father and son *motif*, with Beery an old army flight sergeant. The boy returns from West Point, his father's superior officer, to learn to fly. When he turns yellow, his dad pops him on the chin and gets court-martialed for his trouble. On the night of the big manoeuvres, sonny is about to resign so Beery takes his place in a rickety old crate and saves the situation.

There are thrilling flight formations, several hair-raising crashes. Maureen O'Sullivan is lovely as the romantic prize. Lewis Stone, type-perfect as the general, James Gleason, Russell Hardie top support.



LES MISERABLES—20th Century-United Artists

HERE is a close-knit and powerful screen recountal of the immortal Victor Hugo classic. With Fredric March playing the rôle of the persecuted *Jean Valjean*, and Charles Laughton as the brutal *Javert*, vivid portrayals of two of the most famous characters in semi-modern literature are assured. W. P. Lipscomb, who so admirably adopted the long novel for the films, and Richard Boleslawski, director, were almost invariably faithful to Hugo. And after watching the film trace through thirty-five years of *Valjean's* tragic life, you rejoice over the happy ending.

Florence Eldridge is excellent in the glamorless rôle of a frail factory worker. And Darryl Zanuck was fortunate in prevailing upon Sir Cedric Hardwicke to play the *Bishop of Bienvenu*. Entire supporting cast is good.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON

THE DEVIL
IS A
WOMAN—
Paramount



THIS is nothing but Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation, and Von Sternberg's direction drains every spark of animation out of the actors. Cesar Romero is never allowed to come to life. Edward Everett Horton is swamped. Lionel Atwill manages to give his performance some force.



ONE MOR
SPRING—
Fox

FAIRLY dripping with sweetness and light, this is recommended *only* to rabid Gaynor fans. The picture is unique in that nothing happens. It's about three depression victims (Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter and Walter King) who live in a tool barn in Central Park. King steals the picture, if there's one to steal. Stepin Fetchit has a bit.

LADDIE—
RKO-Radio



OLD-FASHIONED, homey, but a grand picture. John Beal is good as *Laddie* whose love for *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) is bitterly opposed by her snobbish father (played perfectly by Donald Crisp). George Stevens has displayed excellent taste and feeling in the direction of Gene Stratton-Porter's book. Watch Virginia Weidler as *Little Sister*.



SWEET
MUSIC—
Warners

DISREGARD the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, de-bunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Rudy, instead of being God's gift to women as formerly, kids himself and the audience into a real good humor. The action is back-stage, with a feud between Ann and Rudy. Helen Morgan has only one number.

THE LITTLE
COLONEL—
Fox



ALL you Shirley Temple fans—here she is, as you like her. In the quaintest costumes, and cuter than ever. Lionel Barrymore is good as the testy old Colonel grandpa. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge are nice parents for the *Little Colonel*. But it is good old Bill Robinson, ebony face gleaming, who patters away soft-shoe with the picture.



A DOG OF
FLANDERS—
RKO-Radio

THE young principals and the miraculous dog, Lightning, bring to life the Ouida classic and make it a picture all children will love and parents will enjoy. Young Frankie Thomas gives a sensitive performance as the poor Flemish boy who, inspired by Rubens, becomes a great painter. O. P. Heggie gives one of his best portrayals. The story really lives.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

LE'S LIVE
T-NIGHT—
Columbia



A WABBLY story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Tullio is his brother's rival for Lilian, and Hugh Williams puts up good competition. The picture has no real emotional weight. Tala Birell is excellently restrained as a former lover of Carminati's, Janet Beecher is good as Lilian's mother.



TIMES
SQUARE
LADY—
M-G-M

THE RIGHT
TO LIVE—
Warner



COLIN CLIVE, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A story which could have been toneless is vitalized by William Keighley's directorial pace, capped by a tensely presented dramatic climax. Peggy Wood, C. Aubrey Smith.



STRAIGHT
FROM THE
HEART—
Universal

AL THE
KING'S
HORSES—
Framount



THE familiar story of the king and the commoner of identical appearance who change places, with the complication of the lovely queen. Broadway star Mary Ellis sings beautifully, acts with ease, and should become important on the screen. Carl Brisson is charming particularly in the light comedy scenes, and his voice will captivate the ladies. It's entertaining.



THE
WOMAN
IN RED—
First National

HERE is Barbara Stanwyck with the old ease and the forthright frankness which is her peculiar charm. This, with Gene Raymond in an engaging mood, and Genevieve Tobin enjoying herself as a ritzy snob, lifts the picture into the good entertainment class. Sparkling dialogue freshens up the poor-girl-married-into-society story. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



Is he your type?

• If he isn't, don't admit it! For Cesar Romero is one of Hollywood's most popular leading men. Playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman," he had her okay and Von Sternberg's praise. Maureen O'Sullivan will be in his next

The THIRD MERRY WIFE OF WINDSOR

by

REGINALD TAVINER



- Wendy Barrie arrived from England to wed Woolworth Donahue — but, it's her secret

- The Honorable Ronnie Greville English society leader, teas with Wendy and Spencer Tracy at Fox

SOMETHING happened when Wendy Barrie came to New York from London to marry Woolworth Donahue, one of the heirs to the Woolworth millions and cousin of Barbara Hutton—pardon, the Princess Mdivani. That's why Wendy is in Hollywood now. It couldn't have been that the Donahue family objected to a young Five-and-Ten store blueblood marrying an actress, because the Hutton branch of the family didn't object to Barbara marrying her Georgian prince, so there. Wendy herself must have changed her mind; perhaps Woolworth III wasn't as amusing at home as he had been when the pair met and became engaged in England. Perhaps he was too amusing. Whatever it was, Wendy won't say.

But when you look at Wendy you know it wasn't because young Woolworth changed *his* mind.

Anyway, instead of ambling to the altar Wendy hopped a plane and flew West, young woman, out where the celluloid begins. She's the last of *Henry the Eighth's* six wives to get here, but now Charlie Laughton's picture harem has followed him to Hollywood—to the last girl, as Zane Grey would say. The others, you remember, were Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Elsa Lanchester, and Everley Gregg, which shows what you can get away with in British films.

At that they slipped one over on Charlie in the picture because they skipped one of history's six wives, as you know, and gave him only five.

But on the strength of that smash picture all five are in American films now that Wendy has arrived. She is making her first Hollywood appearance opposite Spencer Tracy at Fox, and, according to Irving Cummings, the director, she's going places in a hurry.

“I WAS the third wife in ‘Henry the Eighth,’” says Wendy. “You know, the dumb one, I just acted natural.”

“Wendy will be starred within a year,” says Irving Cummings, who has been a director for a long, long time and isn't at all given to making rash statements.

But when she got aboard that airplane after the “Stand Up Only” sign had been hung out at the Woolworth mansion in New York, Wendy came first not to Hollywood but to Palm Springs. There for three solid weeks in the great wide open silences of the desert she contemplated the gorgeous umpty-umph carat star-sapphire which young Donahue had given her for an engagement ring, and which she still wears on her engagement finger, by the way.

“I had heard of Palm Springs,” says Wendy, “and I thought it would be a grand place to get off and rest. I wanted lots of sunshine just then, and I certainly got it.”

Incidentally, the pale, bluey-greenish, sort of subdued glittery color of that star-sapphire in the sunshine exactly matches the color of Wendy's eyes, so now you know just what Wendy looks like.

After that presumably introspective little sojourn where the purple of the mountain rims meets the brazen blue of the sky—with apologies to Bing Crosby and Zane Grey this time—Wendy came on to Hollywood. She denies that it could possibly take three whole weeks to heal a broken heart.

The wise guys around Hollywood told her she was crazy to come the way she did—one doesn't just dash across the continent like that and make a perfect landing in pictures, said they. They were right, too; so Wendy arrived at lunch-time and had had her screen test, signed her contract with Paramount and everything in time for tea. Fox borrowed her just before dinner and so she started in “It's a Small World” right after breakfast.

“It's a Small World” is a swell title for a picture for Wendy, because she of all people should know just how small it really is. Wendy was born in Hongkong, where her father, F. C. Jenkins, is British consul; at eleven years of age she was sent to the Convent of the Assumption, London, to learn things. After acquiring all the knowledge they had in five years she went on to Lausanne, Switzerland, to finishing school, and from there back to Hongkong to make her debut in society—and the daughter of the British consul is society in Hongkong. So you see it couldn't have been the Donahue family, possibly.

But instead of being satisfied with the career of a debutante even in Hongkong, Wendy went back to London and had lunch at the Savoy. She was picking delicately at the proverbial British stewed tripe and onions when Alexander Korda, who wasn't so much of anything then, flipped over to her table and asked her if she'd be interested in a screen test for dessert.

“I hadn't thought much of doing anything,” says Wendy, “except doing London. And Elstree wasn't far away.”

Her British pictures were “Wedding Rehearsal,” with Roland Young, “Where Is This Lady?” “Cash,” “It's A Boy,” “Give Me A King,” and “There Goes Susie.” Few of these were shown in the United States, though they undoubtedly had the English rolling in the aisles.

Finally came “Henry the Eighth,” which led to It All. And Wendy tells an interesting sidelight about the production of the imported film which has been the biggest box-office smash over here since Pola Negri's “Passion.”

“It was shot absolutely on the cuff,” she said. “I don't mean as regards the script so much as about the cash. Like some of your films over here are made on ‘Poverty Row.’ Charlie Laughton happened to be in England then, and he and Korda were great friends; Korda had the idea for ‘Henry the Eighth’ but scarcely anything else. We all agreed to go in on it on a percentage basis for our salaries—just a little in cash to get along, you know, and the rest in hopes. You can imagine what Charlie Laughton's share of the hopes turned out to be in cash.”

Wendy was under contract to Korda when she met young Donahue. They looked good to each other in the London fog and so Wendy went to Korda and told him she wanted to break her contract to come to the United States and be married. An American producer would have hit the ceiling of his tallest super-super set. Not so Korda.

“Very well, my dear,” was what he said, “the best o'luck you know.”

Alexander Korda, Wendy says, is like that.

“If you think you can make a bit more money anywhere else,” she said, “Korda is always delighted to let you have the chance. I really think he'd let you break your contract in the middle of making a picture if anybody offered you something better.”

Wendy wasn't referring, even unconsciously, to the Woolworth millions, either.

She tells an interesting sidelight, too, on just how she happened to get that name. It's one of the first questions you ask her, because obviously one isn't born with a name like Wendy Barrie.

“I was born with the Wendy part of it, though,” she said, “because while I was still in the stork's bill, so to speak, a company of players came to Hongkong and my mother went to see them the matinee they played ‘Peter and Wendy.’ My mother hadn't decided on a name for

me yet, but when she saw the play title settled it.

“‘If it's a boy,’ she said to herself, ‘Peter, and if it's a girl it's Wendy. They both beautiful names.’”

“It was a girl, as you see—so I'm Wendy.”

It was Wendy Jenkins in Hong Kong, however, and Wendy Jenkins it remained through the convent, through Lausanne and over in Hongkong again. But when Alexander Korda strolled over to her table at the Savoy that time Wendy realized that Wendy Jenkins just would do.

“Mother had adopted one of Barrie's characters for my given name,” she explained, “so I thought I couldn't do better than adopt the author's own name for the rest of it. Wendy Barrie sounded like a perfect stage name, so Wendy Barrie I became. Simple, wasn't it?”

It was—and a compliment even to the loveable Sir James and all his books, anybody should ask you.

Wendy herself looks taller than she actually is because she's so slender. *Svelte* is the word. If you can conjure mental images of people from avoirdupois, she's exactly 110 pounds at five feet four, brownish-blond hair up and on the nose to win. She believes that the best acting is a complete absence of acting.

“Such as you are you're you,” she says, “and if it's you they want it's you, they've got if you're such as you are. Why should you try to be somebody else while you're really you?”

It's well to remember that Wendy's mother was Irish before you try to figure that one out. At the same time Irving Cummings, who should know, says that Wendy's greatest charm is her complete lack of artificiality.

“She's as spontaneous and wholesome as Will Rogers,” was the way he put it, “without being half so homely.”

So there you have the third merry wife of Windsor—and if *Henry the Eighth* beheaded her or something it was only because he didn't know his Hollywood Woolworth Donahue, of course, is something else again, and anyway, you can buy a crown in the Five and Ten.

OPPPOSITE, bride of 1935. an accompaniment to the majestic roll of the organ, solemn voice and the sweetness of many flowers, René Hubert created a simple gown of white craguel, circled with a red straw belt and a spun glass bonnet draped with the traditional tulle veil. For Claire Trevin in “Spring Tonic,” and inspiration for your mental hope ch



Forecast of Hollywood
Fashions



SYLVIA
SIDNEY'S



Personal

WARDROBE

DESIGNED BY HOWARD GREER

Howard Greer stresses the importance of the two-way costume for late Spring and Summer occasions. Opposite: Mr. Greer's conception of the daytime frock in orchid crêpe with flat bow of rose taffeta, accompanied by navy-blue crêpe coat and an upward hat of Milan straw. For late afternoon and dinner, Miss Sidney wears a black crêpe cocktail suit, blouse of gold lace, crimson sash and tiny cellophane halo hat with starched forehead veil. This page: A rapturous white organdy scintillating with myriad mirrors, graced only by a belt of mirror circlets and topped with a matching cape in black caught with a huge organdy corsage. As a fillip, Mr. Greer adds a Regency wrap of ruby-red velvet with corded collar, revers and cuffs. Velvet is an important fashion fabric for the Summer wrap



CHEE



1. A very limited edition of the sarong in brown ribbed jersey ties over Maxine Doyle's yellow and brown pencil-striped swim suit for loitering and play. Jantzen suit

2. Brief and breezy and permitting a wholesale sun-tan — Maxine Doyle's reasons for this little affair with navy-blue shorts and a navy-blue and white bra. A Catalina Swim Suit

3. Sally Eilers in a swim classic of blue with a halter front and a low back. Every good swimmer needs two suits of this type to insure a dry one at all times. A creation by Jantzen

4. Dropping the anchor in this case means that Anne Darling's top is firmly annexed to her Spanish-red, tightly woven shorts. White lacings for perfect fit and comfort. Jantzen

THEY
may
GO
NEAR THE
WATER





PHOTOGRAPHS
BY FREULICH
FRAKER • APLER
and WILBOURNE

5. A sea nymph in lettuce green with unique olive green belt and shoulder straps. Really, this is June Knight, who finds great freedom and comfort in a trig swim suit from B. V. D.



6. Down to the sea in shorts goes June Knight — chartreuse, man-tailored shorts, later to be discarded for a swim. Beneath is a trig apple-green swim suit by B. V. D.

7. An exciting combination of white shorts with an inner lining, and halter and sash of gay Roman stripes, lends a bright, out-door spirit to Marian Marsh. Gantner and Mattern

8. More anchors for very practical purposes and a touch of the nautical. Metal ones at waist and neck; woven ones on a jersey upper. A Gantner and Mattern suit on Marian Marsh

Spring Promenade

WITH

ADRIENNE AMES

■ An eye-opener for early Summer—Adrienne Ames' suit in rough-textured white crêpe. Marine blue collar and jabot spangled with white stars and blue stars for buttons



■ Spring recipe for chic, capes, plaids and taffetas. Miss Ames in pepper and salt sheer wool skirt and cape with lining and blouse in black and white. Scarf is gay cerise

■ For luncheon at the Trocadero or elsewhere, Miss Ames likes this Oriental print in brown and white framed by a crisp, loose taffeta coat, ingeniously stitched



■ The detailed interest of Miss Ames' gown centers at the back. A reversed necktie, broad starched suspenders and hanging panels falling from a twisted girdle, in the Grecian manner



■ Portrait of a sophisticated Puritan—Miss Ames looking very Priscilla Alden-ish in a fine-straw bonnet with perky pleats at front, high sun-bonnet crown and a demure back bow

■ The fashion outlook is rosy at this writing, pink being the color favorite. Luscious satin, simple stitching, jeweled clips. All fashions are from Miss Ames' personal wardrobe



JUST OUT OF BED

Slip into black satin open-toe sandals with trim of perforated silver kid. Formal enough for wear with hostess gown. Sandals by courtesy of Wolfelt-White



SPECTATOR SPORTS

For all occasions when you stand on the sidelines and watch—brown kid and beige suede. A triple brown and beige tongue and top lacing from Wolfelt-White



TOWN WEAR

A glove-fitting version of the dress oxford in brown cloth and kid with interesting smart, high cut and side lacings. Perfect suit shoe from Wolfelt-White



CLARENCE BULL

BARBARA KENT'S NEW WARDROBE OF FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING

Step
by Step

DINNER AND DANCE

Designed for the gayer hours. Dainty gold and silver kid straps with practically no shoe except a staunch support. From Wolfelt-White



OFF-THE LINKS

Traditionally correct for golf and other active sports, brown calf with beige punched trim. Flexible and comfortable no end. Comfort specials from Enna Jettick



GENERAL WEAR

Shoe vogue for light touch on dark leather neatly expressed in Barbara Kent's operas with blue and crystal composition buckles. From Wolfelt-White



FREULICH

FATHER AND SON'S GAME —

• Young Ricky Arlen is making fresh with his Daddy. And papa Richard Arlen, Sr., seems to enjoy it. Baby Arlen made his début in films about a year ago, and let it stop there. He's two years old now and finds many things more exciting than camera angles, leading ladies and close-ups



Mitzi Cummings who reveals the mad goings-ons of Hollywood's great ones, taking part herself

**From the nursery to the
Trocadero goes Mitzi, visit-
ing big stars and little stars
in a grand whirl of gaiety**

HI, PAL! There's no explaining why, but at the moment my mind is in the nursery. So we shall take, for instance, the case of my two-and-a-half nephew, Stephen, who plays in the Beverly Hills parks every day with so many of the movie stars' wee ones. Stevie has himself a hero-worshipper in the very young son of Karen Morley. But since Michael—or Mishka as he is called—is a mere one-and-one-half-year-old, Great Man Stevie is appropriately bored. He did condescend one sunny afternoon, however, to gather a chubby fistful of gravel and dust from the path and deposit same in the middle of Mishka's thick blond hair. This first indication of interest from his hero had Mishka in transports of delight but my nephew's lordly gesture did not affect the nannas quite that way. They had just finished plucking each tiny bit of pebble from Mishka's curly thatch when fastidious Mamma Karen Morley Vidor appeared.

At home, Stevie was made to sit on his chair fifteen minutes for punishment. And while he sat his nanna told me how once, when she was taking care of Ann Harding's little girl Jane, she made Jane also sit upon a chair for punishment, while she went to the kitchen to prepare lunch. With one thing and another, she forgot completely about Jane. An hour later, when she returned to the nursery, there was Jane, still patiently sitting, hands still folded! Nanna was penitent and, of course, proud of Jane's obedience. The pretty child sighed. "I

thought it seemed an awfully long time," she said "but I didn't mind, much. I made up a story about a fairy princess with beautiful long golden hair, and named her Ann, after mother."

I now hop-sotch from the nursery to the kindergarten. Joan, meet Miss Lily Lodge daughter of Francesca Braggiotti, dancer, and John Lodge, actor. Lily is a wise one. Lily is a Person. People like Josef Von Sternberg come to visit Lily, just to hear her talk. For instance, one Sunday Lily was entertaining the eminent director of Dietrich with an account of her Bible lesson.

"Tell me, Lily," Von Sternberg asked, "Who is God?"

Lily looked at him in disdain. "You'll find out soon enough," she said, "when he comes to get you!"

See the picture of us having tea? Lily looks very angelic. Sure. But only the moment before she had put on her father's hat, borrowed his cane and muffler and done an imitation of the great Josef that nearly had me on the floor, and which so Papa Lodge told me, panics Von Sternberg. At this tea Lily was hostess because her mother was downtown at one of the theaters putting on the dance numbers for the prologue of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Lily wanted far too many jam sandwiches, from which her father had to restrain her, and crowds of dogs kept coming in and going out of the living-room in the friendliest manner—which was all right, but a bit disturbing to teacup balancers.



Lily Lodge did the honors at the tea table since her mother, Francesca Braggiotti, was busy with a dance performance. Papa John Lodge had to restrain the young hostess when it came to jam sandwiches. Lily's also quite a mimic

It's see. . . . We have had the nursery and the kindergarten; now we enter the primary grades. One day recently was chatting with a friend who has a cunning picture on her wall of a little Cora Sue Collins, when, gracious sakes alive, a lady voice at my elbow said: "Pardon me, please, lady." I looked down, and there was the real Cora Sue in a pretty apple-green coat and hat, with a pair of pink cheeks, and a stemmed red rose in her hand! Maybe she was whisked here by magic. But while I had been examining her picture I had been equally busy examining a bracelet on my wrist,

and now she wanted to see the other side of it. I obliged and was thanked politely for my trouble. Now, of course, we were fast friends, and I learned that the lovely red rose which she clutched so tightly was a gift from Mr. Louis B. Mayer on whose lap she had sat not an hour ago. The rose was going to be pressed and kept for life, and Cora Sue was going to act so "good" for Mr. Mayer's pictures that in return he would love her for ever and ever.

And when you talk of love, my lamb, you talk of valentines, don't you? So I'm going to tell [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



From left to right: Leo Carrillo, Muriel Evans, Jean Parker, Betty Furness, J. D. Petit, Julie Laird, Joan Marsh, Mitzi, and Bill. They gathered at the Trocadero for Ida Koverman's party in honor of Jamshed Dinshaw Petit, good-looking banker



The bath room of the princess is done in jade colors and carved glass walls. Etched figures tell the story of Undine, underwater sprite. Note the walls are etchings of sea life

The magic kitchen of the Little People, with its striking example of phantasy, beautiful murals of Mother Goose, and its most extraordinary copper stove and the big kettle

The dining room of the Knights of the Round Table, with the coat-of-arms (created by Alice O'Neill) of the occupant on each chair, and designed to tell his story. For instance, that of Guinivere, the fickle-hearted, is of two hearts

The MOST AMAZING HOUSE in the WORLD

WHEN dreams come true," perhaps, would be a better title for this story of the world's most amazing hobby—Colleen Moore's Doll House. . . .

Many years ago a tiny girl had a dream of a fantastic fair land. Some day—but that was only a dream. . . .

Twelve years ago, this same little girl—slightly grown up, course—became famous as the flapper in the picture, "Flaming Youth." During the next three years she found that her bank account had reached a staggering figure.

How about that dream of long ago?

Then and there she decided to build her Doll's House. Afraid that she might receive sneers and laughter, especially from her sophisticated Hollywood intimates, Colleen kept her hobby a secret.

It was only when she decided that her "plaything" could



Colleen Moore has spent
 use to half a million
 dollars in the realiza-
 tion of her childhood
 dream—a fairy castle
 of incomparable beauty

by **J E R R Y**
F L I N T

...ne good in the world that she dared
 reveal her secret. This fairy castle of
 ...is of incomparable beauty—a work
 ...ve which has made the world's ex-
 ...ite and costly toy a veritable shrine to
 ...ttle God of Miniature.

Created by a score of famous artisans
 ...a period of nine years, and at a cost
 ...\$37,000, the enchanted capital of fairy-
 ...is now to be booked on a world tour.
 ...ceeds from exhibitions throughout the
 ...ted States and many foreign cities will
 ...donated to hospitals for crippled
 ...ren.

The tour will continue for three years,



Colleen Moore shows two handfuls of her library. The books are an inch square and written by famous authors. Below is the prince's bedroom, with its solid gold furniture



or until one million dollars has been realized for unfortunate kiddies.

That is Colleen's idea of not only making her "dream come true," but to bring hope and happiness to many suffering children.

Constructed of aluminum and copper with fantastic angles and sky-sweeping turrets and steeples, no semblance of architectural convention is found in this abode of little people. Resting on a summit of a rugged precipice, the castle, which is nine feet wide and nine feet long, rises fourteen feet into the air and weighs approximately 6,000 pounds.

The house, excepting rivets, contains more than 200,000 individual pieces. It is a mechanical marvel of intricacy and practicability.

Among them, the house boasts a solid gold cathedral organ fifteen inches high. The organ actually plays by means of an electrical system via remote control.

A \$60,000 diamond bracelet of Colleen's was broken up and made into a chandelier. This is lighted by the world's smallest electric bulbs, each being the size of a grain of wheat, and embedded in sockets with the circumference of pinheads. The chandelier is golden and strung with glittering, pear-shaped diamonds.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

• Sylvia Sidney's face is lovely and heart-shaped. Note the unbroken line from her forehead to the chin



HURRELL



• A sincere, attractive smile does wonders for your face. You couldn't find a more perfect model than Sally Eiler.

Sylvia's Ideals for MOUTH,

by SYLVIA

BE kind to your face. It's the only one you'll ever have, so don't abuse it. Faces are made to last a lifetime. But how long will they last? That's the rub. And that's my point. *Don't* rub—until you know how. And don't let anyone else rub your face unless you're sure you're in the hands of an expert. Those slap-dash inexpert facials give you temporary relief. They make your face feel swell for a little while. But, baby, when the face falls it strikes a new low. So keep your chin up. Keep it up with the scientific methods I'm going to give you in a minute.

Unfortunately your face isn't like your automobile. You can't turn the old one in every year and get a new model. But there's something you can do. You can give it a complete overhauling. You can change the lines by taking fat off or putting on a few curves. And this you must do since the poor old face has to weather a lot of changes. Styles in hats, in furs, in neck lines change every three months. You must keep your face in style, too. You wouldn't think of going out with a 1925 hat on. Then don't have a 1925 face. And the way to make your face keep step with the mode is to keep it lean and clean cut!

Take a good long look at your face in the mirror. Are you satisfied with its contours? Is the moulding of your face well defined and chiseled? No? Well, don't waste another minute. Get busy!

Now look at two faces that I've picked for lovely contours—two faces completely different in outline—Sylvia Sidney's and

Loretta Young's. Sylvia has a heart-shaped face. It sweeps in an unbroken line from her wide forehead to her daintily pointed chin. Remember I said "unbroken line." No lumps, no bumps, none of that flabby nonsense with which so many faces are cluttered. Loretta Young has a long, square face but the outline is excellent. I show you these two examples of lovely girls to make you realize that it doesn't matter what type of bone structure your face possesses. You can't do anything about that anyhow. But you can bring out the bone structure of your face by taking off the fat. I'll tell you how.

With the thumb and forefinger lift the muscles just above the jawbone away from the bone, very gently, without stretching the skin as if you were going to pinch your own face. But don't pinch it. Instead, very, very slowly move your fingers in a rotary movement, gently lifting and squeezing the fat and muscle from the chin to the ear. Do not pull the upper covering of skin and don't touch the bone.

After the jaw line is well started do the same thing on the cheek bone working from the nose to the corners of the eyes. And I guarantee, baby, that that will give you a stream-line face. It will completely remodel the old chassis and put some pep into the engine, too. It will keep your face in fashion. And if you want to wear those cute, new, goofy hats you'd better get to work. You probably laugh when you see women with fat cheeks and jowls wearing one of those little pancakes stuck on top of their heads. Well, I don't laugh. I get sore!

And when someone says, "What an awful hat," I answer,

• You can't have more than one chin and be in style! Perfect is Gloria Stuart's chin, lean and well-rounded



CLARENCE BULL

FRYER

Loretta Young has a long, square face, but the outline is excellent because the contour is smooth and well defined

CHIN and FACE Structure

Is your face in fashion? For Spring, 1935, you should have a clean-cut, stream-lined model. You can make yours over

Don't blame the hat. Blame the woman. If she would spend much time on her face as she spent picking out that hat she wouldn't look like that!" For, no matter what type of bone structure your face has you can make it attractive by keeping it firm and chiseled.

The same thing applies to your chin. How do you look in the high neck-line dresses? Do you dare wear them? They were designed to frame and enhance the chin—not a pair of chins. Get rid of your spare chin. It's useless anyway.

Look at Gloria Stuart's chin. That's an ideal worth working for. It is lean but well rounded and free from razor-blade sharpness. It's firm and strong. And—most important of all—it can speak of it in the singular.

Cultivate a good, firm, stubborn chin. Yes, I said a stubborn chin. Poor old stubbornness—everybody says it's a fault. But go ahead and be stubborn. It's okay with me. I want to see a firm chin. I like it. And such determination will improve the looks of your chin. It will make it firm and strong. Remember this—your mind must be firm if you want a firm chin and figure.

Start right this minute to do the correct exercise. And don't let a day slip by without doing it. With all the fingers of your right hand rub *down* from the tip of your chin to the base of your neck. Then with your left hand rub *up* from the base of your neck to the tip of your chin, digging in well underneath

the superfluous chin. Get the idea? Down with the right hand, up with the left. Do this on the right side of the

neck, then on the left and then in the middle. Keep your hand firm but don't be too rough. Don't pull the skin and be sure that the chin is kept relaxed. Never strain the chin. Do this for fifteen minutes a day and when you've finished slap under your chin with the backs of your hands for as long as you can.

The first thing you must do if you want to enlarge a receding chin is to acquire determination. Then do this: let your chin rest in the palm of your hand. Make your lower lip protrude. Push your chin out. Then, with your hand, press up and out. Do it twenty or thirty times a day. And just watch the old chin get some character.

The perfect mouth has beautiful well moulded lips and teeth that are a dentist's despair—because he can't improve them. Sally Eilers, take a bow! Look at these lovely teeth. Look at that attractive mouth—well-moulded, not too small nor too large. The mouth is a key to your character. And Sally's mouth is generous, good hearted and sincere.

But there's more to an attractive mouth than that. Look at Sally's smile. Even if her teeth weren't as lovely as they are that smile would be attractive—because it looks as if she meant it.

For heaven's sake, girls, keep your mouth natural. Don't go in for a stupid fad like the bee-stung lip. Don't twist your mouth into affected shapes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Mary Carlisle knows what she wants and she is going to get it, because she has that steely stamina necessary to be a great success.

They've

THEY were sisters—two young, eager girls who had travelled many hundred miles to New York to “go into the movies.”

The older was the prettier. The younger was just an average-looking girl with no distinguishing marks of beauty or ability.

“Go home, my dear child,” David Wark Griffith, who was then at the height of his glory, advised the younger girl. “You will never photograph. You’d better forget about the movies.”

But the girl didn’t forget about pictures. And she didn’t go home until all her money was gone and there were no more jobs in sight.

A short time after their humiliating return to their old hometown, a telegram arrived, calling the younger sister back to New York for a part in a picture. The older girl, the better-looking one, the one with all the odds in her favor, did not go

with her. She couldn’t face that fight for the theatrical survival of the fittest. She decided to marry and settle down to peaceful domesticity.

The older sister’s name was Athole, the younger’s was Norma and their last name was Shearer.

Norma could have married, too. But she didn’t. When she arrived in New York for the second time, she found that a well-known actress, the one whom the producers had wanted in the first place, had finally been signed for the promised job. So Norma was workless and penniless. But she was in New York and she made up her mind to stay. She gritted her teeth and took every job which was offered, from posing for advertising photographers to playing the piano in small motion picture theaters.

She played in a few pictures and Hollywood saw her and sent for her. She went to California with a short contract and a return-trip ticket. If her struggles in New York were bitter, she found a far more desperate

by ELEANOR PACKER



en Parker is another of
the younger actresses set
at the top. She, too, has
a blazing determination
which will not be stopped

What it takes

WHAT IT TAKES

in Hollywood. Norma was not a beautiful girl and, in
these days, a pretty face went further than brains or ability.
She could have taken the easy route, gone to parties and
been flattered briefly by her social contacts. But Norma's eyes were
set grimly on tomorrow, not on today. Only one thing was
important to her. That was success. So she worked while
other girls played.

"I was young and I liked fun." Norma smiled a little as she
remembered those early days, "But I had sense enough to
realize that my whole future was at stake. I had so much to
prepare for it. Believe me, it wasn't easy to turn down
these invitations, which would have meant an evening of fun
and a morning of tiredness."

Norma has what it takes for success, that hard inner strength
which admits no defeat. So do all successful people in every
line of work, doctors, merchants, lawyers, chiefs. Perhaps
Hollywood requires more of that steely stamina because the
competition is so throat-cuttingly keen and because the
show-business life is so comparatively short.

"I don't think that I would ever have the courage to go
through it again," Norma sighed one day.

But she would. Because she is working just as hard today
to remain a star as she did years ago to become one. Norma
never overlooks the countless, small details, which require so
much time and energy, but which make for better pictures
and longer stardom. She photographs the materials from which
her gowns are to be made, to test their camera quality. When
she made "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she wasn't
satisfied with playing with a trained dog, which knew all the
tricks of its trade. She took that dog home with her, lived with
it, played with it so that the adoration in its eyes was real,
when it looked at her in their scenes together.

Another young woman, who has climbed the ladder step by
step with Norma, is Joan Crawford. Joan had as many
physical defects as Norma. She was certainly not a beauty,
according to Hollywood standards. She was too fat. Her
speaking voice was untrained. She knew nothing about smart,
becoming clothes.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

Hollywood

WE were sitting on the patio basking in the golden sun and watching the Hollywood parade go by on the main stem of this quaint little desert oasis. Palm Springs!

We were stag refugees from Hollywood getting a kick out of watching fellow Hollywood refugees go native. Quite a party of us boys had been playing at golf in a desert tournament with some of the famous professionals, and we were now enjoying the hospitality of one Senor Roberto Woolsey, the bespectacled, cigar-chewing comedian. Like many a former smart Broadway and Hollywood lad, Senor Woolsey has gone completely native. He owns his own hacienda in Palm Springs and lives between pictures clad only in shorts and sandals.

Among the star refugees were Srs. W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Bert Wheeler, Dick Arlen, William Frawley and the author.

"This is God's country," announced our host, a line which all of us had heard before. "Palm Springs is the tops."

"It's O. K. if you got something wrong with you," agreed

Senor Frawley, which upset Senor Woolsey no end, indeed. "You're nuts!" he chirped. "It is God's gift to Hollywood. What a playground! Look at those happy folks going by."

We peeked. Pedestrians, equestrians and cyclists, they all looked very happy, though a bit on the languid side. They were all clad the same, shorts, sandals and occasional eye shades.

"There goes Garbo on a bicycle," announced Senor Errol.

Senor Fields complained bitterly. "I wish I was turned around so as I could see her." However, it turned out not to be Garbo at all, so we resumed the argument.

"Speaking of playgrounds," said Senor Arlen, "I'll take Ensenada or Catalina. Or, if a fella has the time, Honolulu."

"You guys with yachts make me sick," retorted irreconcilable Senor Frawley, "as for me . . ."

A chorus of interruptions. Senor Fields agreed with Senor Woolsey on Palm Springs because it is easier to get to with a trailer. I held with Senor Arlen. The Srs. Errol and Wheeler, being more of the sporting types, prefer the Santa Anita race track and Agua Caliente, respectively.

In pioneer Hollywood days, the desert was avoided like smallpox. Now, it's a Mecca by **SCOOP CONLON**



As the beautiful girls kept strolling by in various but
 missing bits of undress, Senor Woolsey grew expansive

My Hollywood

"For me," continued irrepressible Senor Frawley, "I still
 little ol' New York."

We were flabbergasted. Who in the world would ever think
 New York as Hollywood's playground?

After the ballots were cast, we found that the six most
 our Hollywood playgrounds were Palm Springs—of
 —New York, Caliente, Ensenada, Catalina and Santa

Howdy Chumps!

Talking of that Santa Anita race track, it's the greatest
 mine yet discovered in the West.

Bangtails are back with us with a bang. Hollywood
 ne "horsey" with the bankrolls. There are thousands of
 cluttering up ol' Lucky Baldwin's Santa Anita rancho.
 li. colts, mares, geldings; brown ones, black ones, bay
 es, gray ones and chestnuts. Those are the babies I bet on—
 chestnuts."

Keys get under your feet and amateur touts in your hair
 ery Hollywood party these days.

Nearly every star wants to own a nag. They're so cute.
 at Gable has one, Bing Crosby bought two and Connie
 nt got herself one named Rattlebrain.

Hollywood talk today is horse talk. And plenty of it. The
 nd girls call the horseys by their first names. They all
 who sired Cavalcade and who damned Equipoise.
 "damned Ekky myself when he fouled out Twenty Grand

at that Derby the other day," asserted Senor Errol. "I had
 fifty smackers right on his nose, too," he added feelingly.

Anyway, the races are busting Hollywood. A neighbor of
 mine at Toluca Lake had to put a plaster of one hundred
 smackers on his pet automobile when the meet was only eleven
 days old. He bet on one of those beetles that ran under a
 fence post and hasn't been seen since.

Yes indeedy, the boots and saddles are with us once more.
 It's Christmas every day over at that Santa Anita layout.
 More than fifteen million dollars will be handled at this meet,
 which is a lotta shekels even for Hollywood.

"Yeah!" agreed Senor Frawley, "What a bag full of gold
 Santa is pouring into Anita's sock every evening."

With that wisecrack we washed up the sport of the kings.

"Do you know, fellas," he continued, "you can fly to New
 York now in sixteen hours. It used to take us darned near
 that long to get down here twenty years ago. Didn't it,
 Scoop?"

Come to think of it, in Hollywood twenty years ago play-
 grounds were few and far between. We took our fun where we
 found it. How vividly I can picture the day that Senor
 Frawley and I first glimpsed Palm Springs.

Yesterdays

"Salud y pesedas, amigos!"

We peered out of the dusty windows of the train, which had
 stopped at a little desert station. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

• Glenda's forehead may frankly remain unadorned by bangs, advisable with a more backward hat movement. Below, Josephine Hutchinson illustrates the importance of a simple coiffure for chapeaux that exploit decidedly sharp, unexpected angles. Perc Westmore



WELBOURNE



FRYER



• To still the fluttering heart for its first peep at itself in an off-face or modified Breton sailor inspiration, Perc Westmore suggests Glenda Farrell's smooth and flat curls.

Hair and Hats

IT'S an adorably mad little hat that beckons to you from some shop window. You look, and in looking you are lost. In a glow of anticipation you enter the shop, dragging along your best friend, seat yourself, while the angel of glad tidings, the saleslady, hovers solicitously about, the confection in her hand. Deftly, she fits it to your head. You look. Your bubble bursts. You turn to your best friend for some confirmation that she doesn't see what you can see in the mirror. But that look of doubt tells you that she sees exactly what you see, but hopefully she adds, "Maybe it's your hair."

With a modified off-face hat, flat curls at sides look exceedingly well. When a hat cuts across the forehead in a diagonal line, you do not need bangs. If you wear a far-back bonnet type, a high cluster of forehead curls will make you very appealing. Or you may, if your forehead is well proportioned, your hairline good and your face not too long, dispense with bangs but keep the forehead hair smooth. For the flat type of hat that shows back hair, softness or curls are necessary. An expanse of smooth, flat hair is nothing to look at. For the angle hat, you need a slightly looser, softer effect, and no bangs, please, with a forward jut. A softly curled, well-groomed border of hair fairly close to the head is about as satisfactory answer as any to this hat problem. With the large picture type of hat, you may always go more girly-girly and curl.



The silver standard in Hollywood. Claire Trevor with her silver nails clipped onto her own. Made in Paris by a Hollywood sculptor's plaster cast of Claire's hands

• Beauty at your finger-tips depends largely upon a practical manicure kit for emergency aid, even if you prefer professional assistance. For dressing-table, travel bag and desk drawer comes Betty Furness' complete, compact good-groomer for ailing nails

McNULTY



Hands We Love

WHEN Laurence Hope's words, "Pale hands I loved," were set to potent music and sighed by violins the world over, that word "pale" seemed to become the criterion by which feminine hands were adjudged beautiful.

But we all know that the strictly pale hand is almost as rare as a white horse, for the simple reasons that few women have pale, white skin and that the hand of today is expected to do as well as to be, so that the doing hand invariably develops a certain strength of character, in spite of skin tone, belying the delicate flower-stem, listless type.

Colored nail lacquer is to hands what cosmetics are to the face.

For hands of the pale variety, you will find a rose or coral red lacquer attractive; for the golden blonde hand, try a darker tone with a little yellow. Brunette hands look well with the darker reds or a warm light tone, but pale rose or coral do not contain enough color for the right contrast. For evening, most hands look well with an exotic touch to the nails of gold, silver or intense jewel tones to match or contrast. Today, almost any fairly well shaped, well cared for hand will pass for beautiful if it is used easily and gracefully. Learn to relax hands, to make the wrist lead in movements and to move lightly are simple trainings toward grace. The manner in which you use your hands and your touch will linger longer in another's memory than thought of tone or shape.

• Cream or lotion must play an important part on the hands we love. Maxine Doyle's, pictorially repeating the old story of hand beauty via care

FRYER



CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK

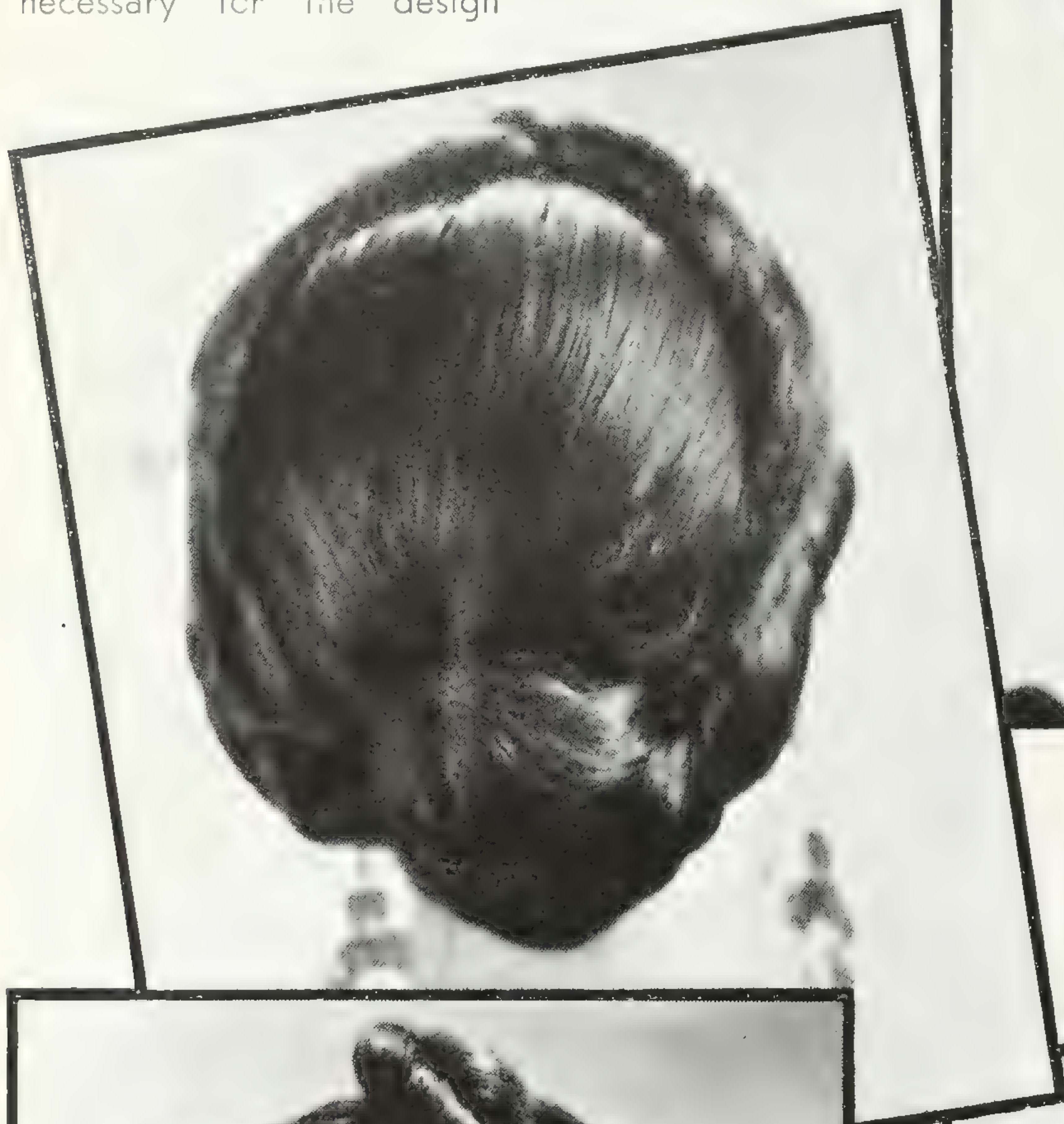
A Long Story

• The back hair is tightly twisted to achieve a low knot effect, the coils securely pinned in place. A blessing—not one wave or curl is necessary for the design

KORNMAN



• This page is dedicated to our long-haired readers. Conchita Montenegro wears a charming double coronet roll for evening. This whole arrangement is largely a matter of silky smooth tight coils in a Grecian manner.



• Conchita's simple, classic daytime arrangement means that hats may be worn with the utmost comfort and chic. The hair is simply drawn back into a low figure eight knot. Charm lies in keeping the hair absolutely smooth and perfect in its unbroken line and design and dramatically sculptured



Short Stories

- Irene Dunne's exquisite coiffure worn in "Roberta" accents the beauty of her golden-brown hair and reveals to advantage her unusually beautiful hairline

BACHRACH

The sheen and texture of Irene Dunne's hair are a sermon on the necessity of simple care for hair beauty. Scrupulous cleanliness, brushing, good tonic and hot oil treatments are the answer



JULY

A modern interpretation of Greek sculpture adroitly depicted in Betty Furness' curls. The front is massed in bangs and from a small break the curls circle the back



PREYER

- Jean Muir personifies youth and loveliness with a coiffure of wide, loose waves and combed out ends. An universally popular mode, adapted to the spirit of youth

- A practical solution for the telephone-tub situation, from Grace Bradley, who drapes herself in a huge, gay towel, designed primarily for beach use

- Fresh cut flowers on her dressing table are an inspiration for perfect make-up, according to Kitty Carlisle, who thinks beauty encourages beauty



- Frances Drake believes every dressing-table should boast a magnifying mirror for make-up purposes. A great device for good lip and eye make-up



Private Lives

ABOVE, Kitty Carlisle, Grace Bradley and Frances Drake offer inspirational and practical ideas for our very private lives.

Kitty sincerely believes that small touches of beauty around us are essential to serenity of spirit and, indeed, physical loveliness. Fresh cut flowers are her special pet. Today, many of the preparations with which we cleanse, correct and accent ourselves are lovely to look and lovely to use. Many perfume flacons are so artistic that we hesitate to throw them away when empty. Some of us buy dressing-table and bathroom affairs because of the smart touches they add to a room. Packaging has reached an art with no loss in the quality of contents, as a rule. Thus, modern beauty preparations work for two purposes—beauty for you and your surroundings.

It is an old story that the telephone always rings when you enter your tub. I dare say the prospect of a pleasant date has often been ruined when the lady has rushed dripping from a pleasant bath to the telephone wrapped in a bit of the first thing at hand. A slightly tense, irritated voice at the other

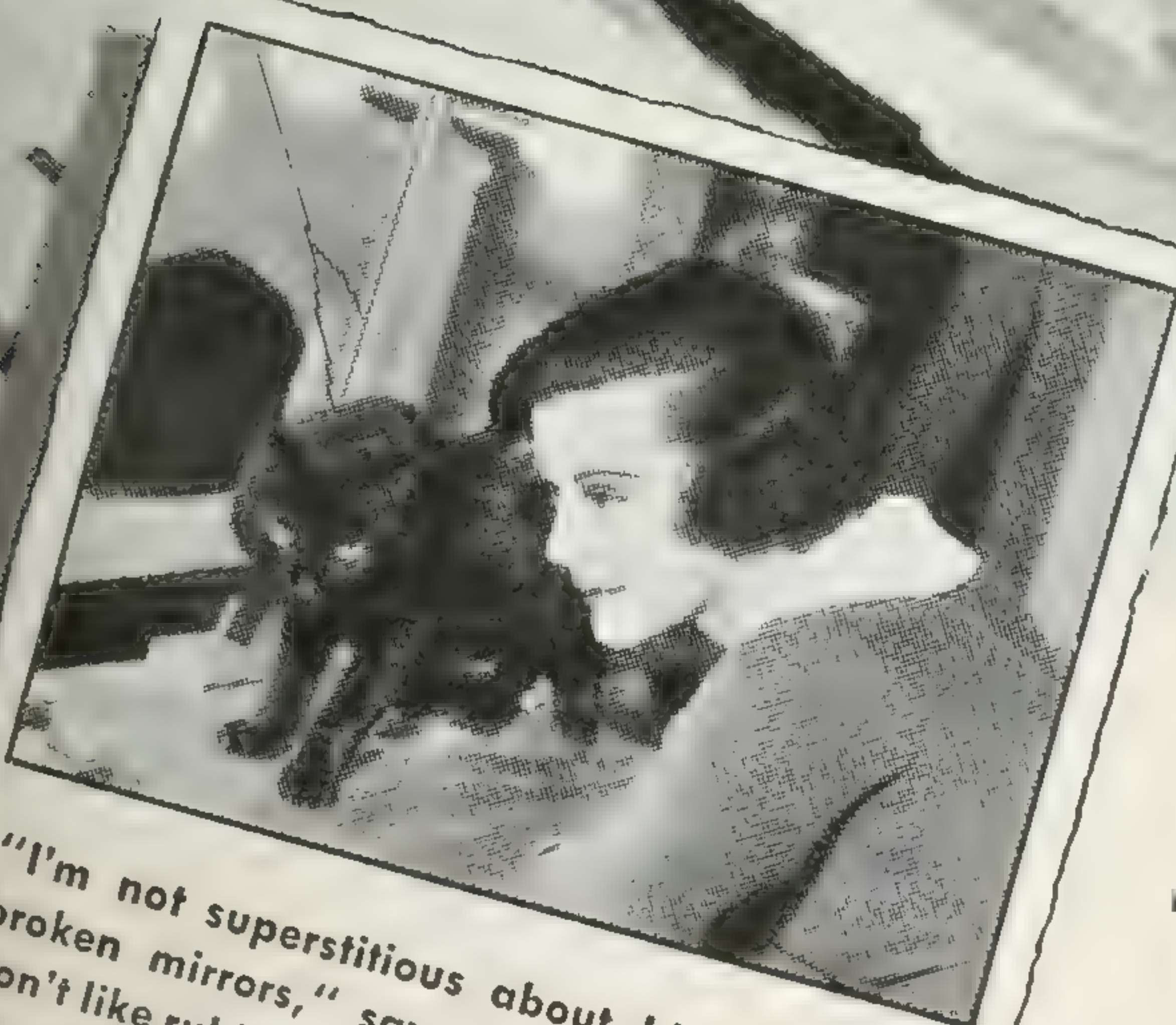
end may well change any gentleman's intention from a dinner invitation to asking merely how you are. Knowing this Grace Bradley introduces the telephone towel idea. Keep one of those new huge beach towels, in lovely tones with amusing fish designs, at hand for emergencies. They protect dry and warm you comfortably, permitting that telephone voice with a smile, and they just love the water—bath or salt.

Hollywood doesn't like to apply its make-up without a magnifying mirror, and neither does Frances Drake nor any girl who has ever used one. If you want a perfect lipline, lashes that almost deny the use of mascara, a gentle blending of cheek, rouge and powder, work with the aid of this mirror. You are so magnified that the slightest misstep fairly screams at you. It makes you very exacting, so that when you look at the ensemble before a normal mirror, you will have to confess that you look lovely. These mirrors also detect any skin flaws, the first indication of a blackhead, dry bit of cuticle and our everyday skin woes so that we may get promptly to work to correct them.

[OTHER BEAUTY HINTS ON PAGE 92]

Helen Mack

WON'T TRUST TO LUCK —
insists on LUX care
for Sweaters . . .



"I'm not superstitious about black cats or broken mirrors," says Helen Mack. "But I don't like rubbing nice things with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps. I play safe and stick to Lux."



"People say I'm lucky—I hardly ever get runs. But that's due to Lux. It saves elasticity so the silk gives instead of breaking so easily under strain."



LUX WONT SHRINK

WOOLENS — WON'T FADE COLORS

This vivid young Paramount star adores fluffy sweaters—wears them off the set whenever possible. Helen's hard work is earning her the "breaks" in pictures. Her latest is Paramount's new production, "Four Hours to Kill."

"Lux is the swellest trouper I know," says Helen Mack. "When I was 13, I started on the road. Keeping my costumes looking fresh and new for one-night stands might have been a problem. But I'd learned to depend on Lux—used it for silks, woolens, stockings, lingerie—every last thing that was washable."

"So that was easy! And I'm still keen about Lux. It's a big economy, and keeps things grand-looking for ages. I like it especially for sweaters. They stay soft as a kitten's ear and keep the same smart fit they have when new."

WHY DON'T YOU try Helen Mack's way to Lux sweaters? First trace an outline of your sweater. Squeeze rich, cool Lux suds well through. Never rub. Rinse in cool water, then roll in a towel to press out moisture. Shape to pattern and pin with rustproof pins. Dry away from heat.

Lux won't shrink woolens as ordinary soaps with harmful alkali are apt to do. And with Lux there's no cake-soap rubbing to roughen and mat the fibres. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"Costumes represent a big investment to be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, Paramount wardrobe director. "That's why we specify that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials, keeps them new longer, and saves money!"



Caught at a moment of inspiration. Grace Moore with Myra, her cook, and Williams, her butler. Undoubtedly the dinner menu is being planned and a decision made as to whether the wine shall be dry or sweet, and, of course, what vintage.

GOOD TASTE IN FOOD

TO know good food, to have the "feeling" for it, is an important part of temperament, says a lovely lady named Grace Moore.

An epicure in high regard among the epicureans of the world, Grace takes a keen interest in the dishes served on her table. She can turn out a handsome Schnitzel with her own fair hands and has little in common with the person who says, "I don't care what I have for dinner—so long as it's food."

A sympathetic bond always has existed between the arts and the kitchen. Few great singers, composers, writers or painters have ever scorned the pleasures of the table. They have, rather, cultivated them to another fine art.

To plan the perfect dinner requires no mean skill, and to be known among your associates as a good cook is to rate a title. In France, good cooks are given the Legion of Honor, and to be a *Cordon Bleu* is to be a person of distinction. Jean Jacques Rousseau once said, "The love of good food is a romance that will never desert you!"

La Moore's favorite of all dishes is a Paprika Schnitzel, the

"An epicurean sense is an important part of temperament," says Grace Moore, expounding culinary art

dish so beloved in old Vienna. It is simple to prepare and is based on a cut of meat too frequently neglected in this country because few will take the trouble to prepare it carefully.

Paprika Schnitzel: Select a veal steak cut half an inch thick, sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Heat butter or olive oil in a skillet, sprinkle with paprika until it is red and add two sliced onions. Fry to a light brown. Enter the steak and brown it well on both sides. Add gradually half a cup of thick sour cream. Cover the pan and let the steak cook slowly for half an hour. Add a little hot water if it seems to be dry, and serve.

The most appropriate accompaniment to this grand entrée is the humble but deserving potato pancake—with its indispensable side-kick, apple sauce.

Potato Pancakes: To serve six, pare two very large raw potatoes and grate. Mix with a small chopped onion (or three green onions), two raw eggs, one cup of flour and a teaspoon of chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Fry in butter or bacon [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Margaret Sullivan's *Day Ruined by* **POCKETBOOK PANIC***



*Treasured Compact falls
from "careless" pocketbook
and is broken.*

Now this Star
carries only handbags
with TALON fastener
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., H. F. Co.
security and convenience

POSED BY MARGARET SULLAVAN IN "THE GOOD FAIRY," A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



**"POCKETBOOK PANIC" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.*

Hollywood Stars have learned it doesn't pay to gamble with a "careless" handbag. One slip of the hand . . . and precious contents are lost or broken. So these women, so famous for their style, insist on carrying only handbags that feature Talon fastener security.

This smooth-running, easily-operated slide fastener tailors new beauty into a handbag, at the same time assuring you of convenience and safety at all times. Because the Talon fastener

is used only by manufacturers of quality who feature the newest and best styles, you can use it as your guide to complete handbag satisfaction. Models of every sort, at the price you want to pay, await you in your favorite store. Be sure the name on the slider reads TALON, and you can be sure of your handbag!

HOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

YOU'VE WON HIM—NOW



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE
A SMOOTH, REALLY
LOVELY SKIN. YOU
CAN USE COSMET-
ICS AS MUCH AS YOU
WISH IF YOU GUARD
YOUR SKIN AS I
DO WITH GENTLE
LUX TOILET SOAP

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR

**You can use cosmetics
as much as you wish... yet
guard against this danger.**

So much of a woman's charm de-
pends on keeping her skin clear
—appealingly smooth. Yet many a
woman, without realizing it, is actu-
ally *spoiling her own looks*.

For stale make-up left choking the
pores causes dullness, tiny blemishes
—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin

***Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way***

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars
protect their million-dollar complexions

YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

**Don't let
Cosmetic
Skin
spoil your
good
looks!**

ons with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap specially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—and, of course, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

WHEN you see "Becky Sharp" you must watch for the screen debut of the Crovenays. Notice Miriam Hopkins in one scene as she exhibited a painting and says—"and this is the Duke and Duchess of Crovenay!"

This was probably inspired by the old oil which has hung in the home of Robert Edmond Jones for some time now. It portrays the features of a patrician gent arrayed in noble finery. At the base of the frame is a small gold plaque thus engraved, "Phillip Crovenay, 1727-1793."

New visitors to the Jones home seldom fail to stop and admire it. There is something about the eyes. Of course, they never inspect the plaque, because it's easier to say, "Who is that striking man—an ancestor?"

Whereupon Mrs. Robert Edmond Jones gives them a gently chiding look and a sweet forgiving smile, as she shakes her head.

"That's Phillip Crovenay," she answers in a properly hushed voice.

And they always say wisely, "Oh—yes."

JEAN HARLOW has formally welcomed Spring. She had her swimming pool filled, and she blossomed out in a white cellophane bathing suit. But *cellophane!*

THE latest gag is to bring your own lunch to the studio. Katharine Hepburn shows up with a picnic basket about the size of a wardrobe trunk and equipped with everything but hot and cold running water!

A THOUSAND girls were disappointed when they picked up the morning newspaper and read that W. S. Van Dyke had married Ruth Mannix. "Woody" was the most popular blade at large in Hollywood, and so darn nice to all the girls, without exception, that many of them will get something of a shock to discover he is no longer eligible.

DIRECTOR Norman McLeod sadly watched the fog come in . . . "We'd had every other kind of delay on this opus—now even the elements are against us," he wailed.

"An element never forgets!" flipped a bright young actor.

POOR Jimmy Cagney! He is *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," so everyone reverses the order and sings to him "You're the Bottom and I'm the top." Over and above which he has to sit for half an hour every morning while a hairdresser curls his hair!

ARE you planning a trip to Hollywood to enter the movies?

Are you tired of the home and the same old three meals a day?

If so—*regardez vous, mes enfants*. Out of seventeen thousand extras last year, *twelve* made a living wage! (The number is shaved to five by a later calculation.) Only six men received as much as twenty-five hundred dollars, and five women two thousand dollars. The largest salary received by an extra was twenty-eight hundred forty-six dollars and twenty-five cents for one hundred ninety-five days work; average, fifty-four dollars and seventy-four cents weekly. Out of this, he had to maintain a top-notch wardrobe. This is called high-class

earnings in the extra ranks. The highest salaried woman was paid twenty-six hundred forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents, for one hundred sixty-seven days work, a weekly salary of fifty dollars and eighty cents.

Well—have you started for Hollywood yet?

WHEN Jack Oakie goes into character he stops at no half measures. For "The Call of the Wild," Jack was required to acquire a growth of whiskers and a little more heft.

He grew a crop of red, bristly alfalfa of terrifying proportions and added no less than twenty



Mae West stirs up just as much havoc in modern dress as she does in costumes of the Gay 90's era. Here's a shot with Ivan Lebedeff and Paul Cavanagh, from Mae's latest film, "Goin' to Town"

pounds to his frame. Just to show you how the man changed, he was actually unrecognized one evening when he stepped out to a Hollywood night spot.

The door man called him "Mr. Dean," mistaking him for "Man Mountain Dean," the bearded wrestling behemoth. But W. C. Fields recognized Jack, and marveled at him but gasped at the thicket of vicious whiskers. "It's a door mat," said Bill, "but where's the 'Welcome'?"

DON'T know whether there is anything in playing hunches, but at the Santa Anita race track near Hollywood jockey Jack West-roppe has been riding.

All during the racing season Mae West backed him when he rode.

Her father's name, you know, was Jack West, a great sport himself.

She ended 'way ahead on her bets.

And that's something.

FELIX ROLO, a European socialite of considerable poise, recently visited Hollywood and overnight found himself in the ticklish position of being a pawn in a queenly contest.

Having escorted Marlene Dietrich about town, until he was looked upon as her exclusive swain, he accepted an invitation to Garbo's memorable Trocadero party. There Garbo supposedly triumphantly exhibited him while Marlene supposedly burned.

Hearing rumors of a feud and finding himself suddenly an issue, Mr. Rolo's *savoir faire* prompted him to do what any Continental gentleman would do under the circumstances.

He left town.

THIS is just one of the little items that make life in pictures one long happy quandary. How to make an actor look as if he is riding or horse when he doesn't ride. We saw one method. George Arliss, in all the ceremonial robes of Cardinal Richelieu, sitting very straight on a snow white charger. Sprawled on the ground were four men—each holding one of the horse's hoofs! The camera was then slowly jiggled to look like motion. A wonderful people, the cameramen!

"FYE RYE." That, in England, is Fay Wrea who writes that this is what all the Cockney children call her. Fay dashed over to Paris to buy some clothes ("didn't have a stitch to my back"—Where have I heard that before?) and should be on her way home about now.

YOU may have suspected it from the manner—but did you know Tullio Carminati's father was a count, his mother a baroness, and one grandmother a princess? He uses his real name only on his Christmas cards, Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla. And Mrs. Kent Perrot is still the lady in his life.

A PLEASED young man with a widening grin sat in on "The Devil Is a Woman" preview. When it was half over, he got up and walked out. His name is Joel McCrea, and that is exactly what he did on the picture, after a few days' shooting—walked out. Said he knew he would be bad, what with all the spontaneity directed out of him. Joel is a very wise young man—because results proved that nobody in the opus had a chance to be good.

WHAT'S in a name?

Well—in Mr. Adolph Zukor's name there was money. Mr. Zukor is one of Hollywood's big time producers, and, of course, already has a few iron men.

His name, when abbreviated, is "A. Zukor." And noting the phonetic resemblance of the letter "Z" and the name of a horse entered in the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, Mr. Zukor placed heavy wagers on the nose of "Azucar."

As you know, Azucar, a long shot, led to the field home, and Mr. Zukor left the pari-mutuel windows with his pockets well padded, which justifies one hunch I know about.

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH thinks exercise is very good for an actor, but he doesn't believe in overdoing it. So Charles may be seen on the golf course almost every day, riding from shot to shot in a *jinricksha*!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

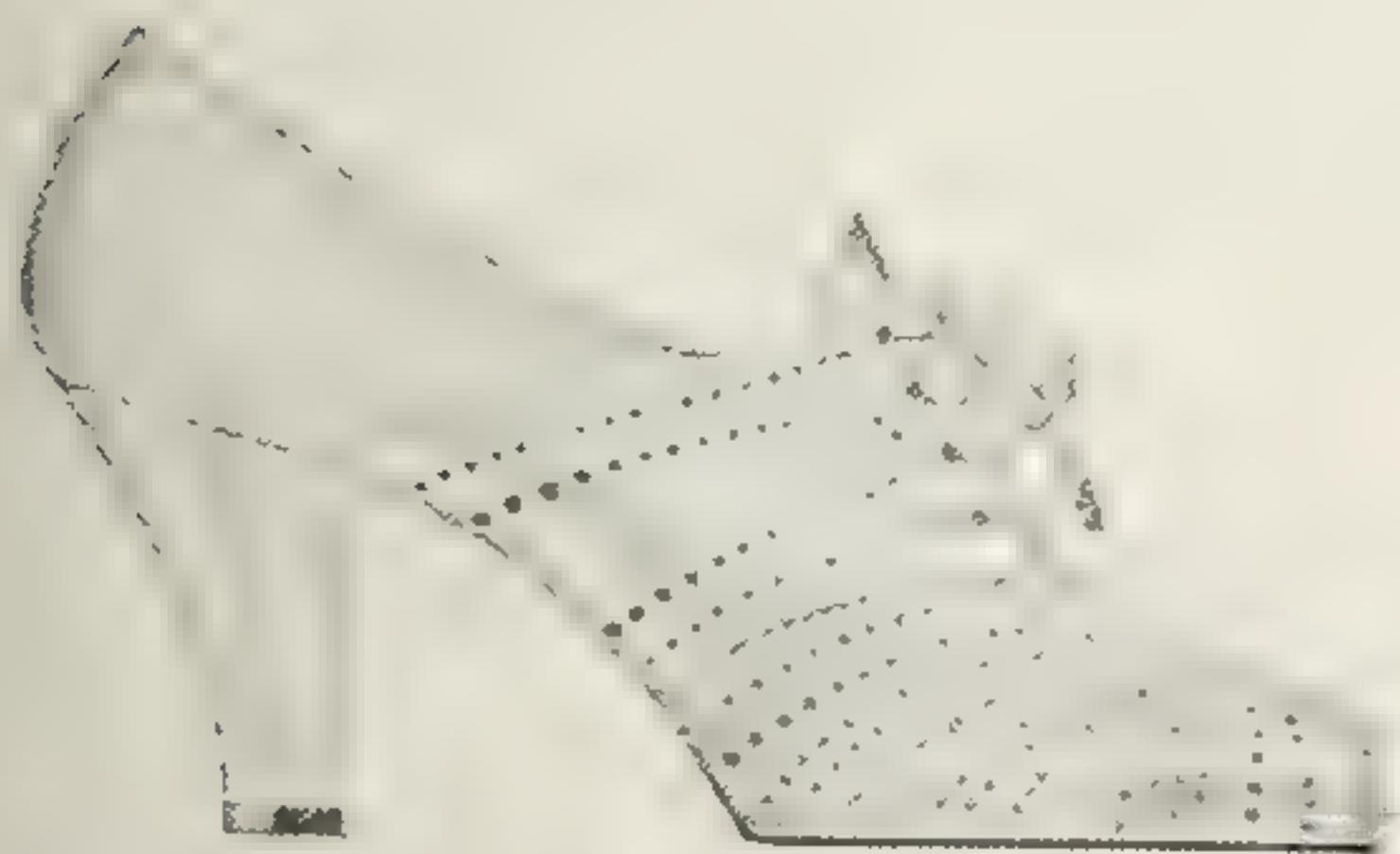


NEVER A DULL MOMENT

with
Styl-Eez
shoes



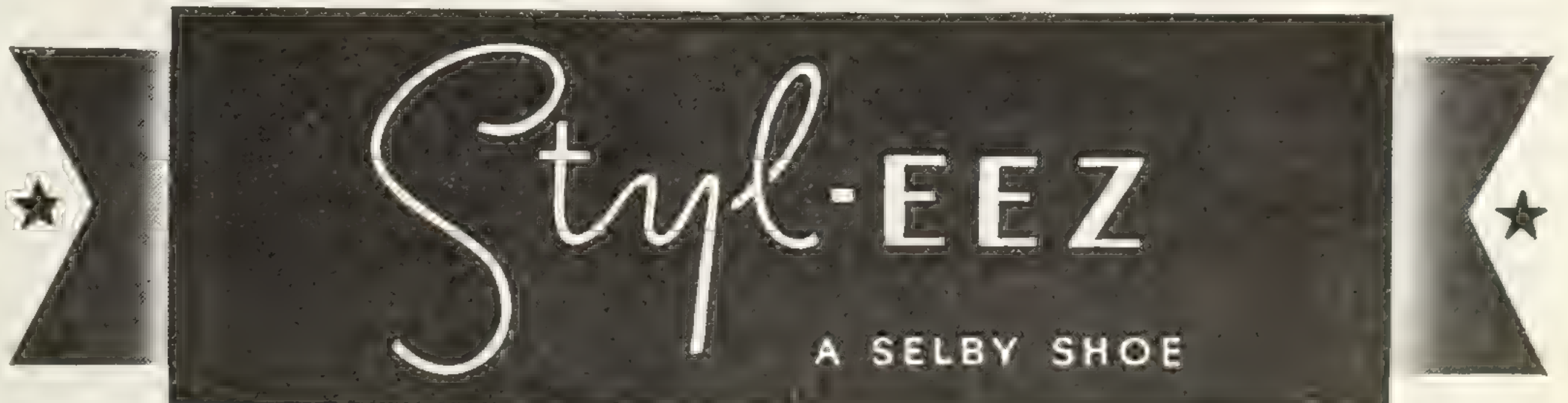
The KAY — perforations scattered with a lavish (and fashion-wise) hand add cool smartness to this two-eyelet tie of kid.



The ROYDEN — perforations again (they're smarter than ever)—used to add interest and airiness to a four-eyelet kid oxford.

"It's a merry life—and a busy one—now that I'm wearing Styl-Eez shoes. They have a way of making my feet look exactly as they should when summer's in the air and there's adventure around the corner. I like their smartness, their comfort, their perfect fit... things I've never seemed to find in other shoes at the price. I'm glad I have the Styl-Eez habit..."

Styl-Eez shoes have special built-in features that keep your feet from tiring easily and prevent rotation of the ankles... unusual in shoes so moderately priced.



\$6.50—Slightly higher west of the Rockies

Other Selby Products—

SH PRESERVER and TRU-POISE Shoes

In Canada write Selby Shoes, Ltd., Montreal

Send this coupon for Styl-Eez booklet of features and new models.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez booklet.

Name_____

Address_____



Stay as sweet
as you are! ★



- Helpful points for keeping you lovely. Maxine Doyle advises the use of a nourishing cream on the neck nightly to prevent coarse, discolored or lined skin.
- Stressing the importance of absorbent cotton squares in the current beauty mode. Maxine Doyle illustrates the modern method of applying liquids to the face.
- Marian Marsh shows a clever gadget for applying ice indirectly to her skin. A cylinder opens to receive the ice cubes and the roller is then passed over the face.

CLEAR, fine skin, sparkling unlined eyes and a smooth graceful neck. Most girls of twenty possess these attributes of youth. They think they need not worry because they are really all right as they are. That is true—they are all right. But the wise girl of twenty knows that she must do something to stay that way.

There are three important steps in this business of staying lovely, and they are eyes, skin texture and neck. I believe everyone may benefit from a tiny bit of cream spread under and over the eyes at night. Special eye creams come for this purpose, but any good lubricating cream may serve. Laughter, other emotions and exposure dry the fine skin about the eyes and line or wrinkle it prematurely. That bit of cream is a great aid. The skin that is thoroughly cleansed—and often—that is gently lubricated and stimulated should stay lovely for many years. I believe in a balanced skin cleansing routine, cream, soap and water and a liquid cleanser. Experiment with the three to find out when and how often you should use the different preparations. Cold, cold water is a marvelous astringent and stimulator.

Many of us seem to forget that the neck needs cream. Nightly use will keep this skin beautifully smooth, clear and young.

Waiting for you—two Springtime leaflets, "Skin Radiance" and "Inspiring Perfumes." Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope—one for each please. Or ask us about your other beauty problems. Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City



Three M-G-M Stars Tell the MAKE-UP SECRET for Brunettes

You can double your beauty if you
adopt the make-up of Hollywood's stars

Look in your mirror...note that it is color
that gives life to your beauty. Think, then,
how important color is to your make-up.
To really create enchanting beauty, colors in
powder, rouge and lipstick must be perfect.

Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up,
has this...and originated color harmony make-
up for screen stars and for you. Having famous
living models, he created original shades
of powder, rouge and lipstick...harmonized
shades to emphasize the individuality of each
type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

In your very own mirror, you can see what won-
derful new kind of make-up will do. The face
that creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings
to the skin...the rouge imparts a natural blush of
color to your cheeks...the lipstick brings out
the natural coloring of the lips. All are in
color harmony to accent to the utmost
the appealing charm of your personality.

Take this beauty secret of Hollywood's stars
to heart, too...share the luxury of Color Harmony
make-up now available at nominal prices. Max
Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's
Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible
Lipstick, one dollar; featured by all leading stores.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

featured in M-G-M's

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Brownette, with blue eyes and
fair skin...her color harmony
is Max Factor's Rachelle
Powder, Blondeen Rouge and
Vermilion Lipstick.



JEAN PARKER

featured in M-G-M's

"SEQUOIA"

Brunette, with hazel eyes
and creamy skin...her color
harmony is Max Factor's
Brunette Powder, Carmine
Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.



ELIZABETH ALLAN

featured in M-G-M's

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Light Brunette with blue-
gray eyes and olive skin
...her color harmony is
Max Factor's Olive Powder,
Carmine Rouge and Car-
mine Lipstick.

Max Factor's
Make-Up Used
Exclusively

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

FOR personal make-up advice
...and to test your own color
harmony shades in powder and
lipstick... mail this coupon.



© 1935, by Max Factor

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony
shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage
and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make Up Chart
and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE.

1-5-92

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

DID you have any idea that one single lone solitary fly—a common house-fly—can cause more excitement around a picture set than a lion on the loose? They could catch a lion. But a fly right up close to the camera lens looks like a prehistoric monster, his buzz near a microphone is all right only for an aviation picture—with dozens of planes zooming in the air. Strong men armed with lethal weapons stride about sets with a grim look, stars and directors sit and wait—when there is a hint of a fly in the place. If the leading lady merely breaks down with appendicitis or somebody just loses the script, that's *little* trouble. But a fly, my hearties, a fly is a major catastrophe!

MAY ROBSON'S Bonny Boy, she tells me, is so smart she has to figure out ways to fool him. He's a pup, and he understands every thing she says. So she took to spelling out the words. Now he knows what the words spell. She is trying to invent a new language which will permit her companion, Lillian Harmer, to know what she means without letting Bonny Boy in on it!

WE don't know why everyone is working up a lather about it, but to be a good and dutiful reporter we must inform you that Katharine Hepburn is running about the RKO lot in a pair of woolen socks and no shoes. For some very vague reason, these little tricks are considered just too cute and democratic for words. Possibly you have done the same thing lots of times around the house or garden—but would be properly hesitant to meet your public thus shod.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is not the sort of person who saves the reviews of her pictures, but there is one that she will never throw away. It appeared on page one in the January issue of the Manchurian Daily News, which calls itself, "The oldest English Lan-

guage newspaper in Manchuria." It is published in Dairen. The review, without the change of a word or a comma, follows:

GRAMOROUS AND FLAGRANT CLEOPATRA BRISTLES EYES

DeMille's 'Cleopatra' Exposes in Dairen.

So extravagance, so lavishly, so fanciest betimes, Cecil B. DeMille's "Cleopatra" will be shown to the fans from January 7, Monday, at the Nikka-tsu-kan cinema hall.

Cecil B. DeMille in "Cleopatra" produced a eye-bristling spectacles classed among the most thrillings of last year's screens givings.

The critic is certain several superfluous word of praises can be offered to this picture which is so colossal, so charming and so vividly with an eye to interesting, and that is ahead of his expectations. But eyeing from artistic points, this is just to get the passing mark, to boots.

ALL that "Cleopatra" possesses is lavishness not only, but also it contains some fine acting, especuary in part of gramorous flagrant and competent Claudette Colbert who makes the role as Cleopatra every inch, an ell.

"Cleopatra" is the luring picture-scroll entrancing romance of the Siren of the Nile and the inflexible and valiant Roman of them all.

The "Cleopatra" the critic sees here is not so immoral woman of the vampireship type as the critic has been taught from his teacher, but rather beautiful martyr who intended to saving Egypt and a woman whom we can easily entertain with friendly sentiments. This "Cleopatra" at any rate is one of those breath-taking spectacles which seems able to direct and to review.

It is said that the film cost to a million and a half dollars in which more than 5,000 peoples are to produce.

The story is cranked from a scene of struggle of power between Cleopatra and his brother, Ptolemy, in Egypt.

The critic has no space to hear repetition in

these columns that the content of Cleopatra is too popular to insist it. You, the fans, tainly be struck all of a bump if you see DeMille for sets of several thrilling scene battle on the sands and in the sea, the Egyptian armies fighting against the Romans, and dancing by the Egyptian girls who swing swirl and revolving through grand marble and on the sumptuos barge to the swisgully slaves.



Lilian Harvey proudly shows you her new handbag or muff. That is, you zip the muff and you have a bag. It's covered with three tiers of ostrich feather

PAUL KELLY is a city boy—brought up in Brooklyn—so naturally he is mad about horses. He has his first opportunity now on his own one, and he bought a fine polo pony from Ray Griffith. Some one said, "Why not sell your horse and buy a home?" Paul answered that he lives in a rented house and bought a horse because he can turn the house into a home if the persons he loves are in it. His rented horse doesn't seem to belong—any more than a rented dog would. Paul has the polo practice field in his back yard... a wonderful horse from which he practices with ball and mallet. There is plenty of screen around the yard out of consideration for the neighbors' windows!

IN answer to the many who have written PHOTOPLAY inquiring what had become of Jack Mulhall, I want to say that you can find him, if you look sharply in "Love in Bloomsbury." He plays the part of a beggar in front of a restaurant. He is not on the screen long.

Jack Mulhall is an actor. I saw him a long ago. He was dressed for some bit part to do. He was cheerful and sunny as ever.

"I'm an actor," he said, "and that's the way I want to make my living. Sure I don't mind playing these small parts. It's acting isn't it? Well—that's what I like to do."

Now, of course, Jack Mulhall used to be a much of a star. If you remember him, you want to see him, register your howls. He's one of the best, I'll tell you that, and I agree with a whole lot of you that he deserves some breaks in some real parts.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]

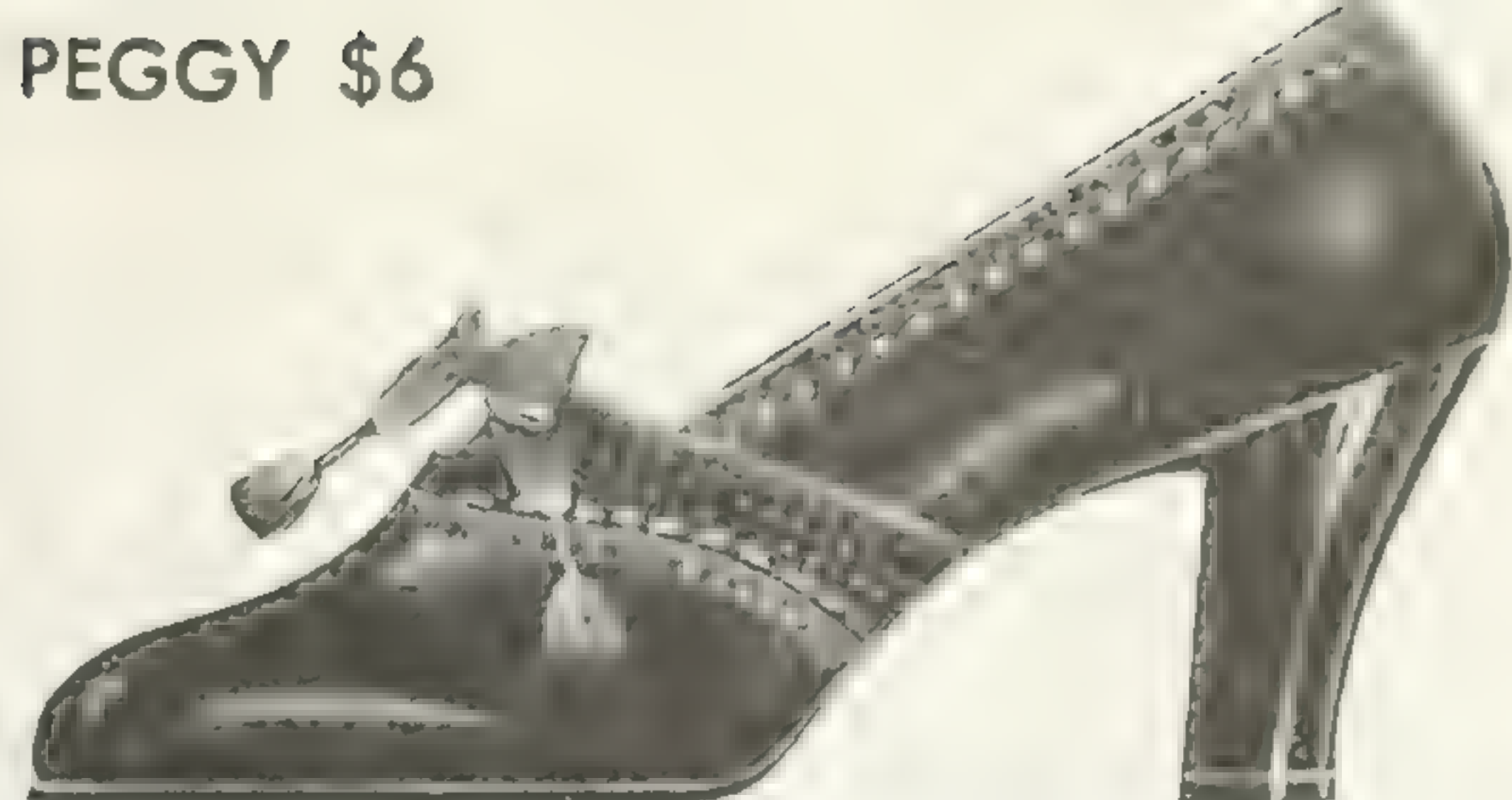


A scene from "Les Misérables," when Jean Valjean's strength as he lifts a stalled peasant cart betrays him to his arch pursuer, Javert. Fredric March is the hero of the Victor Hugo book and Charles Laughton plays the vengeful nemesis



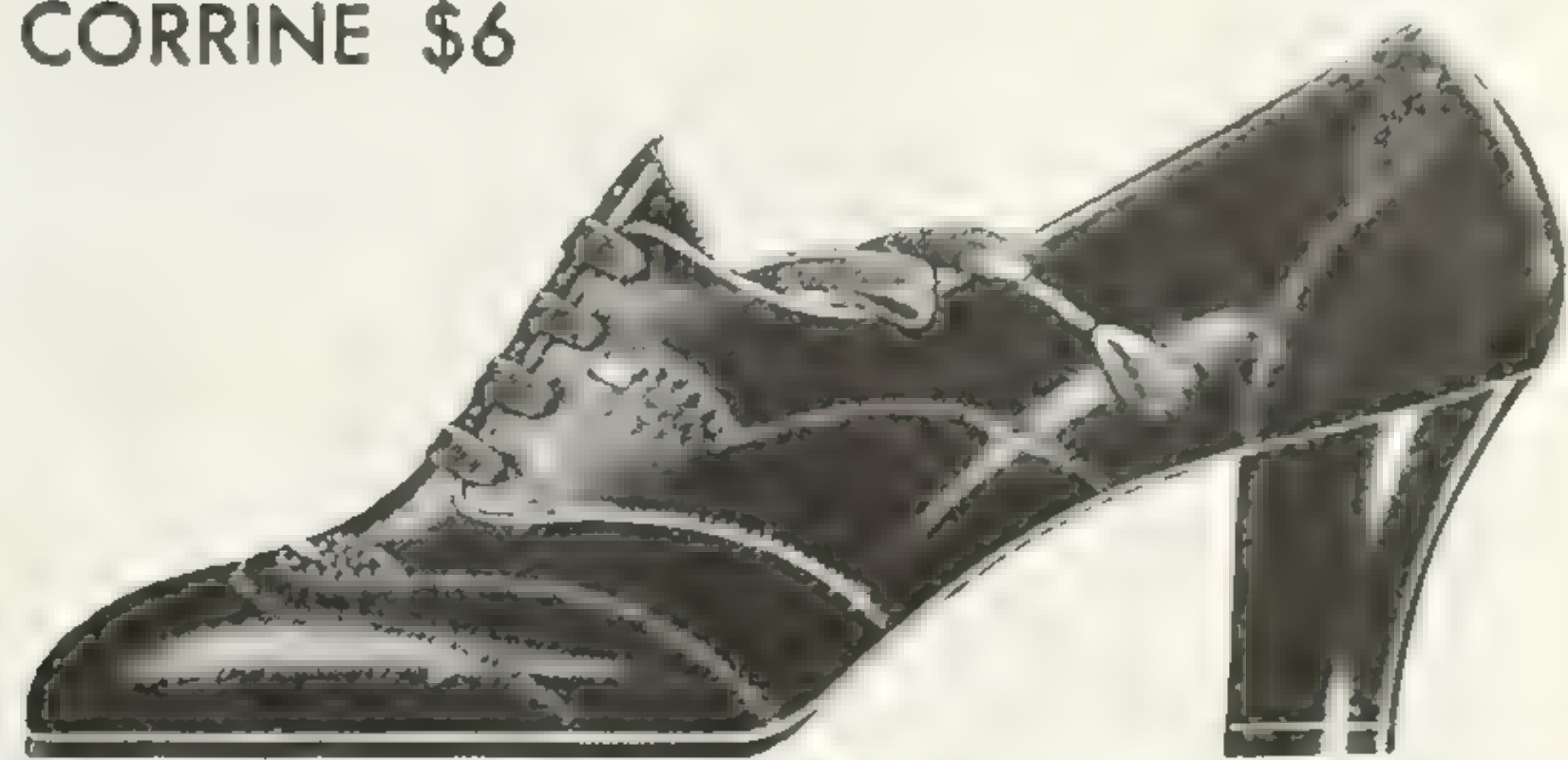
Don't slip
your shoes off
in
the Movies

PEGGY \$6



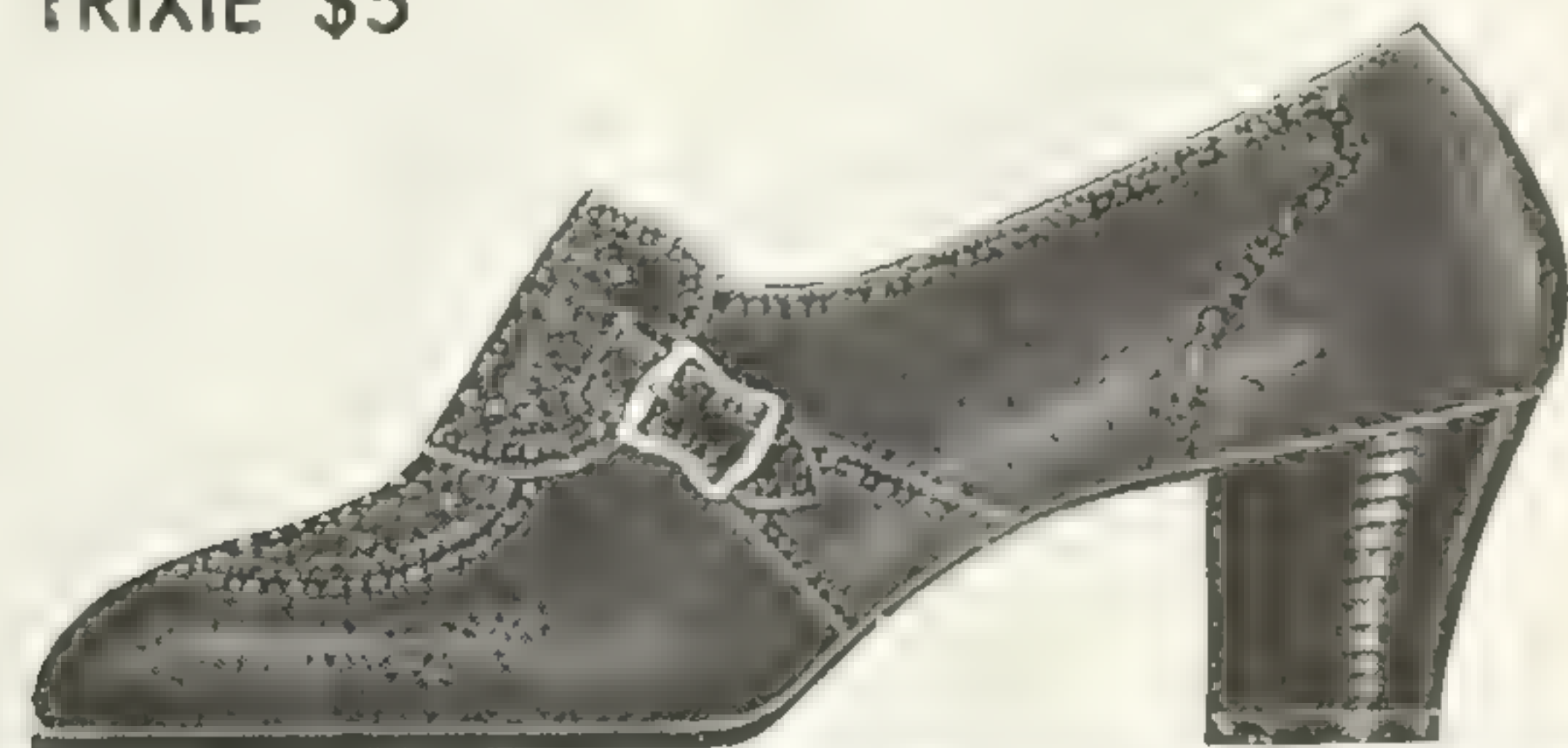
One-eyelet tie with lacy scallop design. Black or brown. Just right for dressy street outfits. Sizes 4 to 9; AAA to C.

CORRINE \$6



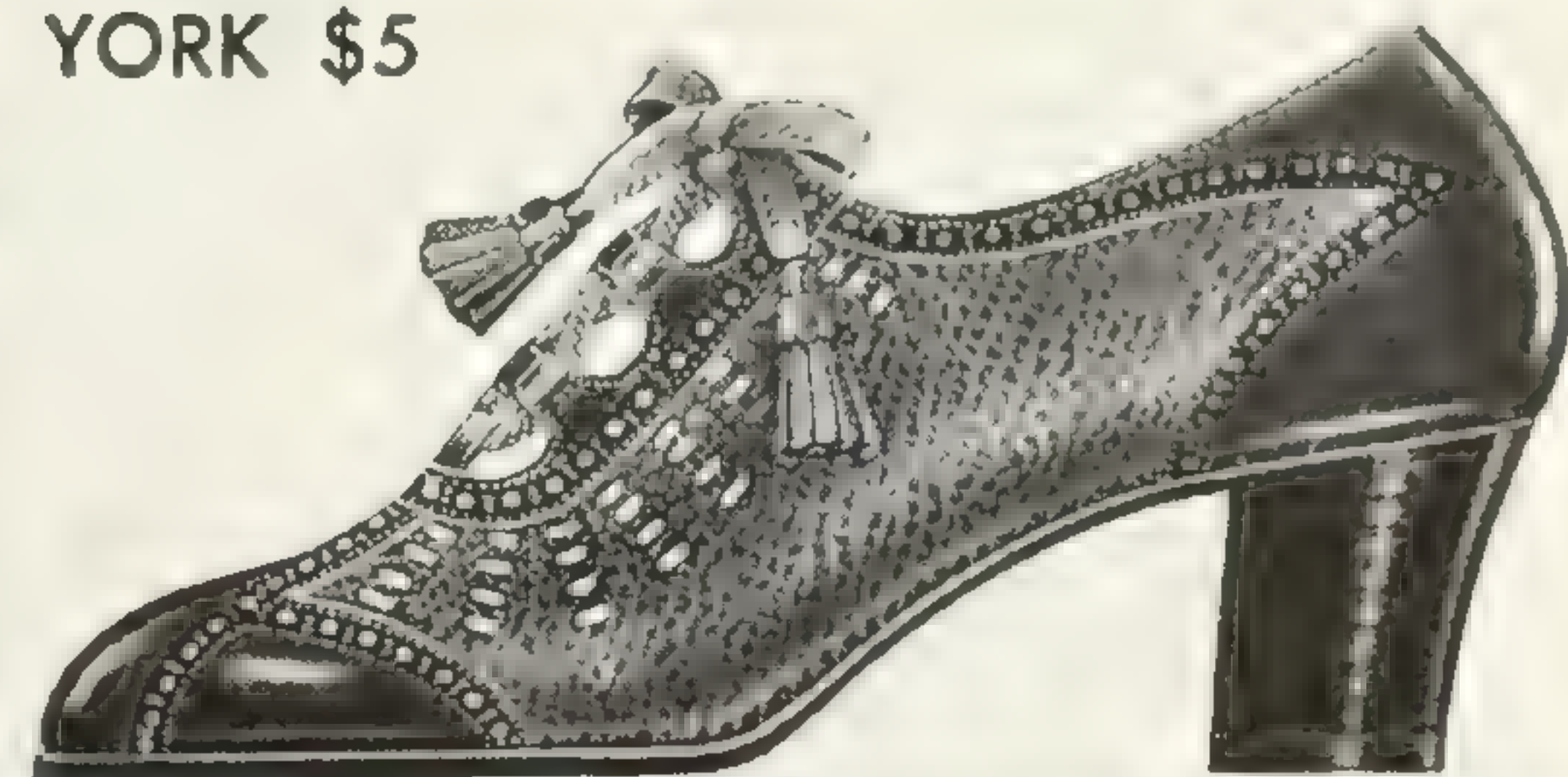
Uses stitching and tiny perforations in dainty pattern. Black, brown or white. Smart with your semi-dressy street costumes. Sizes 2½ to 10; AAAA to EEE.

TRIXIE \$5



Smart monk oxford with moccasin toe. Brown or white. You'll want it in your sports wardrobe. Sizes 4 to 9; AAA to C.

YORK \$5



Genuine pigskin ghillie in white, brown, or white with brown trim. Fashion-right for spectator sports wear. 4 to 9; AAA to C.

GO PLACES COMFORTABLY AND SMARTLY

Enna Jetticks go *any* place comfortably. They have to . . . because the basis of all foot comfort is correct fit and every Enna Jettick is built to fit correctly. And the pictures prove that they look smart and up-to-the-minute, too.

Ask your Enna Jettick dealer to show you the four new shoes pictured. They are part of the new fashion-designed group supplementing those other friendly-fitting models you've always liked. Sizes 1 to 12, AAAAA to EEE.



IN *Enna Jetticks*

AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY

ASK THE ANSWER MAN



A tall dark man is coming into your lives, girls. Bob Taylor is his name. Watch him in "Times Square Lady" and "West Point of the Air"

ANOTHER tall, dark and handsome hero has been acclaimed. The girls have just gone crazy about Robert Taylor, one of the outstanding of the new leading men.

Bob's real name is S. Arlington Brugh. He was born in Filley, Nebr., August 5, 1911. Is 6 feet, 1/2 inch tall; weighs 165 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is of Scotch, Dutch and English descent.

Bob entered pictures about a year ago, playing in "Handy Andy" with Will Rogers. That was shortly after he graduated from Pomona College. His second picture was "There's Always Tomorrow" for Universal and then came "A Wicked Woman" for M-G-M. His latest pictures are "Times Square Lady" and "West Point of the Air," both for Metro.

Most of his leisure hours Bob spends playing

tennis. When not thus engaged he likes to take in movies. He says his hobby is clothes, especially sweaters. So girls, get out your knitting needles.

EILEEN KOCH, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—The following stars were born in November: Frances Dee, the 26th; James Dunn, the 2nd; Joel McCrea, the 5th; Dorothy Wilson and Dick Powell, the 14th; Will Rogers, the 4th and Raquel Torres, the 11th. Kent Taylor was born on May 11, 1907.

PEGGY STONE, DES MOINES, IOWA.—Billie Dove made a number of talkie pictures before she married Bob Kenaston and retired from the screen. Among them were "Her Private Life," "The Painted Angel," "Sweethearts" and

"Wives," "A Notorious Affair," "The Other Tomorrow," "The Age of Love," "Cock of the Air," and "Blondie of the Follies."

MARY KOELZER, CHICAGO, ILL.—Elizabeth Patterson was born in Savannah, Tenn. I still think she is the same one you used to know?

HELEN WANNAMAKER, CHERAW, S. C.—Gene Raymond was born in New York City on August 13, 1908. His favorite sport is horse back riding.

N. M. E., PRINCETON, IND.—Clark Gable was born on February 1, 1901. He has been married twice. Last marriage took place on June 29, 1931. George Raft has been counting birthdays since September 26, 1903.

BONNIE JUNE ROHLAND, OAKLAND, CALIF.—You're not so bad either on thinking up questions, Bonnie. But then I love to answer them. Gene Raymond, and how the girls fall for the lad, was born on August 13, 1908. At the time of writing he isn't married and isn't even engaged. Francis Lederer was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, November 6, 1906. He was married and divorced several years ago in Europe. I don't believe Joe E. Brown's son is married. He is about eighteen years of age.

B. D., DAYTON, OHIO.—Lanny Ross was born in Seattle, Wash., on January 19, 1904. His real name is Launcelot Patrick Ross. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has light brown hair and gray eyes. He was educated at the Taft School in Watertown, Conn., and at Yale University. He also studied law at Columbia. Lanny is not particular about staying in pictures. He prefers his radio work.

R. B., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Eddie Nugent was born in New York City on February 1, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and green eyes. His first important picture was "Our Dancing Daughters." Did you see him in "Lost in the Stratosphere"?

JOE R., CHICAGO, ILL.—Frankie Darro is a hometown boy of yours, Joe. He was been celebrating birthdays on December 22nd since 1917. His real name is Frankie Johnson. Can't give you his measurements because he is still growing. His latest picture is "Little Men."

KATHLEEN DONNELLY, PEORIA, ILL.—Hope you will continue to like my little column, Kitty. Robert Young's real name is Robert George Young. Ginger Rogers' is Virginia Katherine McMath. In private life she is not Mrs. Lew Ayres. Jean Parker's real name is Mae Green. She was born in Montana on August 11, 1915. Is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 106 and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. She is still single. Some of her pictures are "Little Women," "Two Alone," "Lazaretti," "Operator 13," "Have a Heart," "A Wicked Woman," "Limehouse Blues," and "Sequoia." Don't miss this last one when it comes to your part of the country.

"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.

①

CAN'T CHAFE



To prevent chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

②

CAN'T FAIL



There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

③

CAN'T SHOW



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex *is* much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly, avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

Super Kotex for extra protection

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . **QUEST** for Personal Daintiness Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



Don't Love Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

the story I'll call him Sohlki—looked me over the first day of the shooting schedule and threw up his hands. Uncle Lou recognized the symptoms of temperament in revolt—probably he was expecting it—and took the director off the set to argue with him outside the sound-proof double doors.

When they came back everything seemed to be settled. Sohlki avoided me as much as possible, but he was civil enough. I learned afterward that Uncle Lou raised his salary a thousand dollars a week to make him take me on. Uncle Lou is a stubborn little man and he had faith in me.

As it turned out, the salary raise never cost the company a nickel, but Uncle Lou couldn't have known that.

Sohlki was a huge, vital man, conceited, domineering and sensual. He was either a Russian or a Pole—nobody seemed to know which—and he had a Continental artistry that none of our American-born directors has ever quite attained. Actors liked to work with him because it stamped them with a certain class just to be in one of his productions, but it had to be at the expense of complete suppression of individuality. His players were puppets and they all expressed merely the varying moods of Sohlki.

| SUPPOSE it was because of that characteristic of Sohlki's that Uncle Lou hired him to direct me.

He had broad features, slightly pocked, a very fair skin and mild blue eyes—not a handsome face but interesting, especially because of the power it expressed.

He did not use me at all that day. But I sat around, at his command, and watched him work. The longer I sat, the more I respected him. He drove those four leading men as if they were a chariot team.

Sohlki made fewer "takes" of each scene than any director I've ever watched. That was because he got it the way he wanted it before he let the cameras turn over, and he had his crew so thoroughly impressed that nobody dared make a mistake.

He asked me to stay after the others had gone.

"I'm going to shoot your first scene tomorrow morning, and I can't waste time coaching you while the entire crew stands around at a hundred dollars a minute. Besides, I don't want 'em to laugh at you."

He was brutal but honest. I doubt if he really cared whether anyone laughed at me or not. I think he was afraid someone would think he was betraying his talents in directing the clumsy efforts of an inexperienced "ham."

He now looked around to see that there was no one watching us. His eye fell on Louella, sound asleep in a chair. She always dozes off if she sits down.

"If that wench belongs to you, send her away," he ordered.

Who was I to disobey him? By this time I was feeling very insignificant indeed. So I woke Louella up and told her to take the car and go home.

"But," protested Louella, "honey, Miss Rachel, how you goin' to get home yourself?"

"I'll take her." Sohlki settled that.

Louella left, muttering.

After she had gone, Sohlki walked up and

down for awhile. Remembering the example of the other actors during the day, I kept a discreet silence. I was scared stiff, anyway.

Finally, he stopped, turned toward me and grinned.

"We're going to see a lot of each other during the shooting of this picture, Miss Adair," he said. "You're not going to like it any better than I am. I've got to teach you the things you ought to have known before you were ever cast in a production of this importance. I admit right now that you have a beautiful figure, but don't expect any special consideration because you've heard I enjoy a pretty face. That's after office hours. Also,



When you see James Barton, one of Broadway's best dancing comedians in RKO-Radio's "Captain Hurricane," he will be playing a grizzled sea captain

I've directed many women with beautiful figures, but it never got 'em anything yet."

He made me so angry I could have bent a stage brace around his neck, but he fascinated me at the same time. He stood there accusing me of being everything that I hated, and I didn't intend to let him get away with it. I felt my blood mounting swiftly to my temples and my fingernails were biting into my palms.

Sohlki watched me a minute and then laughed.

"Okay, sweetheart—I just wanted to know if you had that in you. If I can make you look like that in front of a camera tomorrow, you won't need to speak a line of dialogue."

| DON'T remember yet whether he was teasing me just for his own amusement, or if he really was drilling me in the art of acting. But he went on, alternately exasperating me and soothing me until my nerves were in shreds and I was emotionally exhausted. But he kept driving just the same. He was still trying to hammer me into a plow-share or a silk purse

or something when I nearly fainted. It was eleven o'clock, and I was a fairly husky girl accustomed to nourishment at regular intervals.

Sohlki reproached himself, although I knew that really he was impatient with me because I did not live entirely on enthusiasm the way he did.

"Come on," he said, putting on his necktie and rolling down his shirt-sleeves. "We'll go somewhere and I can keep on talking to you."

I didn't particularly wish to eat with him or do anything with anybody. All I wanted was to be left in some quiet corner with a can of beans and a can-opener. But, as you can imagine, I was practically a limp dish-rag in his hands by that time, and so used to obey him that I would probably have jumped the Eiffel Tower if he had said to.

Sohlki took me to Al Levy's Tavern, Vine Street, which, despite the reputation of more highly publicized restaurants, is actually one of the principal places where motion picture people go for good food and a little quiet.

Sohlki ate methodically for ten minutes and then talked to me for a half hour while I ate a man's-size meal.

I'm really nothing much but a healthy little animal, so when I got my stomach lined with beefsteak, I began to relax. His voice went on and on and I nearly dozed off.

He noticed it at last. "Come on, darling, we'll go home."

"Darling" and "sweetheart," as you probably know, are small conversational coins in show business. Everybody calls everybody else by one or the other of the endearingjectives—even bitterest enemies.

Sohlki was driving a large comfortable roadster and I fell asleep in the seat before him.

WHEN I woke up—and then only because Sohlki nudged me—the car was stopped in front of a rather large house in a neighborhood which I did not recognize.

"Where are we?" I demanded. "I thought you were taking me home?"

"I did. This is my home."

This was something I understood, or thought I did. I never fight that sort of an attack.

So I simply opened the door and started to get out of the car. But Sohlki grabbed me.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "You didn't give me your address, you know."

I thought back. Maybe I didn't.

"This is a nice comfortable old house," Sohlki said in a matter-of-fact voice. He looked at his watch. "You're going to be on the set in six or seven hours anyway. There's no use travelling all over Hollywood to find a bed when I have one—or two—just as you like."

"Thank you," I said. "I still prefer to go home." I gave him my address.

Sohlki shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose my reputation has preceded me. All right, darling, I'll take you home. It's a long way and it's getting chilly. If you won't come, I'll go and get us a couple of warm coats." He got out of the car. "What kind will you have, mink or sable?"

"Wolf," I said.

Sohlki laughed. "You're asking for your own hide. Can't spare it, darling, and

es, don't want you to find out that I'm
y shivering little woolly lamb inside."
He went up the walk to his front door and
himself in with a key.
Sitting alone there in the car it *was* cold. I
nd myself shivering.
There was no one on the streets at that early
morning so the woman who came
g the sidewalk aroused my speculative
psy. I first saw her under a lamp-post a
l feet away. She was coming toward
couldn't make out from that distance
he was like, and as she came nearer her
s in the shadow so I never did get a
wood look.
I could see me, though, because I was
he light. She did see me, in fact, be-
se little way from the car she slackened
pe. I felt that she was studying me.
And she want? And why stare at me as
were memorizing my features?
Apparently she had no intention of
g. Instead, when she got abreast of
she quickened her pace and turned up
wk that led to the front door of Sohki's
On the steps she paused a minute,
antly took a latch-key out of her purse
locked the door.
If she had entered the house I had plenty
to speculate on her identity. I waited
ited. Nobody came out—neither Sohki
nor the woman who had a duplicate
this quarters.

Heed to enumerate the ideas which went
ough my head. They would occur to any-
She might be his wife—I didn't know
tr or not he was married—or one of his
earts—he had implied that he had
—or just a servant.

When I waited at least half an hour before
up. It was too cold to sit there any-
I figured that walking would at least
me up. So I got out of the car and
briskly in the direction from which
man had arrived. My idea was that
d probably come from a street car line
thought I might be able to find it.

When I had walked about a block an auto-
came puffing along noisily behind me.
I been conscious of it for several seconds
it drew up alongside at the curb.

As thinking, "Oh, lord, another pick-up,"
a familiar voice hailed me.

"Honey, Miss Rachel, where you-all goin'?"
turned around and laughed. "You fool,"
affectionately, "what are you doing
ere at this time of night?"

"Where is 'over here'?" Louella questioned
usly.

"I don't know. How did you get here?"
e? Honey, Miss Rachel, I just followed
man's car—the one that scold you so bad
t the studio."

"You mean you went to the restaurant—
waited all that time—and then trailed us
s place? Why?"

"I tell you—I didn't like that man. I
think he's a very nice gentleman."
ughed loudly at the weak conclusion of
xplanation. "You're a crazy fool,
a," I told her as I climbed gratefully
ur car, "but I was never so glad to see
dy in my life. Have you got any idea
home is?"

"O, ma'am."
I right, then. That makes us even.
on. And if you see a policeman don't
ver him until I ask him where we are."
hat happened to Sohki in that house? It
e amazing that it was bizarre. I will tell
out it in next month's PHOTOPLAY.)

NEW FINER POWDER

3 times silk-sifted

MAKES FEATURES LOOK SOFTER



Unsifted face powder on the skin is similar to the effect of a boldly high-lighted, hard-finish photograph.



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Get a box of this new, silk-sifted Evening in Paris powder today. Then tonight you will know the exquisite joy of seeing new beauty appear before your eyes in the mirror!

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- | | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|----------------------------|
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| 3 | EVENING IN PARIS LIP AND CHEEK CREAM ROUGE —for lasting radiance. | Value | 35c |
| | | | TOTAL VALUE, \$2.10 |



Evening in Paris **BOURJOIS**

Sylvia's Ideals for Mouth, Chin and Face Structure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Don't try to look "cute" by pouting or pretending to sulk. And don't pucker your lips as if you had just eaten a green persimmon. If your lower lip hangs down use every effort of will to hold it up. Determination again! You can do it if you try.

And when you smile see that it means something. If you can't do any better than just pulling your lips back in a "prop" grin—then don't smile at all. Garbo doesn't smile much—and she's done very well. But there is nothing so attractive as a real, spontaneous, peppy smile. And there is nothing worse than an affected smile which doesn't mean a thing. For the greatest of all charms is personal sincerity.

Sincerity is a seller—and that goes for you girls both on and off the screen.

You can relax the mouth and take away wrinkles around it by using your finger tips in a gentle rotary movement at the corners but the attractiveness of the mouth is much more a matter of mind and personality than exercise. Don't make faces—like the slapstick comedians and even some of our big emotional stars do.

In Hollywood language, don't you "mug." Don't be so doggone animated that you pull your mouth out of shape. That sort of animation isn't real anyhow. If you have a big mouth make the most of it. That's swell, for

the little pursed-up rose-bud lips went out bustles and big hips.

Don't simper. Just be plain natural. And the nervous habits of sucking in your lips setting your mouth in a thin, hard line—other words, use your mouth to talk (naturally) and to smile with (naturally). I hope you've got sense enough to apply lipstick so that it doesn't make your mouth grotesque.

And now, here's to you—with a nice slicing tomato juice cocktail—for perfect and figures. Keep your chin up and waistline down. Use your head for some more than a carry-all for excess weight!

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

My arms are very flabby. I think that is caused from reducing them so much. What can I do about it now?

D. R., Richmond, Va.

And that, baby, is because you haven't paid attention to everything I've told you. Listen! Dieting alone will not do all the work. You've got to take exercises, too. I'll bet that you've been dieting okay but you haven't had the courage to take the exercises. Well, I'll let you off easy this time but see that it never happens again. In last month's article in which I set the standard for beautiful backs, arms and hands you'll discover the exercise that will make your arms firm. Do that exercise and don't fall down on it. And remember this. You must take exercises. You must do everything I tell you to do or I can't be responsible for the way you look!

Dear Sylvia:

How much sleep do you think the average person requires? I mean the average adult.

D. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.

That depends upon whether you want to reduce or gain weight. If you're reducing never, never stay in bed for more than eight hours and seven is even better. Get up every morning at seven o'clock and get right straight up—don't turn over for that extra snooze. But be sure that your sleep is good sleep and the way to do that is to take my relaxing exercises before you go to sleep. Six hours of good hard sleep is better than eight hours of tossing and tumbling in bed half-awake. But you'll sleep well if you're perfectly relaxed. However, if you're building up you should be in bed every other night at nine o'clock and not get up until seven. That's ten hours sleep, isn't it, and that will put flesh on you if you're run down and under weight.

Dear Sylvia:

Kindly send me your reducing diet.

R. W. T., Lincoln, Neb.

Since it is such a long diet and would take up so much space to reprint it here I suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped en-

LETTERS, letters, how they flood Lin!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SYLVIA

velope so that I can give you a personal answer and enclose my general reducing diet.

Dear Sylvia:

Please tell me what to do for drooping shoulders. I work in an office all day and am bending over either a typewriter or books.

R. S. J., Kansas City, Mo.

Only self-control and gumption will get those shoulders up and keep them up. If you can't do it yourself, then find a friend who when she finds you slumping will give you a good, hard whack between your shoulder blades. Tell this friend to give you one you won't forget in a hurry. That will remind you if you can't remind yourself. And for heaven's sake don't slump in those desk chairs. It makes you fat about the waist, gives you a big stomach, causes your shoulders to droop. It makes you look awful and inefficient. You develop an appearance as if you ought not to be in any job.

Dear Sylvia:

I have two questions to ask you. 1. What is good for the nerves? 2. What is good for inducing immediate sleep?

M. J. H., Detroit, Mich.

Nervousness is caused by a terrific demand on your energy. My advice is to read as light and amusing literature as possible. Always try to laugh and to forget. Another thing, try to acquire a taste for simplicity in life. Since

most nervous people are thin, you need to build up your general health and give your nerves food as well. Why not send for my Building-Up diet?

Then when you're nervous, you can't sleep. Here is an exercise that will give you a restful sleep that relaxes your entire body. Grasp the bars or sides of your bed. Clasp whatever you hold onto. Feel your whole body become tense, even your fingers and toes. Then relax. Repeat until you feel you are slipping off to sleep. If you can get seven or even six hours of good sleep after taking this exercise, it will mean everything to your health and beauty.

Dear Sylvia:

I have never done any real hard work, and the veins in my hands are very large. Can you any corrective for them?

D. S. C., Richmond, Va.

Large veins usually mean poor circulation. The way to overcome them is to get up and do things that will send your blood moving rapidly. Get some life into yourself! Hard work also makes large veins. There's nothing to do about this except to hold your hands above your head as often as you think of it. Then sit so that your hands are a little higher than your arms. This lets the blood flow from your hands, makes them look whiter and the veins less conspicuous.

Dear Sylvia:

I am a young girl, sixteen years old, who has a little natural curl to her hair but mother doesn't approve of girls my age visiting beauty salons to have their hair set; what am I to do to have a nice neat hair dress?

M. W. F., New York City

Wash and dry your hair yourself. While hair is still damp, set it with your hands in soft waves. If your hair is stiff and wiry, put a few wave combs but make the waves wide apart. Take any little loose ends—banish side curls—and twist them around in little curls and pin them with invisible hair pins. All the movie stars do this. I've seen them make those little curls with hair pins a million times. Now let your hair dry thoroughly. Take out the pins and combs and arrange

The Most Amazing House in the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

light effects, with the exception of the lighting in the garden, is indirect, with more than 400 small-watt bulbs utilized in the house—a wiring plan that required months of trial and experimentation.

Water tanks on turrets and in the dungeons feed the fountains in the kitchen, garden and ballrooms. Operated by an electrically-run vacuum pump, the tanks, on emptying, play musical chimes in the steeples. This is done automatically every ten minutes.

On a lavender-glass tree in the Garden of Eden is perched a magic, feathered nightingale which sings in full-throated, joyful tones. A fairy princess, mistress of this castle, who rises high (this is done by diminishing the scale through an ancient illusion) will appear in the garden grotto where she will sing, dance and answer questions!

There are eleven rooms in the Doll's House and Aladdin's magic garden and Noah's Ark. The furnishings throughout represent years of effort in collecting in every part of the world. They are rigidly in scale of one inch to one foot. Many of the objects are priceless, although the entire house has been insured against loss and damage to the extent of \$100,000.

While on tour, the house will require the services of seven persons. John Hewlett will be manager of the tour, while Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Morrison, Colleen's mother and father, will be in direct charge. Mrs. Morrison's duty will be to see that all the furniture and objects are in perfect order, while Mr. Morrison, assisted by three mechanics, will keep the house in working order. The young man, who will enact the Fairy Princess in the garden, is the other member of the party.

CONSTRUCTED under the supervision of Colleen's father, all of the actual mechanical work was done in Glendale, California, work-

The salaries of the more than 700 workmen, artists and master craftsmen totaled \$100,000.

Explaining her hobby, Miss Moore said: "Some people collect old masters and spend money on Rembrandts, and snuff boxes, and others buy yachts and rare gems. My extravagance just happened to be a doll's house."

The collection of furniture has been completed since I was two years old—when my mother made my first doll house out of a box.

Now that the house is completed, I would never myself selfish not to do some good. Under the present plan, local charities in the community where the house is shown receive the proceeds. We shall ask local committees of city and state officials to select the most worthy institutions of this type as beneficiaries."

The copper-domed library ceiling depicts constellations in sea-blue and white. The scene is cast as a fish net which, sweeping the depths of the ocean, catches in its meshes an amused old Father Neptune and the mermaids. Andirons are bronze. Ship's capstans support the fire box, in which tiny magic logs burn merrily.

The floor, done in inlaid colored wood of various hues, embeds the signs of the Zodiac in gold from an ancient design. Over the



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fireplace in full relief Captain Kidd directs the burying of pirate treasures while swashbuckling, colorful hearties spade the ground.

Two stately arched doors leading into the Garden of Aladdin are framed in fairy-tale groups done in full relief. One is Gulliver pulling tiny boats out of the sea into the Lilliputian port. Another depicts Robinson Crusoe on the beach of his castaway island regarding the obeisant form of his Good Man Friday.

Bookshelves of verdigris copper, containing masterpieces in miniature, some less than one inch square, are placed against the south wall, and reached by tortoise shell steps. Over the bookshelves is pictured the Aurora Borealis.

The little fairy book forms pass through an entrance hall, with a floor of mother-of-pearl,



Warren William is one busy actor these days. His "Living on Velvet," is current, he's now at work on "The Case of the Curious Bride," another's waiting

to reach the chapel. The entrance hall is devoted entirely to a mural by Alice O'Neill, depicting the adventures of the voyagers of the Noah's Ark. The mural entitled "Love In Bloom," is in almost comic contrast to the remainder of the house. Old Noah sits below the mountain on which perches the ark, recovering from his libations, for which the Lord punished him. He is indeed suffering from a hang-over, but not his feathered and furry passengers. They, all in pairs, bill and coo.

OVER Noah's head is the strong room of the castle, reached by a spider web rope from the entrance hall. This room, filled with copper and bronze kegs, overflowing with pirate loot, of diamonds and emeralds and other jewels, has as its central mural a scene from the cave of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, with such remarkable perspective that it is easy indeed to peer into the entrance depths where Ali Baba's scoundrels toil with jars of jewels, and labor toward the storage place.

Entering the chapel from Noah's hallway, the visitor to fairyland is transported to the church where little folk of make-believe-land kneel in prayer to worship their god. Combining a mechanical marvel in the golden organ with the artistic magnificence of a carved ivory floor inlaid with gold, an ivory console, stained glass windows of incomparable beauty, the ceiling from the book of Kells, the chapel reflects such true nobility and expression of sincerity to artistic values, that it has been hailed as the epitome of beauty in miniature.

The ivory floor is symbolic of events from the Old Testament, telling the story of the Lamb of God, the Dove of Peace, the Ram, the Locusts and the years of plenty. In the great center design are the Ten Commandments as hewn in the tablets. The Lights of the World shine forth in hues of purple and gold. Beneath stained glass windows, by Braborn, depicting originals and copies of famous masterpieces of David and Goliath, Moses in the Bullrushes, Daniel in the Lion's Den, and the Judgment of Solomon, quaintly is carved the Holy Grail. For this is no conventional cathedral, being orthodox only in that it is true to the spirit of love. The floor of the chapel was carved by Bayard de Vollo, while Braborn decorated the ceiling from the illuminated book of Kells, the Irish Bible, in green and gold.

From a tiny frame peers the face of Alice in Wonderland and the characters of her adventures, done with great imagination by Willy Pogany.

Three tiny frames enclose paintings by George McManus, telling the story of Old King Cole, Jiggs is Old King Cole, Maggie is the Queen and Dinty Moore and other Bringing-Up-Father characters the Fiddlers Three.

Elizabeth Stone Barrett's miniature, on ivory, of Little Red Riding Hood hangs near a miniature by Leon Gordon of Miss Moore. James Montgomery Flagg's miniature painting is of the Old Man of the Mountain. Other paintings show "Skipper" romping as a fairyland figure and Puss in Boots.

THE enchanted realm is further appreciated as one travels into the living room from another door in the Great Hall. This room of startling brilliance has a rose quartz floor with a carved border by de Vollo, inlaid with silver and gold. It is this room of fantastic elegance which boasts the diamond chandelier. This gorgeous fixture hangs from a ceiling of misty clouds drifting in a sea-blue sky, done, as were the companion murals of Cinderella, by George Townsend Cole.

Two ancient amber vases, just inches high, from the collection of the Dowager Empress of China, are placed on either side of the entrance to the Great Hall.

Next, on the same floor, the dining room—

the dining room of the Knights of the Round Table—is reached via a tall and stately arched doorway surmounted by a golden holding in his claws the initials of the star the year 1928, the year when this room designed by Horace Jackson, the scenario

The dining room, done in cast stone, has a floor of inlaid, imported Latin-American wood of many colors and varieties, polished to shining brilliance.

THE Round Table, of carved walnut, is surrounded by the twelve chairs of the twelve Knights of King Arthur's court. Each chair contains the coat-of-arms of the occupant created by Alice O'Neill.

The Round Table is set with twelve gold dishes, and golden knives and forks less than one-eighth of an inch long, with a monogram engraved on the handles with the aid of magnifying glasses. Tiny lace napkins rest beside each plate, with full table service, including tiny golden champagne glasses, water glasses, salt and pepper shakers and condiment containers of pewter.

Four tapestries, which are not tapestries at all, adorn the walls. Created by Braborn, painting on rough poplin, these represent some of the most effective experiments in the entire dream palace. One shows Sir Galahad being presented at the Court of King Arthur, another Galahad setting off in search of the Holy Grail, still others, the jousting matches.

A doorway on the northern side of the dining room of the Knights leads into the main kitchen of the Little People, which contains murals of Mother Goose, and a most extraordinary copper stove, on which hums a kettle and on which brews a kindly witch's magic stew.

Notable among those who have dared the impossible in bringing the movie star's dream to fruition are Harry Jones, whose bas-relief and full relief work leave the spectator breathless; Clifford Roth, whose electrical system has been acclaimed a masterpiece in miniature wiring; Helga Braborn, for her etched and stained glass windows; Harold Grieve, responsible for much of the interior decoration; George Townsend Cole, celebrated muralist and portraitist, for his Cinderella mural in the living room; Bayard de Vollo, for a carved



Charles Farrell came back from "Falling in Love" for British International Pictures, and he'd fallen in love with polo. He's forsaken all other sports for it

floor; Jerry Rouleau, for copper and
num masterpieces in miniature and
of wood carvers and workers of Lilli-
designs in revolving pillars and fanciful
decorations throughout the enchanted
gem.

Authors who have done miniature books in
own handwriting for the library of Colleen
Doll House include: Conan Doyle,
Ferber, Hendrick Van Loon, Joseph
sheimer, Louis Bromfield, Irvin Cobb,
Lewis, Gene Fowler, Kathleen Nor-
n Tully, Elinor Glyn, Rupert Hughes,
Stt Fitzgerald, Thyra S. Winslow, Warner
bh, Fannie Hurst, Booth Tarkington,
Rogers St. Johns, and many others.

the second floor is the Prince's bedroom,
a prevailing color of deep blue, with a
fated ceiling in designs of gold. The bed
carved walnut, painted in brilliant
with figures done in relief. One also
hests of solid gold, etched by the Chinese
designs of fiery dragons.

Prince's bath room, done in marble
ol, has a bath tub guarded by two golden
Water pours into the tub constantly
sea shells held by two mermaids of gold.
flowing the shaded entrance hall, which is
ed by golden peacocks, the occupants of
airy castle enter the bedroom of the
ress.

The walls are in shell pink, on which is
id a mural of fairies dancing. Over the
entering her bath room is painted Peter
ilancing on a mushroom. The ceiling,
aborn, is of little cherubs in pastel colors
g in a sea of pink clouds. The floor is of
er-of-pearl, cut in tiny cubes, with a
r of inlaid gold. Two stained glass win-
of birds of the forest overlook the garden.
boat-shaped bed with great sweeping
made of solid gold, with a canopy of
l enamel, is topped by a furling crown.
rella's golden slippers rest on a tiny
of seed pearls at the side.

The adjoining bath room of the Princess is
in jade colors and carved glass walls.
d figures tell the story of Undine, the
d-water sprite.

DRING into a bath of colorful carved glass
es, illuminated from the depths, the cas-
over the shoulders of the little cupids
he etched sea life a remarkable sense of
y and action.

Beautiful perfume cabinet of solid gold
s a wall of the Princess' bath room, and
loorway to her bedroom is surmounted
a design of golden cupids.

Unless other rare pieces in miniature
lete the house; it would require a volume
scribe it all in detail.

ere are trees of cellophane, bushes of
der glass with pearl fruit dripping from
ranches, a tiny forest of golden pines and
es, and willow trees of silver and gold.

derella's silver coach, drawn by two
horses, halts for a moment while the
l little arched-back animals drink at a
hese fountain of verdigris copper. Santa
s and his sled drawn by his faithful rein-
sweep in faint relief, barely perceptible,
from the towering steeples into this
anted realm.

e tinkle of an old-fashioned music box
the adult back to the days of childhood,
porting every visitor to this marvel of
uture perfection to the realm of make-
ve, recalling the fondest memories of the
er days when all literature was Mother
e and tots won awards for being good.

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If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
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I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a

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Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

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City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

An Unusual Hollywood Success Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

*The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to rosy red,
Any time she holds my hand
And tells me that she's mine . . .*

Coy Poe was one of Pinky's fraternity brothers; Delta Tau Delta. He was managing a resort—"one of those dime-a-dance places" at Wichita Falls, Texas, and he invited Pinky to come down with his band. Pinky accepted. The regular clientele of thirty-five couples was swelled to three hundred and fifty when Pinky introduced "The Object of My Affection," which enjoyed a season's vogue.

Jimmie Greer, who conducts the dance orchestra at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, had heard Pinky sing in Norman somewhere along about then; at the time, he told Poe, "If you ever come West, look me up." One of those things.

BUT Poe—and Pinky—took him at his word. They went West.

The first man they contacted (for reasons which escape me) was Dave Dreyer, of the music department at the RKO-Radio studio. "Coy Poe did most of the talkin'," Pinky recalls. "We've just written a song," he says, "and all we want is five minutes of your time."

"I got out the old guitar, and started on 'The Object of My Affection.' I got as far as the 'break,' and Dreyer says, 'That's far enough.' We thought he was giving us the gate. Instead, he tells us, 'Irving Berlin wants that song.' You see, Dreyer was representin' Berlin's publishin' house."

This was on a Thursday noon. Dreyer gave them a note to Jimmie Greer: "I'm nuts about the tune. Can't wait to hear you play it." The boys went right down to the Biltmore and saw Greer. He gave them—and the song—an immediate audition. "The band played it through—for a laugh," said

Pinky. "They were smilin' all over faces. But pretty soon they sat up and notice. Baron Long, who runs the walked in. He took one look at me and 'That country guy? Throw him out!'"

But Pinky stayed on. Greer had taken fancy to this boldly shy clodhopper in the and-pepper suit. "You're hired!" said but Pinky didn't care about that.

"All I want is my song plugged," he objected.

"Have you got a tux?" Greer wanted to know. Pinky said he hadn't.

"Don't get one," Greer advised.

That same night, he introduced Pinky to the "Oklahoma Flash," to the thro the Biltmore Bowl. "I'd just had t Pinky remembered, "to clean up and my teeth." Apparently, it sufficed. crowd went wild. Pinky, who had never professionally before in his life, was a sation. He had to repeat "The Object of Affection" a dozen times; and even the his own words, "Everybody hollered for m

Pinky's swift rise began that night. was paying him seventy-five dollars a When the local Paramount Theater put a bid for him, Coy Poe bounced over id blithely announced that his client mig available for six hundred dollars per, or ne such fantastic sum. The management sw up. Poe practically dared them to ta a chance. "If he doesn't stop your show challenged, "the whole thing's off!"

THIS clause was written into the con

Pinky stopped the show for five straight, and then went back for two re. Whenever (like a faun in flight, but less grac) he came loping onto the stage, a wave of s like a roar would sweep the house. Bec his *piece de resistance*, he sang hilly ditties—curiously nostalgic yet absurd t like "Ragtime Cowboy" and "Curbone



Helen Flint, Will Rogers (Do you have to be told?), Frances Grant and Alison Skipworth as they rehearse their lines for the Fox picture, "Doubting Thomas"

—which he had “changed up” to suit occasion, and a new composition of his “Don’t Be Afraid to Tell Your Mother.” His voice, nasal, high, fairly true, vibrated in the loudspeakers. As he sang, his body jigged up and down on the balls of his feet, hands opening and closing convulsively, as though he were making duck-bill motions on some far-flung, imaginary wall. Liked, as Columnist Sid Skolsky has said, as if he were momentarily about to

is, meanwhile, were pouring in. Tom Coy wanted him for his band in San Francisco; Paul Whiteman for his, in New York. Recording firms were interested. He was Crosby’s guest on the radio. Coy was investigating all these propositions when the two daughters of Lucien Hubbard, film producer, came into the picture. They stayed for two and three performances at a time.

Finally, they brought their father. This was a Monday night. On Tuesday, the father called Pinky for a test. “I cain’t come tomorrow,” frowned Pinky, “but I’ll be thoo (can’t say through) here tomorrow, and I’ll come.” He didn’t want to appear too sure. On Wednesday he went. “They painted me down, painted me up, and made the difference.” On Thursday morning at ten, he saw off. On Thursday afternoon at five, he signed for six months, at a thousand

Boulevard is still laughing at the “fast” of Pinky Tomlin and Coy Poe pulled on that day. But the truth is that they have gotten more money by accepting than’s offer of eighteen hundred a week—so the boys look upon what they did as a concession, no less, to the studio! Poe had made plane reservations for that day and he had the telegram from Whitehead to prove the offer genuine. That did it. Coy did all the talking—as usual. “One hundred and twenty-five was what they had offered,” chuckled Pinky. “With one and six added, it’s the absolute top. When they climbed to fifty, we reached for our hats. They offered five hundred. Still no heat. Coy Poe said, ‘We like the script, so we’ll consider it a thousand—not a cent less. This guy’s the best thing on the coast!’ They came up to fifty. ‘We’ll give you one more chance,’ said Coy, reaching again for his hat. ‘What say?’ They got the thousand.”

Coy wants to make good on the screen. “I can come thoo,” he said earnestly, “even give my money to charity. Money means nothin’ to me; I know its value, but I don’t want it.” He sent his first check to his father, Durant’s fire chief, for a round-trip ticket to Hollywood. The fire chief took the bus. Pinky doesn’t “play around,” he doesn’t drink. His dad’s death last year gave him the responsibility of taking care of his father, gave him the “push” to succeed. “Log-callin’ crooner?” He grinned at the thought. “I could never be a crooner; I don’t sing ballads. A rhythm singer, that’s what I’m supposed to be, and that’s what I am. A stylist, introducin’ a new style, gettin’ a new rise out of old tunes. People are just after, they seek their own level. Way deep, it was always my ambition to be a star. I’m not over-emotional, but I’ve felt sorry for other people. I get that out of me when I sing. I can sing and bed and relax. In other words, I’m off steam.”



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A Middle-Aged Woman Ran Away with the Show

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

As she grew older, she was left with the various landladies, and learned to be entertaining so she could stay up late. She had the midnight habit even then. Her schooling was sketchy, a week at a time to a school whose pupils invariably showed a certain hostility toward the strange theatrical child. She extended herself—not to learn—but to make the children like her. Her first audience experience, and good practical training.

It was a gay, haphazard life, smuggled onto trains under her mother's skirts to avoid the fare, catching trains in the cold dawn, undietetic food; long anxious waits between engagements. She has never gotten over the "lodging" feeling, the sense of flight. Those days were lovely. Even then they excited her and she never really envied the little girls who lived in one place and went to bed at eight, with stomachs full of proper food. She says now, "I have lived in nearly every foreign capital, acted in a great many, met all sorts of people. Sometimes on very little money, sometimes in luxury. But money, or lack of it, curiously has little significance to me."

Her mother was a magic person, an incurable optimist and romantic, always laughing. Some days they had a shilling for food and to carry them the rounds of the theatrical agents in London. They walked miles. Then would come a day when the tide turned—and they would be off to blue azure days again in Devonshire. To this day, Constance loves touring better than a London engagement—because "We, my whole family, are gypsies, rogues, vagabonds of the road!"

She had a passionate determination to be a great actress from the time she played her first speaking part, one of the children in "The Silver King." As soon as she could read, her mother gave her Shakespeare, but it had

nothing to do with study. She read his other children read fairy stories and learned appreciation, not reverence. "There is much reverence for beautiful things in art not enough love," she says. Adding, "King is so uncomfortable one is apt to get up and walk away!"

So, to the chorus of a musical at thirteen supporting her mother—and a famous Girl at fourteen!

To be one of the London Gaiety Girls was to be established as a beauty. Constance was one of the warm classic deep-bosomed beauties of the generation—when the stage was grandeur.

Many of those Gaiety Girls married and as Constance says, "It was as if Nature were fortifying herself with these magnificent plebeians to build a finer race."

This was the frivolous period in the Constance life. South African diamond merchants came to London for a fling, showered flowers and jewels on the "Gaieties." Constance had her first evening gown and went to her first ball. She was nearly seventeen, and found herself engaged to a millionaire.

She was in danger of losing sight of her feeling for the classic theater, until someone remarked in her hearing "only a Gaiety Girl." It made her angry enough to abandon parties, to break with her opulent suitor and it led to her first real acting part, the leading role in "The Gypsy Girl."

From there, she progressed to an association with the fantastic and commanding Herbert Tree, the most elaborate producer of plays in England, at His Majesty's Theatre.

SHE played many rôles in this theater, made many associations with artists and creators of the day, and married Julian L'Estrange, a beautiful gay irresponsible Irishman. It was



No, this is not Clark Gable on one of his beloved hunting trips, but Clark and Loretta Young in a scene from Jack London's book, "The Call of the Wild"

living with an April Day." They were separated so much, due to varied engagements in the theater, their marriage was like an intermittent love affair.

Charles Frohman brought her to America for the first time. She had two unfortunate rôles at the beginning and many tears, "growing pains of the soul." Finally "Oliver Twist" and success. An offer came from Hollywood. It was still a village, and the magnetic D. W. Griffith was king.

Charlie Chaplin was a good friend, and one day she took him to the home of Douglas Fairbanks. The two had never met. And so Maude Collier was the unconscious cornerstone for the United Artists Corporation—Douglas, Chaplin and Fairbanks, formed soon afterward.

Long before this, a disheartened Frenchman had given her a script of his play, "Peter Ibbetson," which he had peddled around for many years.

She went to New York, raised the money, and produced it—with herself in the rôle of the *Duchess of Towers*, and with John Barrymore playing *Peter*, his first romantic part. Everybody helped produce the play in which she had so much faith. Maude Adams supervised the sets, Edward Sheldon rewrote scenes, Ziegfeld loaned her electrical effects she never could have bought.

The play was a success, even though the scenery collapsed on the actors during the first performances. "Peter Ibbetson" made an important theatrical history. Since, it was produced on the screen as "Forever," with Maude Ferguson as the *Duchess*, and later in the opera. Miss Collier assisted Deems Taylor, the composer, with the libretto.

Later, she wrote two plays with Ivor Novello, and acted in them. They made money. Then she had a brilliant success in "Our Betters," a comedy rôle, and went from there to play tragedy in John Barrymore's "Hamlet."

There seems to be no limit to her versatility. Anybody like her best in light comedy—possibly because she always keeps spitefulness out of her most ornery characterizations. Because she cannot bear to laugh cruelly at the follies and syncrasies of humanity—"The greater the people's faults, the more human they are. The perfect can take care of themselves!"

We like to have her in Hollywood, the precious woman with the fragrant mind. She is in the place, she loathes exercise, she can't play cards, she adores lots of nice, amusing people around, books and dogs all over the place. She is terribly near-sighted, can't see more than a few feet away, but says it has its advantages as people always look extraordinarily beautiful to her.

She says all nice people are shy, and she puts a brass front, a smoke screen, when panicky. She says there are few utterly relaxed humans. When you think of it, how many do you know? She hopes she will establish a *salon* in Hollywood and revive the lost art of conversation. In Hollywood she has discovered to be a young, vigorous place where the people are not treated, the women take good care of themselves, and the men are relaxed, with brown shirts and open shirt collars—behind it all is health and hard work. A refreshing opinion from an observing woman.

She shall quote Noel Coward again—"I don't think anything has drastically changed for Maude Collier. She has just moved on through various failures and triumphs with a great deal of beauty and a very deep-rooted gallant sense of humor."

PUT YOURSELF IN HER SHOES



...AND YOU WON'T

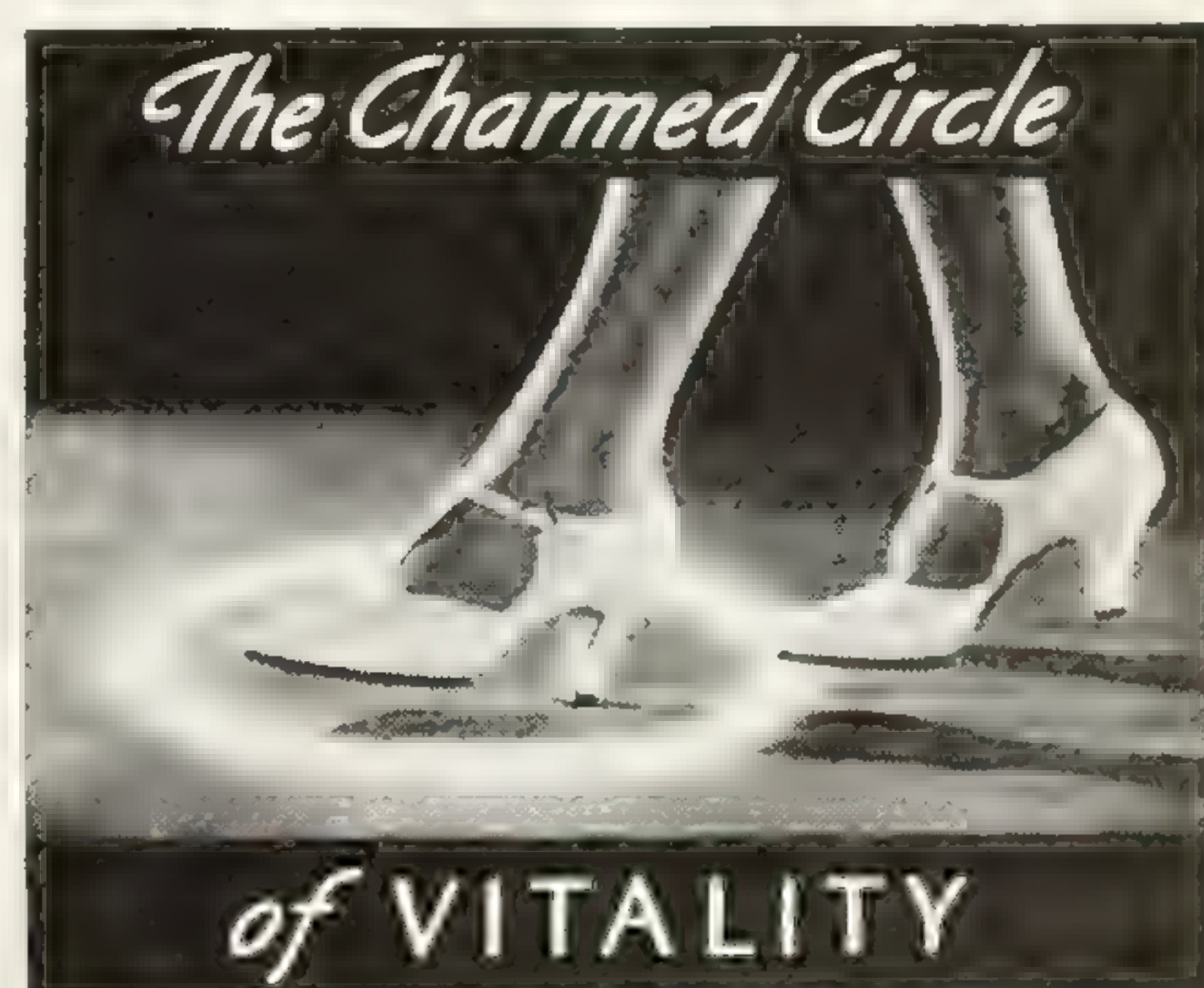
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Going the Rounds with Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

you a secret. Maureen O'Sullivan is Mr. George Arliss' valentine. He doesn't know it, though. And Maureen doesn't want him to . . . she'd rather have him guess, awhile. Yes, yes! I'll explain. Last 14th of February Mr. Arliss bemoaned the fact to Maureen that no one had sent him a big red heart. So without a word out tripped the Colleen to a florist's, where she bought a bunch of daffodils, and in them she laid a lacy valentine, and a card tied to a tremenjus red bow, which read: "From an Unknown Admirer." Now Mr. Arliss is happy that he is some one's very special valentine—or maybe he's going crazy trying to figure out who sent it! Tch! Tch!

I'm a note-sender, too. And a dasher-offer! Like the time recently when I sent a note in Santa Barbara to my kinda special heartbeat Douglass Montgomery at the opening night of his play, "Merrily We Roll Along." The whole idea of driving up for the opening was one of those crazy impulses, but lots of the Hollywood movie colony were affected that way because, unexpectedly, Evelyn Venable and her husband popped up there, and so did the rarely seen Katharine Hepburn, with suitor Leland Hayward; and so did Cary Grant, who was present to applaud Virginia Cherrill who was in the cast. Kay Johnson was there with her director husband, John Cromwell, and also present, unless these old orbs deceive me, was King Vidor.

AT the end of Act One, I dashed off a note to my yellow-haired hero: "Dear Doug: So far, swell! . . . And I'm coming back to tell you so!"

When Act Two started, the play which, to be truthful, had been moving a little slowly, perked up. It began to sparkle; and Douglass was actually vibrant. Modesty, alas, forbids me to believe that my note had anything to do with it but until he received it he hadn't known that there were friends in the audience . . . and after all that does help! Yas'm, I went backstage after the final curtain and the blonde Douglass and I clasped hands and swapped compliments while crowds surged around, congratulating him. Then, pet, I was wafted home on rosy clouds.

But—tell me am I fickle, baby?—yesterday I did some noonday munching with dark-haired Roger Pryor. Roger is a modest soul, in spite of his success in pictures, and told me a story on himself that you must hear. In New York some years ago, before he was in pictures, he was cast in a play in which, for the ten minutes before he appeared upon the stage, the heroine was giving him a build-up as a gorgeous Apollo.

"Then," grinned Roger, "I came in . . . with my face, and she spoke the line: 'O-oh, here he is! Doesn't he look like a Greek God!?' Well, I stood it for two nights; then we went into a huddle. And next time I appeared, she said: 'Here he is! Doesn't he look like a Greek?' . . . God!!"

Next, Roger and I talked about babies. Helen Hayes' and Charlie MacArthur's small dotter occupied our remarks. But, as usual, I am ahead of myself. We were talking about the time, before wee Mary was even in the stork's nest, when Helen Hayes told husband Charlie she thought it would be very grand if they had a child.

"How much would it cost?" asked the practical member of the family.

"Oh—I don't know—" Helen answered vaguely. "About three thousand dollars, I guess."

"Three thousand dollars!" shrieked the playwright. "Why, we could buy a boat for that!"

As you can see from the above, it was a kind of a whimsical lunch. You know me, though. A laff's a laff—but with curiosity my besetting sin I wanted to know more about Roger himself. The son of the world's most famous ex-band conductor should have some grand reminiscences.

First off, I asked why didn't he become a musician?

"Because," came the surprising reply, "Dad didn't want either my brother or me to follow in his footsteps. He didn't want any actors in the family, either."

"Not even a successful one?"

Roger grinned.

"He won't admit that I'm successful. Dad's



The cameraman halts a friendly chat between Leo Carrillo and Marian Marsh

a politician, now, but when I go home to see him he makes me do all his stump speaking for him."

"There you are!" I said triumphantly. "Then he does think—"

"Not at all. He says I'm just fortunate to have a decent voice!"

But you can't live down a parental reputation. So when Roger and his brother joined the Boy Scouts at the tender age of eleven, they were made buglers. It didn't matter that they had never had a lesson in their lives; Poppa Pryor was one of the world's best trumpet players, and that was that. However, both kids turned out to be whizzes with the tootling tubes. "But what was that?" Roger disclaimed with a laugh. "Dad never had a lesson in his life either."

ROGER is always finding out he can do things he never did before . . . like when he had to sing in Billie Burke's play, "Her Master's Voice." Ann Sothern's mother, who teaches voice, told him how to handle the difficult high notes, and with no trouble at all, Roger yodelled them beautifully. Next day the paper commented on his fine voice. Roger grinned. "But Dad would say I was just singing loud."

What? Wanna hear about frills and such? Well, the other P.M. I dashed down to the Biltmore Bowl where, amid unbelievable lights and glitter, there was a show of the gladsome rags the girls were wearing in the picture "Roberta." And after it was over I could have dashed my brains out as well. M-m-m. Give me some nails to chew! Quick! Life without a floor-length cape of silver fox, for instance, my pretty, just ain't worth the living. My feeling was shared by one, Pert Kelton, who decided the best thing to do was either to get up and go home, or just rise superior to it all. Glenda Farrell, next table, didn't mind it so much. But then, maybe Randy Scott kept her mind on other things. Pandro Berman, who produced "Roberta," had Irene Dunne, Director Bill Seiter and Marian Nixor at the table along with Glenda Farrell and Randy, and I am tickled to tell you that the models, who play stock at RKO, were so divine that most of them got real parts in the picture from it.

But I soon forgot the harshness of it all, when later I met my friends Gracie Allen and George Burns at the Brown Derby. Of course, the elbow-length white fox cape of Mme. Burns didn't exactly improve my feelings. Have I a husband who secretly wires friends in the East to pick out the most gorgeous furs they can find, ship them here for my birthday, and send him the bill? I have not. All right, we'll skip it! We'll get back to the babies again. But we're still at the same party. And the baby is Sandra Burns, with one new tooth, who bursts out laughing when Gracie says "Google, google, google," and who, feeling the insistent push of new molars in her gums, bites the hand that feeds her.

"THIS one," says Papa Burns, proudly exhibiting his right fist. "And can she bite?"

"That's why," explained Gracie brightly. "Bing Crosby wants his Dennis for her. Dennis is such a leather-neck!"

"Rough-neck, Gracie! Rough-neck!" corrected George patiently.

My personal nomination for the sweetest and the prettiest girl goes to Marian Marsh (It harasses me, but I suppose you are born with good looks or you are not!) We've been throwing ourselves around at the Brown Derby or the Assistance League this past month Marian and myself. First I pay for lunch, next time she does. But she always gets a phone call from Howard Hughes or Eddie Lowe thrown in with the vittles, while I just get food! Some times I console myself with the thought that maybe her being born in Trinidad gives her a special luster, or something, but I dunno—i she came from Cow Corners, Mo., it'd probably be the same. But I got some sort of satisfaction last Sunday night, I did. I invited her to a big benefit ball, and when she stood up at the table and took a bow the spotlight sort of hit me around the edges, and I had a honey of a time bowing and smiling on the rim of glory.

Leo Carrillo entertained there. Superb, of course. Later, he tucked our hands under his arm, marched us to the bar and ordered us to order. I accepted on condition that one of these days he would invite me to a barbecue at his Spanish hacienda, where colorful Mexican stroll around with guitars and sing melting songs and the moon does queer things to

romantic insides. Leo agreed—what else could I do, with such a brazen wench?—and I went suddenly haywire and ordered a glass of butter-k. Whoops! It's all too silly!

Now lamb, I go extremely svelte, or glossy, somethin', and take you to the Ballet Russe Monte Carlo, which threw our staid town to the jitters for a week. One night, for instance, Edna May Oliver sat to the front of

Charlie Chaplin and his lady, Paulette Goddard (with a teentsy bell-top hat and mils of sables) to the left of me. (Forward the Light Brigade!) Anna Sten, ejaculating Russian phrases after every number, sat to the right of me and it was all very colorful and sign and exciting. The dances were charming and beautifully done, and left me wistfully pining of the time Madame Albertina Rasch covered me doing mad fandangos with Leon Novarro and wanted to put me in her pool, thence to burst forth a full-fledged merina. But the thought of years of practice made me decline the enticing offer. You know your Mitzi. I like to do things quick!

Next day the ballet lunched at M-G-M and I perched them around the lot. David Haines, who is a marvelous dancer, and very Dolph Valentino-ish looking besides, reeked, astonished and upset: "What—it is in the studio that they make the vonderful zan? Not in the jangle?" But when he saw Paul Lukas on "The Casino Murder Case" and they got to jabbering away in Hungarian or something just as romantic, he was happy again.

CHINE was having a studio test made next day and asked me to be present, but I couldn't, because why, I was having lunch with Adrienne Ames and her husband, Bruce Cabot. Adrienne

is the girl who looks coolly devastating in man-tailored suits. They had just arrived the night before, by way of New York, from London, where she and Nils Asther did a picture. Our lunch was at the Vendome. . . . But wait! yelps skitter-scatter Mitzi, while I give you a brief synopsis of their previous twenty-four hours. Off the train the night before! Eight hours shut-eye at a hotel! A dash into the Beverly Hills sunshine, house hunting, early in the morning! Success at 11 a. m.! Moved, bag, baggage, and bundles by twelve! And at the Vendome, crisp, cool and cordial, at one! What a woman! What a man!

All through this letter I've been tempted to stop and surrender myself to memories of the elegant party at the Trocadero the other night . . . so I will re-live it, by Telling you All . . . or, all that I can! First, we gathered in the bar downstairs, and I met the guest of honor, Jamshed Dinshaw Petit, a good looking young banker from Bombay, India, whose family is very influential there, and is related to the English Sassoons. He was surrounded by a Bevy of Beauties, among whom were Jean Parker, very "Little Womanish" in a off-the-shoulder dress, a velvet band around the throat and a gardenia in the heaped-up curls; Betty Furness, very sleek and smart; Maureen O'Sullivan, charming and fresh; the lovely ladies, Irene Hervey, Muriel Evans, Joan Marsh, and several more. Mrs. Ida Koverman, famous executive assistant to Mr. Mayer, threw the *soirée*, and anything she does is done well . . . like picking Jean Parker from a newspaper picture and making a star of her. Of course, I ain't mercenary, or anything like that, but when I say the favors us girls got—from Mr. Petit, by the way—I was extra specially glad I came. Allow me to flaunt my

large, flat, gleaming silver evening case, all completely fitted out, and containing two cards, one of which carried the donor's English name, and the other his Indian one. Cute?

The dinner table, little one, will interest you. It seated thirty-five guests, and was trimmed with a charming barnyard touch of half a dozen white glazed-china roosters from whose backs rose triumphant sprays of red and white carnations and lilies-of-the-valley. Let me add, as casually as I can, that we also got corsages of mammoth gardenias. Among the gentlemen whose names you'd know, were Mr. Carrillo, Bill Henry, Harvey Stephens, Robert Taylor and my pals Howard Strickling, Louis B. Mayer and Woody Van Dyke. It didn't take them five seconds to discover the net bags on the table filled with small colored felt balls, and whee-e-e-e! . . . what a barrage!

A VERY choice picture was made by the dainty, picturesquely-gowned Jean Parker, who shrieked with glee every time she socked Bob Taylor on the ear. And Taylor was no dub himself when it came to hitting the bell. (Lawsie, how did I resist writing "belle?" Give me credit, baby!)

The nice Mr. Petit seemed somewhat bewildered by so much mad goings-on, and perhaps it is as well that he is shortly to resume his world cruise. However, I'm seeing him tomorrow at a big ranch party, and I shall not only take pitchers for you to see, but also will relate how he reacts to the wilder and woollier aspects of Western life!

What's this? Do I see your languid hand politely patting that rosebud mouth? Right ho! Then I hereby bids you a fond adoo.

Yours to a curly brown crisp,

MITZI.

Amazingly Mild with NEW KIND of Mildness

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

HEAR JOHNNIE IN PERSON
Tune in Tuesday Nights
RADIO'S SMARTEST MUSICAL SHOW

Call for PHILIP MORRIS

America's finest 15¢ Cigarette

Hollywood, My Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

We were a motion picture troupe of twenty years ago, exceedingly hot, dirty and tired.

We gazed languidly at the white-thatched, leather-faced antique Mexican Indian who flashed white teeth as he cheerily grinned into our dead pans.

"*Salud y pesedas, amigos!*"

"What the deuce is he selling?" grumbled Bill Frawley as we half-heartedly returned the salutation.

"Health and wealth, friends!"

Translating, the conductor turned to the troupe of pioneer movie actors. "That's an old California Spanish toast. There is more health and wealth out in them thar desert hills than you'll ever find in the big city and here's where you folks get off. This is Palm



Fredric March, as Victor Hugo's most celebrated hero, *Jean Valjean*, from the literary masterpiece, "*Les Miserables*," in a scene with little Marilyn Knowlden

Springs station. Don't step on any horned toads."

We ignored the kidding. We were very unhappy about it all.

"Palm Springs?" said Bill indignantly, "Where the devil are the springs? I don't even see a palm."

Nor did I. Nor did the rest of the troupe. As far as the human eye could strain, there was nothing to see but a vast, barren, lonely, awesome wilderness. Rugged mountain peaks, shimmering in the blistering heat waves, looked like monstrous devils. We felt very low. If we lacked the vision to conjure mirages that would have revealed to us the Palm Springs of today, we were really more to be pitied than censured.

Back in the those pioneer Hollywood days when men were men and meals were few, the desert was a vast hunk of territory to be avoided like smallpox. Only the hardened cowboys, who had been lured by the movies, took it lightly.

To a couple of clover-kickers like Bill Frawley and me, the desert was more or less a rendezvous for cactus and sagebrush, mirages and hot sands, rattlesnakes and Gila monsters.

"I wanna go home," announced Bill as I

recall, and although "home" was his quaint nickname for that Hollywood boarding house, we all felt the same way about it. We were scared to death.

Before we could follow our natural impulses to get back on the train and go right away from there, anywhere, fate took a hand. With many whoops and yips, a band of cowboys arrived with a lotta hosses and plenty of wise-cracks at the expense of us tenderfeet.

Presently, the Mazappas were jogging along, each to his own peculiar style of riding, towards what our guides claimed would be a right pretty little oasis in the heart of the desert. Or words to that effect. We were still plenty skeptical and pessimistic, however. Like the brave old '49ers, we couldn't realize at the time that we were real, honest-to-gawd movie pioneers who would probably go down in picture tradition as the heroes who made history. Or something.

If a fella's foresight was only as good as his hindsight, Bill Frawley and I could have been the Rockefellers of the West. The old horned toad of a conductor was right. There was health and wealth out in them thar desert hills all the time, only it took us nearly twenty years to find it out.

After some fifteen miles of dodging Joshua trees and cactus, we got our first glimpse of the primitive little Cahuilla Indian village then called Palm Springs. The main stem was a dusty desert road, dotted here and there with datepalms, figs, oleanders, smoke trees and tamaracks. Outside of the Indian reservation and a few straggling frame buildings there was nothing to mar the peaceful landscape.

A FEW tents and one tiny bungalow comprised the lone "hotel" which was later to become famous the world over as the Desert Inn.

It was operated by an indomitable, jolly, far-seeing woman who is as well known today as her inn. Nellie Coffman.

How Mrs. Coffman first discovered the oasis, how she made friends with the Indians, how she persuaded the government through that friendship to make certain land grants for a resort, and how she bravely struggled to make Palm Springs the greatest winter resort in the West, is one of the most amazing of stories.

In the few days we were there on location, whether working and sweating in the sun, or lolling in the shade, we fell completely under the spell of the desert's everlasting peace.

We could understand why there are "desert rats." Men who are born clover-pickers, apple-knockers, hillbillies, swamp rabbits or even city slickers succumb to the irresistible lure of the desert. From youth to old age these prospector-dreamers called "desert rats" set forth with grub-stakes and faithful burros each year to seek the gold strikes they never find. But seldom do they ever return to their native lands.

We could understand Mrs. Coffman's dream of a beautiful and charming little health resort when she first sighted the valley from the crest of one of the peaks of the snow-capped San Gorgonio mountain range which guards this desert country. But no mortal, not even the lady of blessed vision, could have dreamed the Palm Springs of today.

Regretfully we pulled away from that peaceful little desert village so many years ago.

Even Bill Frawley admitted that "maybe the desert will amount to something after all."

And How!

Today, Palm Springs is as beautiful as it picturesque. Even the newness of the Hollywood shops cannot destroy the charm. Re-flowering ocotillo cactus, grown and woven in the most unique fences, guards the home. Where one tree grew before, now scores of semitropical trees and shrubs beautify the street and lawns. A tiny mountain stream, shaded by willows and cottonwoods, weaves its way down from Tahquitz canyon. The Smoke Tree and Deep Well ranches are as attractive to tourists as the Desert Inn and El Mirador hotels. And there is another beautiful resort being built some ten miles out in the desert which will be appropriately named War Sands.

For those who want complete peace and rest with absolutely nothing to do, there is exclusive La Quinta with its magnificent hotel and homes some twenty miles away. There was the late Marie Dressler's favorite spot. Here Ruth Chatterton, Grace Moore, Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent and others seek rest from the hurly-burly.

The desert is a God-send to hard-working, hard-playing Hollywood. The warm, baking sun, crisp cool nights and fresh clean air generates vim and vigor in tired minds and bodies and calms down shattered nervous systems.



The latest *Philo Vance*—Paul Lukas, who will play the famous rôle in another of the S. S. Van Dine thrillers to come to the screen, "*The Casino Murder Case*"

For those who are too playful to simply rest and bathe their bodies to a nut-brown in the sun, there is plenty of play.

We stag refugees didn't get such a terrific kick out of seeing a few of our fellow brave running around in the primitive, as we feel kinda he-mannish and savage ourselves. But when the squaws are turned loose away from the home reservations, that's different.

WHEN a fella can get an eyeful of such lookers as Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert and Jean Harlow all in one afternoon, ambling and lolling around in nothing but shorts and what you-may-call-'ems—and obviously not caring

they look any more than Shirley Temple—those are sights guaranteed to cure blind-
hay fever, paralysis, dyspepsia or the
its in any man.

the beautiful girls kept strolling by in
us but charming bits of undress, Senor
Woolsey expanded proudly.

looks like I'm a pretty wise guy to buy a
right here," he announced. "Is this
ery?"

S. Fields and Errol wanted to know what
a does when he is tired of looking. The
man Chamber of Commerce exploded:
listen, chumps, you played that swell
nine-hole course today, didn't you? Well,
lie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy have built
swell tennis courts and a swimming pool
everybody goes . . ."

know, I know," interrupted Senor
Wheeler, impatiently. "But what does a
do at night?"

HORSEBACK riding," retorted our host.
"Horseback riding in the desert moonlight
your best girl. Boy, oh boy, is that some-
?"

Yes, indeedy," conceded Senor Fields,
my riding ain't what it used to be."

Senor Wheeler brightened up. "Didja see
make all those passes at the Dunes last
t? Didja see Al Wertheimer's eyes pop
when those babies galloped home to
ly?"

Swell dance rhythm that bunch of boys
too," added Senor Arlen dreamily, "and
food is the best anywhere in this country."

Our host glared at his partner. "That mug
Wheeler," he said, "is a night owl. He flew
n thousand miles with me on our trip
nd the world, over India, Siam, Java,
the South Seas and Egypt—and he slept

most of the way. But, he made every night
club from Shanghai to Cairo. That punk
would go looking for a night club in the Gar-
den of Eden."

Senor Wheeler remained undisturbed. "May-
be so," he said, "but I crave action. I know of
a sleeper in the seventh race at Santa Anita
tomorrow that I wanta see run the legs off
those other nags. Besides, I got a date at
Caliente tomorrow night, so I'm shoving off
bright and early."

Our host's apoplexy was averted by Senor
Fields. "The trouble is with us guys," he
said, "we don't appreciate the benefits of
nature. Health and wealth, that's the thing.
There's plenty of health here, and I'll bet
there is even gold out in those hills at that."

"Gold!" shouted Senor Woolsey. "Gold!
Boys, I'm going to let you in on a secret. In a
year I won't have to worry about being funny.
I'm staking a fella called Last Chance, and
we have a claim staked out in a forgotten
canyon near here which will make us both
rich. If Wheeler gets some sense I may let
him in on it."

"Nuts," retorted Senor Wheeler feelingly,
and we all retired to our siestas. Next morn-
ing as we took our departure, the last we saw
of Senor Woolsey, he was busily engaged with
a long, white-bearded old dude, who had a
pick and a pack parked on a couple of sleepers
called burros. They were all set for the gold
rush, and at this writing, we don't know
whether Woolsey took off on one of the burros
or not.

New York

Back at the Lakeside golf club in Hollywood
the next week-end, the same clan, minus Senor
Woolsey, gathered. It was noon Friday, and
we were having lunch. Some fella says, "How
about the week-end? Where you goin'?"

Well, as usual, there were a couple of customers
for Palm Springs and Caliente, and some
were driving up to Santa Barbara.

Up spoke the irrepressible Bill Frawley, and
says he:

"There is only one place to spend the week-
end—and that's New York. I'm taking the
four o'clock plane outa here. I'm having lunch
at noon tomorrow with some pals of mine at
the Astor. In the afternoon I'm going to
catch the matinee of "Anything Goes." For
cocktails I'm going to meet Lillian Emerson,
a swell gal, at the Waldorf. Then we're going
to join Billy Gaxton and Madeline Cameron,
Ethel Merman and Victor Moore at the
Twenty-one for dinner, where I expect to see a
few really smart Hollywood guys like Austin
Parker and Don Stewart. We'll drop up to the
Casino in the Park for a little dance, and after
that we'll probably drop in to Leon and
Eddie's or the El Morocco for a night cap.
Daylight is going to catch up to us at Ruben's,
and Sunday noon a bunch of us will get to-
gether for a good, old-fashioned ham and egg
breakfast at the Tavern. The gang will put
me back on the plane at four o'clock Sunday
afternoon, and I'll be back in Hollywood for
work, if any, at seven o'clock Monday morn-
ing."

SENOR FRAWLEY paused for a breath,
but we were all too stunned to interrupt.
He went on enthusiastically:

"New York is the only place to enjoy the
week-end, you chumps. You get a chance to
really do things and see something. These
Hollywood honeys are O. K. but there's a
lotta gals in little ol' New York, too, that you
don't sit around and throw rocks at." He
got up and started away. "So long, fellas, I'll
be seeing you Monday."

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Most lipsticks impair your lips' greatest charm—lustre. They either paint or stain—with an ugly purple undertone. It has remained for

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A Heroine to Her Tailor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

makes one excuse or another to enter the room. But as soon as she discovered that her reserve was respected, she proved herself to be the human, friendly girl that she is to her few close friends.

Watson has made two or three dozen suits for her, and more top coats than he can count. Top coats amount to a passion with her.

NO man is a hero to his valet, they say, but Garbo certainly is a goddess so far as her tailor is concerned.

"Sometimes we keep her for more than two hours for fittings, but she is always charming and patient," said Mr. Watson. She is particularly fond of her fitter. He is a Norwegian, and they talk together in Swedish while he is adjusting a new garment. She talks to me, too, mainly about Sweden and books, sometimes about people. But she always seems to be conscious that her command of English is not perfect, and she frequently makes apologies for it. But I have never heard her yet say a single word against anyone."

(It is an interesting fact that Garbo's chauffeur once said the same thing to me in almost the same words).

"Of course," continued Watson, "much depends upon her mood. She has 'good' and 'bad' days. From what I know of her, her mood seems to depend upon her health. But no matter how badly she feels, she never is rude, never impatient, and she never twists around or fidgets as so many people do.

"I have seen her, when she feels well and happy, dance the length of this room, laughing and being as happy and as unself-conscious as a ten-year-old child. One day she even got up on this table and did a little dance. If she is

in a gay mood, she does not mind who is here or how many people are looking at her. Sometimes, if she feels particularly well, she even stays after her fitting is over, takes a small glass of wine, and tells some little stories."

Bud Watson admits that he never knows what to expect from Garbo.

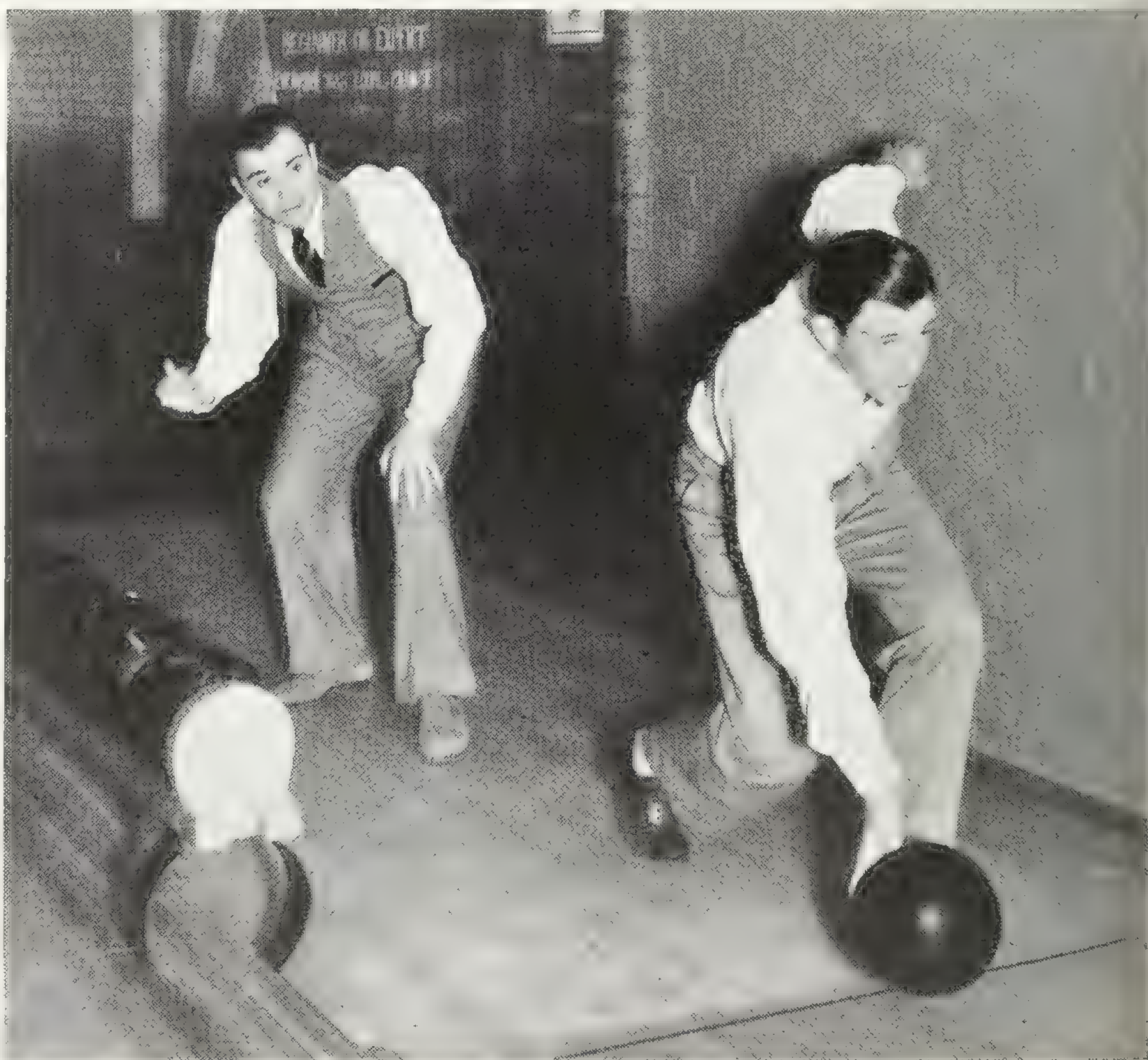
One day an actor glimpsed her as she crossed the room, headed for her private cubbyhole. He is a big star now, but he had played a small part in one of her first pictures. Because there had been some friendliness between them years before, he mustered up his courage and sent a message back to Bud, requesting a chance to say "Hello" to her for old time's sake.

Garbo's answer was brief and to the point. "Tell him I do not want to see him," she said, and that was that. It wasn't intentional rudeness. It was just that she didn't feel like it.

On the other hand, there is Rod LaRoque's experience. Garbo was looking over a fabric when he entered. LaRoque has great character of manner all his own. Probably that is why he was not deserted the moment he said "Hello. Are you thinking of buying that? I think it will be charming for you."

Within a few minutes they were chatting like old friends about weaves and lines.

HER usual procedure in choosing a new garment is to look through the innumerable magazines which are scattered all over the modernistic green, white and brown waiting room. When she finds a picture which pleases her she says, "There! That is what I want!" suggests a few changes, and has bolts and materials piled near so that she may drag



George Murphy is aiming for a strike, and Fred Keating is afraid he's going to make it! And incidentally, Fred is almost as good a bowler as he is a kibitzer

Get one and then another over her shoulders for the general effect.

A peculiar thing about her is that when she looks into the mirror she almost recoils. "Oh, look terrible!" she exclaims, and seems very unhappy and discouraged about herself. She really does not look so strong and well as she might, though the look of weariness does nothing to dim her loveliness.

Usually she telephones that she is coming, but quite frequently she just drops in. Then, of course, her especial fitter drops everything to attend to her. Sometimes she is wearing slacks, sometimes suits. In summer, she occasionally appears in tailored shorts under a coat.

The sketches she chooses as models may be fashion drawings from a style book, or illustrations for a story, or advertising photographs. It makes no difference where she finds an idea, if it is what she desires.

She is always quite definite about what she wants in color and cut. She orders tans and slacks almost exclusively. She prefers plain buttons, but once in a while has ordered fancy ones. She adores tweeds, but there is never anything faddish about the cut. Her sport suits are almost severely plain, although she absolutely rules out the purely masculine style, refusing to have her shoulders padded in slightly.

She never has ordered a suit with trousers, though she has many pairs of slacks for walking.

For blouses, she wears sweaters or wool jersey polo shirts with short sleeves—white, blue or tan.

She usually buys several suits at a time. Invariably, they are without fur. There is a distinguishing feature about her rather plain coats. All have huge collars large enough to be turned up around her head, completely hiding her face. That is one reason she manages to get into Watsons' so frequently without being seen.

Getting out is another matter.

The coat collar and dark glasses make a good guard against curious eyes, but people have learned to know her old auto. And, infrequently, a crowd is waiting when she is ready to leave.

Her habit is to send anyone who is with her down to the street to see if reporters, photographers or fans are waiting. One time her friend, Salka Viertel, did a little reconnoitering and reported the coast clear. But when Garbo stepped forth, a cameraman jumped out from somewhere and snapped her picture. Mrs. Viertel, enraged at the surprise, chased him down the street, caught the unfortunate man, and rolled his camera into the gutter.

However charming and thoughtful Garbo is as a client, Bud Watson admits that there are several things about her that give him no end of worry and trouble, in spite of the fact that she never protests any item and always pays her bills on the dot with her personal check.

One question that disturbs him is why a man so attractive as Garbo does not go out and enjoy herself more.

"Marlene Dietrich goes out and has a good time, doesn't she?" he says. "You'd think that Garbo would want some fun out of life, wouldn't you?"

The other thing that bothers him is the fact that she moves so frequently that he has a terrible time delivering the clothes he makes for her.

She always forgets to give him the new dress!



"I think people with sensitive throats prefer Old Golds" says *Dolores Del Rio*

WARNER BROS. STAR

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AMERICA'S SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

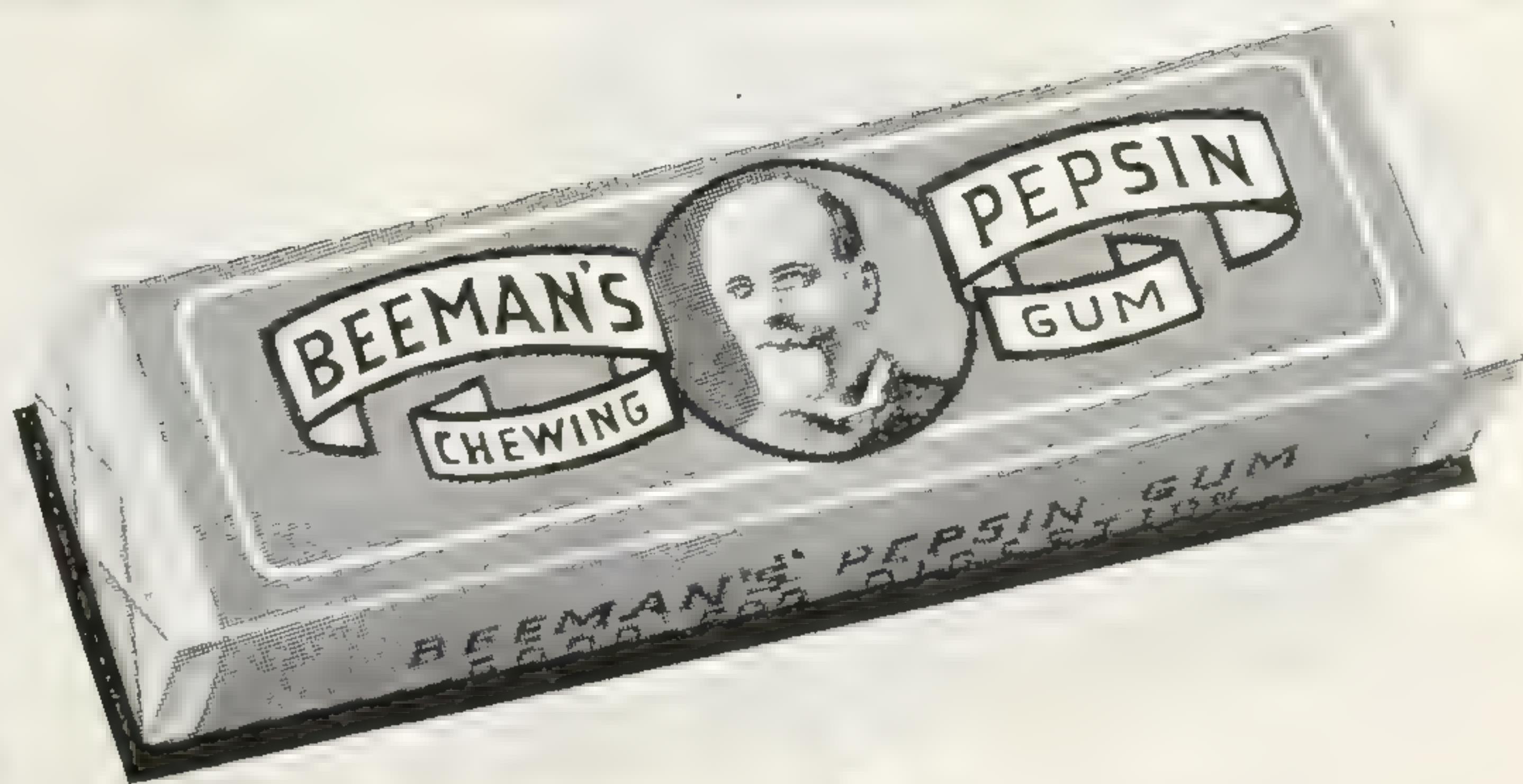
Kitty Carlisle wears a wheat gold felt hat from Bruck Weiss, N. Y.



Fashions, inspired and popularized by the motion pictures, are presented first in

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Lots of it**



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B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

So—you know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. *Kurlash* costs only \$1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), \$1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. *Lashtint Compact* may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department A-5, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

My Mom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

it for a while. Just to show you how she is, though. What should I see in my room on Christmas but the picture? Honest to gosh, that broke my heart. But I couldn't tell Mom. I just gave her a kiss, and skipped it, cause a guy can't be a big sissy.

As I was saying before though about this headman business. I'm it—and what I say generally goes around there. Saturday nights, for instance. I told Mom she could make dates any night of the week but Saturday—that was my day. Well, she's been pretty good about it. We have been out together almost every Saturday. Course, she forgets every once in a while, but then, you know Mom, she's got so darned many social obligations.

NATURALLY, I have to exert myself every once in a while and just tell her. Those Siamese cats of hers for instance. Well, one of them's cock-eyed. Can't see worth a darn, either. She tried to tell me that was a sign of being rare or some such stuff. So finally I had to tell her that that was the bunk. I said, "Poor cat, going around the house bumping into chairs all the time," appealing to her sympathy, see? Well, we finally settled that. Now Mom's has a pair of specks made for the cat. They're strapped on like goggles sorta, and they're all right. What's more the cat can see now, even though he makes you die laughing, just looking at him.

Course, there's one thing I ought to have good and well understood about my Mom. She's a very sweet and big-hearted woman, not at all like the parts she plays on the screen. I have to laugh seeing her all decked out in diamonds on the screen. For a fact, I guess my Mom's one of the few women in the world who hasn't even got a diamond to her name. She just never spends her money on stuff like that.

But I know one thing, and I'm going to surprise her some day. When I'm through school and making plenty of money, I'm going

to cover her with diamonds and furs from to head.

Those furs remind me of a story I'm going to tell you about Mom. It was when we came out here from New York, and she was a set of furs to go with a get-up she was planning. Well, Mom never was much for planning down a lot of dough right on the line she just made a first payment and let it go that. Well, she worked plenty hard all summer and kept paying on the furs, and as I would have it for Mom, I got sick. Had to my appendix taken out, and just like that went Mom's last fur payment.

Getting back to her picture rôles, you know it's funny. Something happened not so very long ago which shows my position exactly. and Mom went to a school party together one day, and I'm always kinda self-conscious talking her with me, cause everyone always stands at her and everything. But it was swell this certain time when one of the kids came to me at the racket and said, "What's girl's name you're with?" I said, "That's a girl—that's my Mom." He said, "Go, she's good looking, isn't she?" Course, couldn't wait until I got to Mom and told her. "And what's more," I said, "we're going to have a good time at this party cause no one knows you're a motion picture star!"

She's a pretty perfect person, my Mom considering everything. Honest, the only thing she ever does that really gets in my hair is get nervous. Then, you see, I have to be a yes-man, and I don't care much about the stuff. But a man can't argue with a lady. Mom says, and as I always figure afterward at least I'm learning to be diplomatic which Mom says is always a good thing in Hollywood.

REMEMBER reading somewhere that even one in motion pictures should have a sense of humor, or they're lost. Well, I guess everyone knows my Mom has a sense of humor, but naturally they don't know as much about it as I do. For instance, not so very long ago some



Shakespeare didn't know about ice-cream cones, but Dick Powell, *Lysander* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," bought 'em for the cast

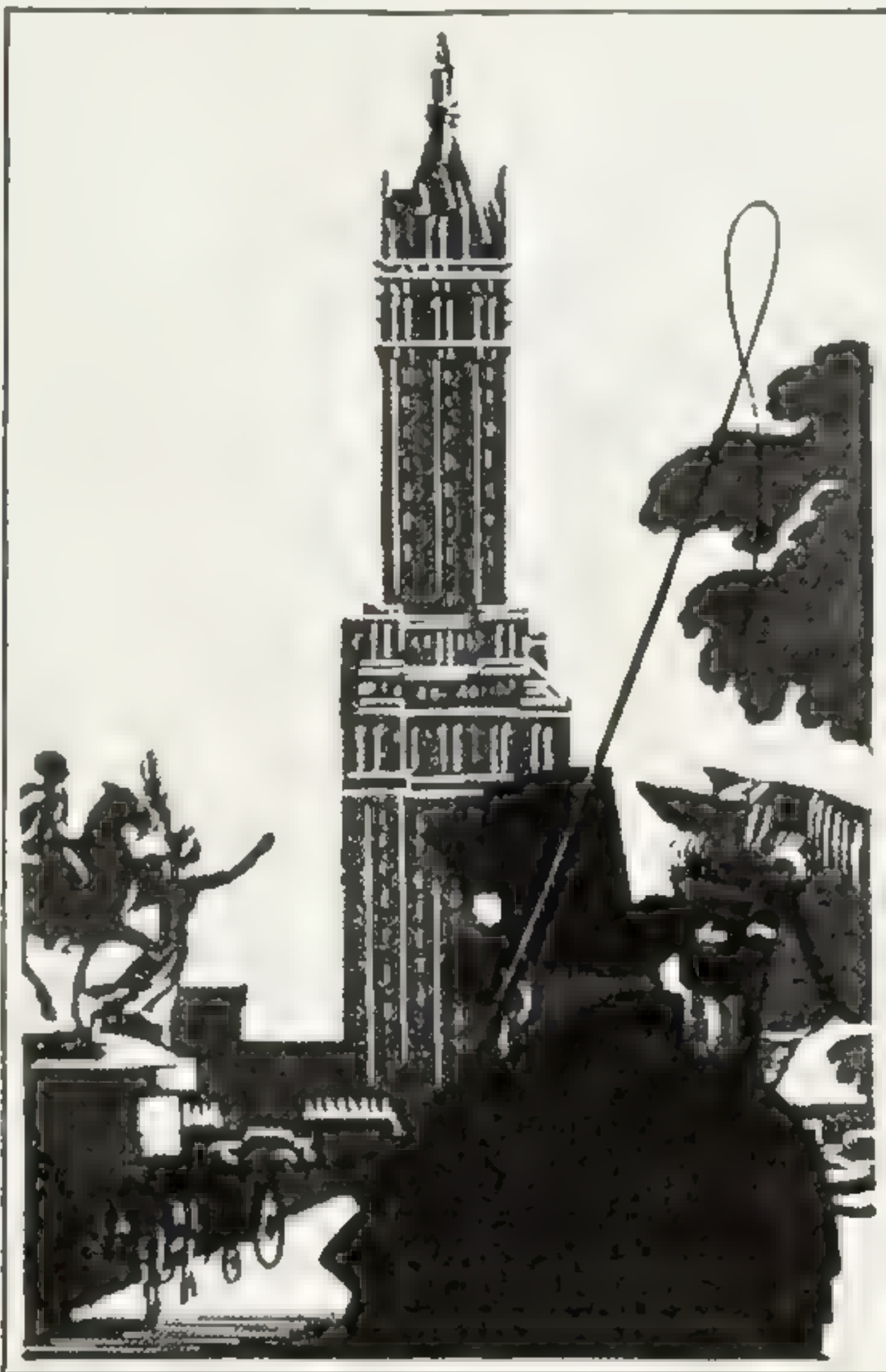
happened. I was playing with the gang in the backyard of our new place in Laurel. Mom gets domestic every once in a while, which she did this day, and started making pie. Well, I'm not very much for pulling on Mom, but gosh, the pie sure looked good sitting in the window. I knew I couldn't have more than a bawling out, cause Mom would spank me, and now I'm pretty big for a sort of thing. So—well, we took the pie and naturally ate it. Mom suspicioned me, but she didn't say a word. Just put the pie on the window, and walked back to her house. Now that's what I'm coming to Mom's sense of humor. When I went up to the window to take a look at the pie she had a note stuck to it and it said, "More coming up." Well, gosh, what has a guy got in a case like that? I want to say in ending this story that I do appreciate my Mom and everything she has done for me. I know she's worked hard for a long time, and I know she thinks a lot of me too. Lots of guys' mothers play hard on the time and are late getting home and all that sort of stuff. Those mothers must be awful lonesome, but my Mom's not like that. I got a good reason to be afraid of her other than that, cause she doesn't like me to drink or swear, and I can always talk things over with her. Gosh, you know how things like the problems a guy has in this world age. And just between you and me, on these pages, I'll make her proud of me some day, match and see. I ought to tell you though in winding up my story on Mom. She's always been a good friend, see, about how I should be in school and everything and never a day unless I'm sick or something like that. Well, I'm dying everytime I tell this one to you. I was only sent home from school for a few days in my life, and that was the time Mom came to school herself, kissed me goodbye a dozen times, and my teacher sent me home for having lip-stick all over my face. Gosh—gee-whiz—do you blame me for thinking that's swell?

Good Taste In Food

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

serve with apple sauce or maple syrup. Her delicious entree from the Grace Culinary repertoire:
Fried Chicken: Begin with one quart of oil in a deep skillet. Heat four tablespoons of oil in a deep skillet. Add one chopped green pepper and one cup of chopped fresh green beans. Sprinkle in one to two tablespoons of salt and half a cup of uncooked rice. Cover with enough water to cook the rice and cook slowly from thirty to forty minutes. Watch that the skillet always contains enough water to cover the rice, which will be quite dry and flaky when it is done. You may select your own salads to accompany these savory entrees, but a salad of green beans would be the most appropriate either one. Lettuce, romaine, chicory, green beans and endive are the usual ingredients—two or more of them. Have you ever tried adding a few dandelion greens from your own backyard or the market? They have a pleasant, quite refreshing and different taste. This type of salad with French or Italian dressing.

WHERE ELSE ...this perfect setting



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Suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving Pantry. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.

The Sherry-Netherland

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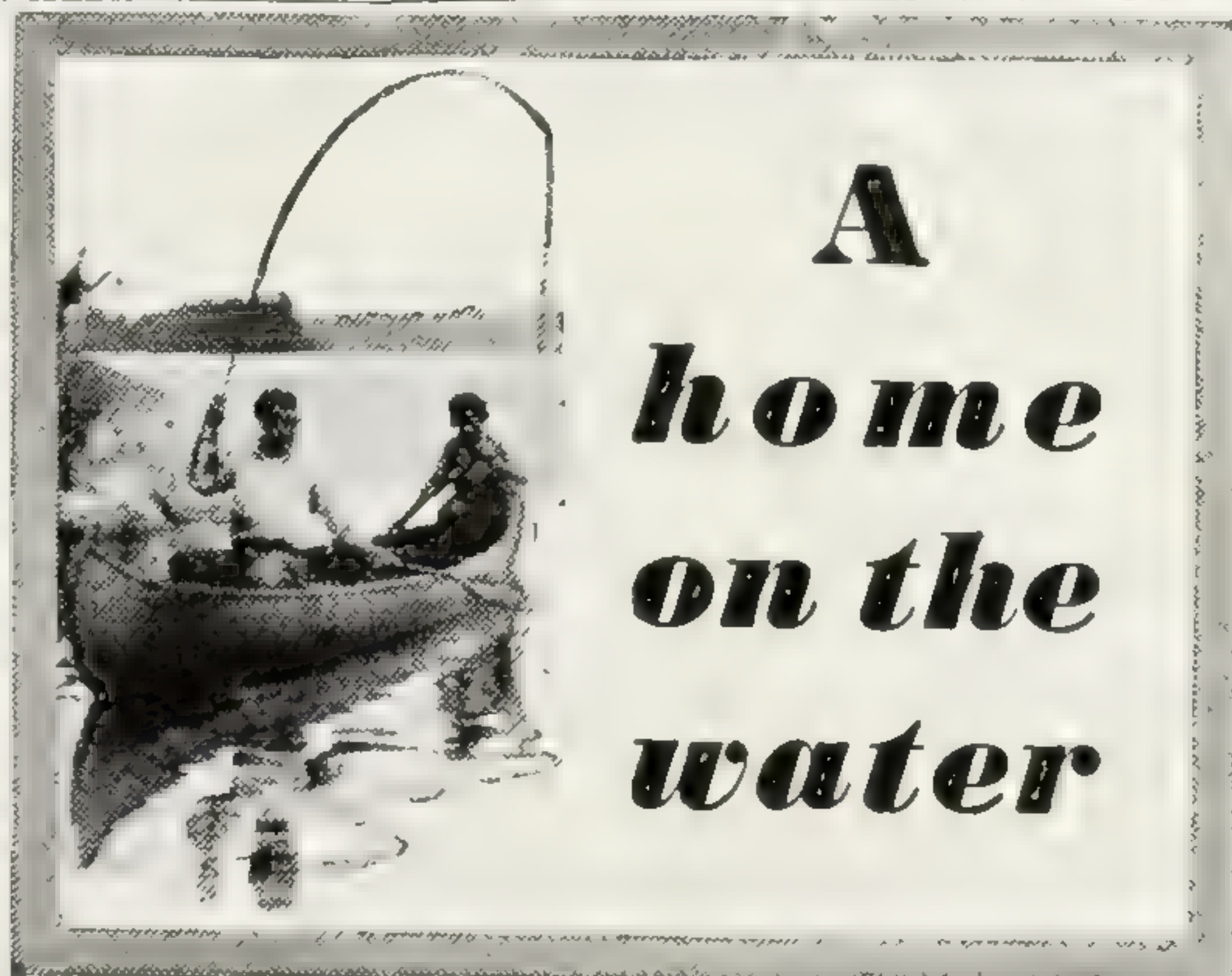
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Street
City State
Color of your hair?



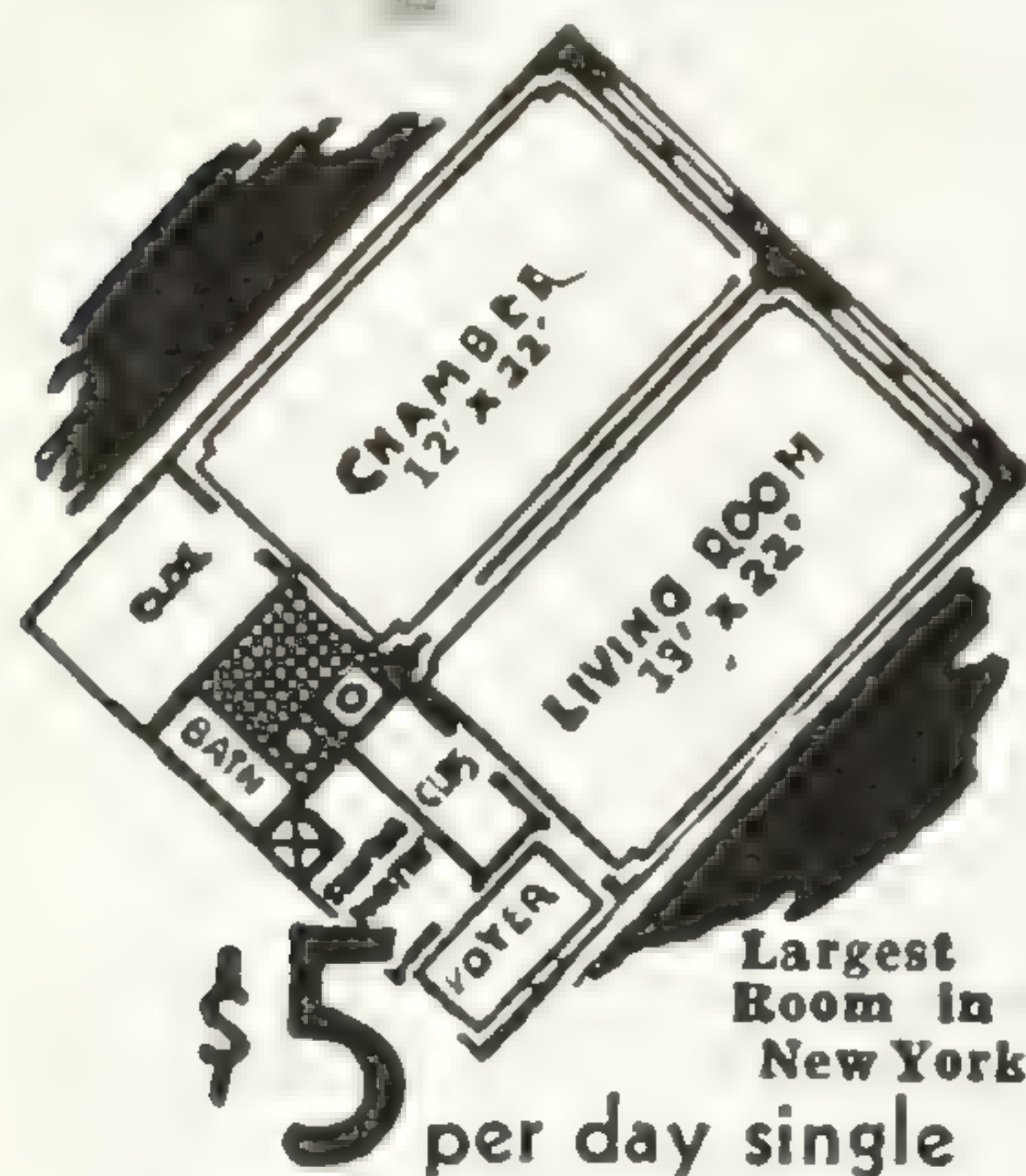
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SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

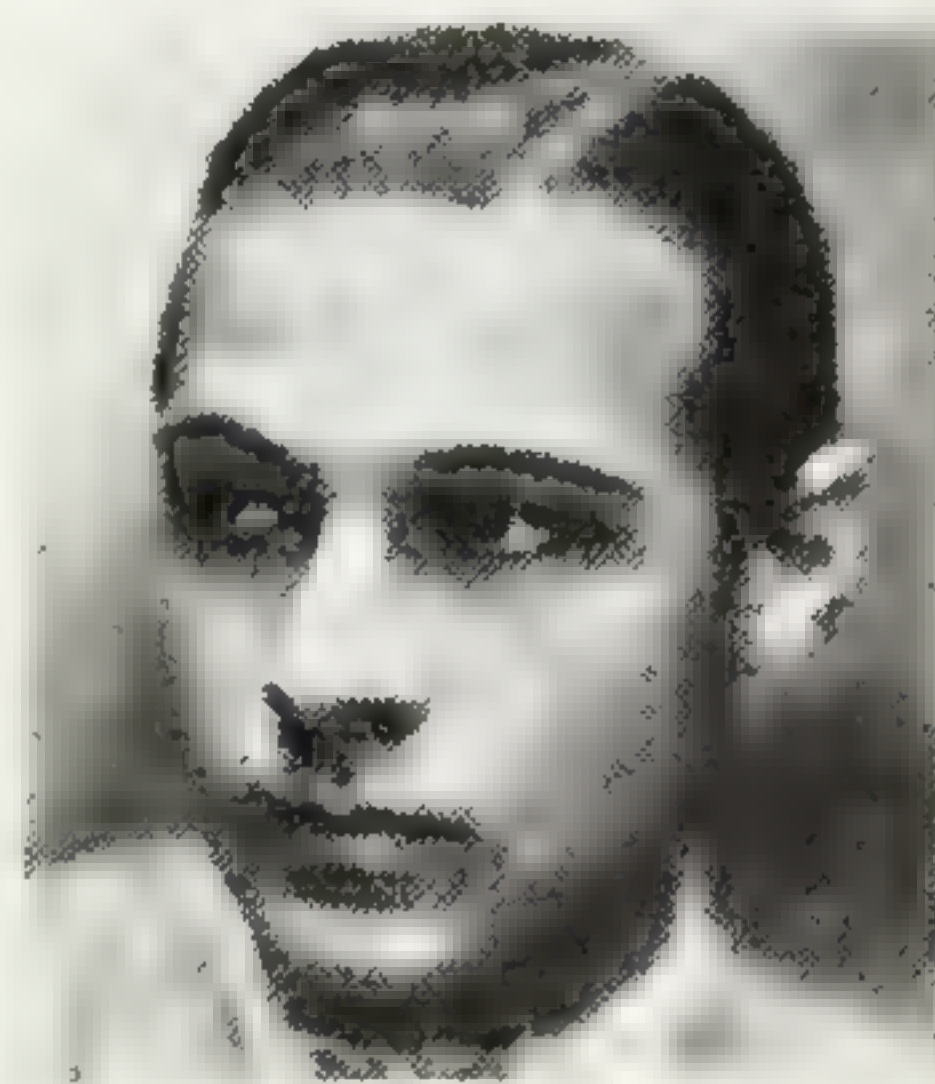


GLORIA SWANSON

LADIES wore 'em in 1920, but it's hard to believe! We're talking about the fashions of fifteen years ago. PHOTOPLAY for May, 1920, carried an article entitled "Jazzing up the Fashions" in which the influence of movies on ladies' dresses was discussed. And the dresses—even with models like Mary Miles Minter, and Pauline Frederick are too, too funny. One little number the girls had a yen to copy was a Gloria Swanson gown that cost eight thousand dollars, all bedecked with pearls and a mole-skin train. Will the gowns now being worn in "Roberta" one day look that funny? There was a page of baby pictures in this issue, cunning youngsters of the stars. One two year old, clutching a toy duck, was Wallace Reid, Jr., now all grown up. "Why isn't Seena Owen a Star?" was the

question asked in another art. The answer was "The camera was cruel to her." But camera must have changed! For Seena (whose real Scandinavian name was Signe Auen) went plucky after 1920. She dropped out when the talkies came, but recently returned in a small part, "All The King's Horses." Hollywood was excited because George Carpentier, French champion prize-fighter, had been signed for pictures. Annette Kellerman, who swam her way to fame, was going to make a screen comeback, according to reports. Pictures were: that sex best seller of DeMille, "Why Change Your Wife?" with Theda Bara; James Kirkwood's "The Luck of the Irish" with Noah Beery in "The Sea Wolf." On the cover, Clara Kimball Young.

10 Years Ago



RUDOLPH VALENTINO

THE world's always been interested in love. In our May, 1925, issue, the question "What is Love?" was answered by a number of the older film stars. Mary Carr described love, "As delicate as a butterfly's wing, as strong as a bolt of lightning." The current argument was whether or not the Valentino vogue was subsiding. Reason: Valentino and his wife, Natacha, insisted on producing "arty pictures," which the studios said did not pay. Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno were considered best bets for Rudy's successors. But there has never been one. A romantic story by Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay makes you sorry their marriage broke up soon after. The portraits of eight leading men were published in this issue, only three of whom are now active

in picture work: Warner Baxter and Monte Blue, still acting; Douglas MacLean, who is directing. Vilma Banky, a newcomer, was avoiding publicity, and Hollywood was amazed! One day they'd just accuse her of being Garbo. Constance Talmadge were insured by Joseph Schenck Productions for one million dollars. Norma McCoy, employed to get Indiana for "The Covered Wagon," was considered a "find" by Paramount, and cast in "The Thundering Herd." Top among the failures were, "Sally," with Colleen Moore and Irene Errol; "The Phantom of the Opera," starring Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin; "Introduce Me," with Douglas MacLean; "Lady of the Night," featuring Norma Shearer. Cover girl was Norma Shearer.

5 Years Ago



CLARA BOW

MAY, 1930! Those were the days when Clara Bow, the sex-appeal flapper, was Harry Richman's fiancée; when Sharon Lynne was Fox Film's big bet for stardom; when Jack Gilbert was the screen's greatest lover, and the film world was agog because Garbo had spoken; when Hoot Gibson was a-courting Sally Eilers, with joyful wedding bells due any moment; when the papers predicted that Mary and Doug Fairbanks were going to adopt a baby; when Ruby Keeler was just Al's wife with no screen promise, and hubby Jolson made news by presenting her a twenty thousand dollar automobile. Today Clara Bow is happily married to Rex Bell, and they have a baby son; Sharon Lynne, married to Benjamin Glazer, does an occasional rôle of lesser importance for Paramount; Hoot and Sally

are divorced; Doug and Mary are divorced; and Ruby, a star in her own right, could buy Al a car if he'd let her. "Why Six Marriages Failed," gave the inside dope on the Jacqueline Logan-Gillespie split-up; Madge Amy and Logan Metcalf's five-day marriage; the divorced Mae Busch and John C. Helene Costello and John R. Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reachi, and Anna Q. Nilsson and John G. son. The failures were blamed on the waning movie careers. Among the best films of the month were: "The Vagabond King," with Nanis King, Jeanette MacDonald and Clive Heggie—all in color; "Sarah and Son," starring Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March; "Happy Days," a Fox musical, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Mary Brian on the cover.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

CASINO MURDER CASE—M-G-M

EVERYBODY'S doing it! Doing what? Poisoning! Now Paul Lukas does a very good job as the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery. Alison Skipworth is the girl of the quarrelsome clan. And Rosalind Russell, romantic lead to the charming, clever Paul Lukas, is going to be one of your favorite actresses after this. Ted Healy and the Fazenda break up the scarey episodes with lots of good laughs.

GREAT HOTEL MURDER—FOX

It is the old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lewis-Victor McLaglen stuff, but a speedy and top-notch direction lift it from the ordinary class. McLaglen is a dumb housewife in a hotel where Low writes detective stories. A guest is poisoned, everyone is suspected, and you guess what happens. William Powell, Mary Carlisle furnish romance. C. Howard Gordon, Herman Bing and others lend support.

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH MONT BRITISH

A neat and exciting little melodrama will keep you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. A young English couple learn that a anarchistic group plan to assassinate a prominent statesman. When they take steps to warn their government, their child is kidnaped by the anarchists who threaten to kill her if the parents reveal their plans. The film is ingeniously directed and packed with suspense. John P. O'Connell (of "Little Friend" fame) is cast as the child. Edna Best and Leslie

Banks are good in the rôles of the parents, and Peter Lorre is a perfect villain.

McFADDEN'S FLATS—PARAMOUNT

THERE aren't any stars—but don't let that stop you. For this picture is outstanding entertainment.

Walter C. Kelly, in a hod carrier king rôle, makes an auspicious début on the screen. He's grand, and so is Andy Clyde as the frugal Scotch neighbor.

Things happen when Betty Furness, sent off to finishing school, goes high hat on her family, and her sweetheart, Dick Cromwell.

Plenty of laughs and maybe a snuffle. Jane Darwell and George Barbier are good.

LOVE IN BLOOM—PARAMOUNT

OH NO, it isn't the song—it's just the title. But it has some other catchy enough songs by the same composers, Gordon and Revel, capably offered by Joe Morrison and Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know). All in all this is light and bright enough entertainment, amusing, effective, sometimes emotionally tugging. Mostly about a carnival dancer who quits the racket and wins the boy of her heart in spite of papa's objections.

Those two zanies, Gracie Allen and George Burns, bungle through the plot to keep you in stitches.

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK —UNIVERSAL

YOU'LL be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael out in the limelight.



George Arliss and Maureen O'Sullivan are not in the middle of a scene in the screen version of "Cardinal Richelieu," but, believe it or not, are resting!

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POSITIVE
PROTECTION**

*Yet defies detection
Beneath Sheerest Frocks*

DESIGNED like a dancer's pantie, the MACULETTE now brings you new-found freedom, positive comfort, protection and peace of mind. Nothing to mar the trim lines of your tightest gown, thanks to this remarkable, form-fitting little pantie.



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The MACULETTE launders perfectly, belongs with your loveliest lingerie. It is a dainty, modish, glove-fitting garment, made of silken, run-proof fabric, fully guaranteed.

AT LEADING STORES

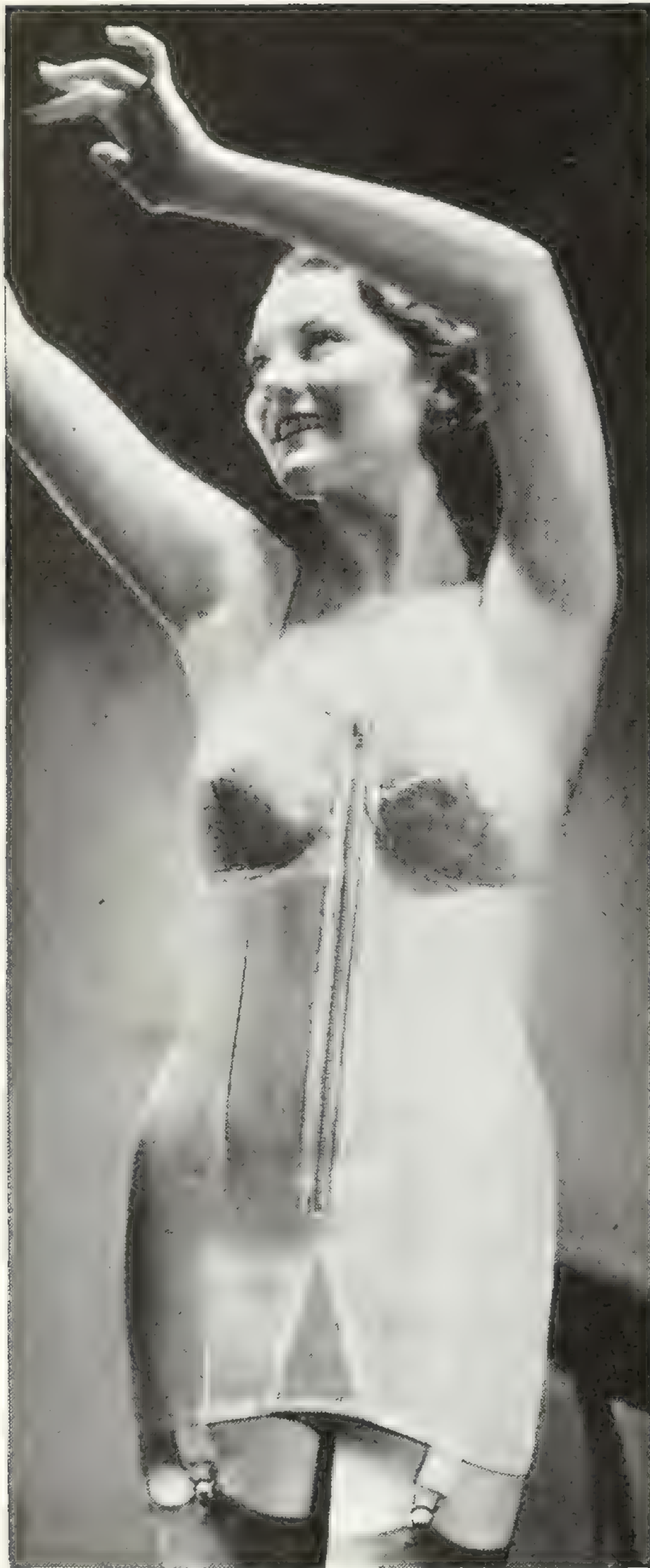


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Enclosed find One Dollar, for which please send me in plain wrapper latest model MACULETTE. My weight, dress size and color choice are indicated below. I understand your garment is unconditionally guaranteed satisfactory, or money refunded.

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My WEIGHT is.....DRESS SIZE.....
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It's so easy to slip on
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Gossard fashions this all-in-one
of peach figured batiste, with an
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Then along comes a handsome, straight-from-the-shoulder taxi driver, Lyle Talbot, and the movie actress gets a new interest in life. But so does the cabbie's little girl-friend, Heather Angel. Heather is lovely. Lyle Talbot is O.K. There's lots to laugh at, and you'll be entertained.

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-RADIO

THIS, James Barton's debut picture, isn't a fair measure of his talent.

The *Jeeter* of "Tobacco Road" is swamped for the most part in a baffling mass of story turns, although his old salt character is well drawn. But even a grand character study can be tedious, if there's little else.

Helen Westley, Henry Travers and Gene Lockhart are up to par.

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—INVINCIBLE

YOU may find this one heavy with pathetic characterization and tedious at times, although it has a certain emotional power and some very enjoyable music.

The drama of a symphony violinist, thwarted in his musical career, who finds an eventful glory in the triumph of his prodigy.

Al Shean tops the cast, with Charles Judels and Lester Lee seconding ably. Evelyn Brent and John Darrow are wasted in meagre rôles.

TRANSIENT LADY—UNIVERSAL

THIS could have been powerful stuff, but Edward Buzzell's direction wasn't quite up to the task. Nor is Frances Drake a potent enough siren to be the lady who visits a Southern town and causes the devil to pop just because she's so desirable.

For excitement there's a murder and a lynching party; for love interest there's Gene Raymond.

And for acting there are June Clayworth and Henry Hull.

CAR 99—MONOGRAM

IT IS extremely interesting to see how state police are trained, and how a police system is conducted. Sir Guy Standing, squerading as a professor in search of material for a book on the subject, is in reality the master mind behind a gang of bank robbers which results in a great deal of exciting chase. An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will certainly see twice.

THE MYSTERY MAN—PARAMOUNT

HERE is one of the slickest little pictures ever to hit the screen—the trouble is that Mr. Monogram makes a detail of the strange man and woman, broke, who register at a swank hotel as married and missus to get by until something better and remakes instead the hard-boiled-rep who-gets-drunk-in-the-first-reel-and-solves-the-mystery-in-the-last-yarn. Pretty meaty, if you like movie reporters, but much too drunk stuff and newspaper "atmosphere." Robert Armstrong and Maxine Doyle do the honors.

MUTINY AHEAD—MAJESTIC

IT'S all right if you run into this one, but don't seek it out. Just an average picture which won't bore you, but won't thrill you either. A hybrid crook-and-sea drama, with William Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread. Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames do in support.

HONGKONG NIGHTS—FUTTER PRODUCTIONS

A HIGHLY implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service Man. Incoherent and full of blood-thunder dialogues. Too bad, for the production and photography are superior. William Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer and others struggle through the maze.



The new Tarzan, in a thoughtful mood. Herman Brix, ex-cowboy and Olympic champion, has been chosen for the lead in "Tarzan and the Green Goddess," which is being filmed in Guatemala. Brix is six feet three and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. A graduate of the University of Washington, they say when Brix looks thoughtful, it isn't a pose; he has that grey matter working.

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios
 Baby LeRoy
 Carole Lombard
 Pauline Lord
 Ida Lupino
 Helen Mack
 Fred MacMurray
 Marian Mansfield
 Herbert Marshall
 Gertrude Michael
 Raymond Milland
 Joe Morrison
 Lloyd Nolan
 Jack Oakie
 Lynne Overman
 Gail Patrick
 Joe Penner
 George Raft
 Lyda Roberti
 Lanny Ross
 Charlie Ruggles
 Randolph Scott
 Marina Schubert
 Ann Sheridan
 Sylvia Sydney
 Alison Skipworth
 Queenie Smith
 Sir Guy Standing
 Gladys Swarthout
 Colin Tapley
 Kent Taylor
 Lee Tracy
 Virginia Weidler
 Mae West
 Henry Wilcoxon
 Toby Wing

Hal Roach Studios
 Don Barclay
 Billy Bletcher
 Charley Chase
 Billy Gilbert
 Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
 Brian Aherne
 Katharine Alexander
 Elizabeth Allan
 Lionel Barrymore
 Wallace Beery
 Constance Bennett
 Virginia Bruce
 Ralph Bushman
 Charles Butterworth
 Mary Carlisle
 Leo Carrillo
 Ruth Channing
 Maurice Chevalier
 Mady Christians
 Constance Collier
 Jackie Cooper
 Joan Crawford
 Dudley Digges
 Jimmy Durante
 Nelson Eddy
 Stuart Erwin
 Madge Evans
 Muriel Evans
 Louise Fazenda
 Preston Foster
 Betty Furness
 Clark Gable
 Greta Garbo
 Gladys George
 C. Henry Gordon
 Ruth Gordon
 Russell Hardie
 Jean Harlow
 Frank Hayes
 Helen Hayes
 Louise Henry
 William Henry
 Jean Hersholt

Universal Studios
 Heather Angel
 Henry Armetta
 Baby Jane
 Binnie Barnes
 Noah Beery, Jr.
 Dean Benton
 Mary Brooks
 June Clayworth
 Carol Coombe
 Philip Dakin
 Ann Darling
 Andy Devine
 Sally Eilers
 Valerie Hobson
 Henry Hull
 G. P. Huntley, Jr.
 Lois January
 Buck Jones
 Boris Karloff
 Frank Lawton

Burbank, Calif.
Warners-First National Studios
 Ross Alexander
 Johnnie Allen
 Mary Astor
 Robert Barrat
 Joan Blondell
 Glen Boles
 George Brent
 Joe E. Brown
 James Cagney
 Hobart Cavanaugh
 Colin Clive
 Ricardo Cortez
 Dorothy Dare
 Marion Davies
 Bette Davis
 Olivia de Havilland
 Dolores Del Rio
 Claire Dodd
 Robert Donat
 Ruth Donnelly
 Maxine Doyle
 Ann Dvorak
 John Eldredge
 Patricia Ellis
 Florence Fair
 Glenda Farrell
 Errol Flynn
 Grace Ford
 Kay Francis
 William Gargan
 Nan Gray
 Hugh Herbert
 Russell Hicks
 Leslie Howard
 Ian Hunter

Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.
 Fredric March
 Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.
 Jack Holt
 Victor Jory
 Fred Keating
 Marian Marsh
 Ken Maynard
 Tim McCoy
 Geneva Mitchell
 Grace Moore
 George Murphy
 Gene Raymond
 Florence Rice
 Billie Seward
 Ann Sothorn
 Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
 Billy Bletcher
 Charley Chase
 Billy Gilbert
 Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Irene Hervey
 Isabel Jewell
 Barbara Kent
 June Knight
 Otto Kruger
 Evelyn Laye
 Myrna Loy
 Jeanette MacDonald
 Una Merkel
 Robert Montgomery
 Frank Morgan
 Karen Morley
 Maureen O'Sullivan
 Cecilia Parker
 Jean Parker
 Nat Pendleton
 Rosamond Pinchot
 William Powell
 May Robson
 Mickey Rooney
 Shirley Ross
 Rosalind Russell
 Norma Shearer
 Frank Shields
 Sid Silvers
 Harvey Stephens
 Lewis Stone
 Gloria Swanson
 William Tannen
 Robert Taylor
 Pinky Tomlin
 Franchot Tone
 Henry Wadsworth
 Lucille Watson
 Johnny Weissmuller
 Diana Wynyard
 Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Bela Lugosi
 Paul Lukas
 Florine McKinney
 Douglass Montgomery
 Victor Moore
 Chester Morris
 Hugh O'Connell
 Roger Pryor
 Claude Rains
 Onslow Stevens
 Gloria Stuart
 Margaret Sullavan
 Francis L. Sullivan
 Mary Wallace
 Polly Walters
 Irene Ware
 Alice White
 Clark Williams
 Jane Wyatt

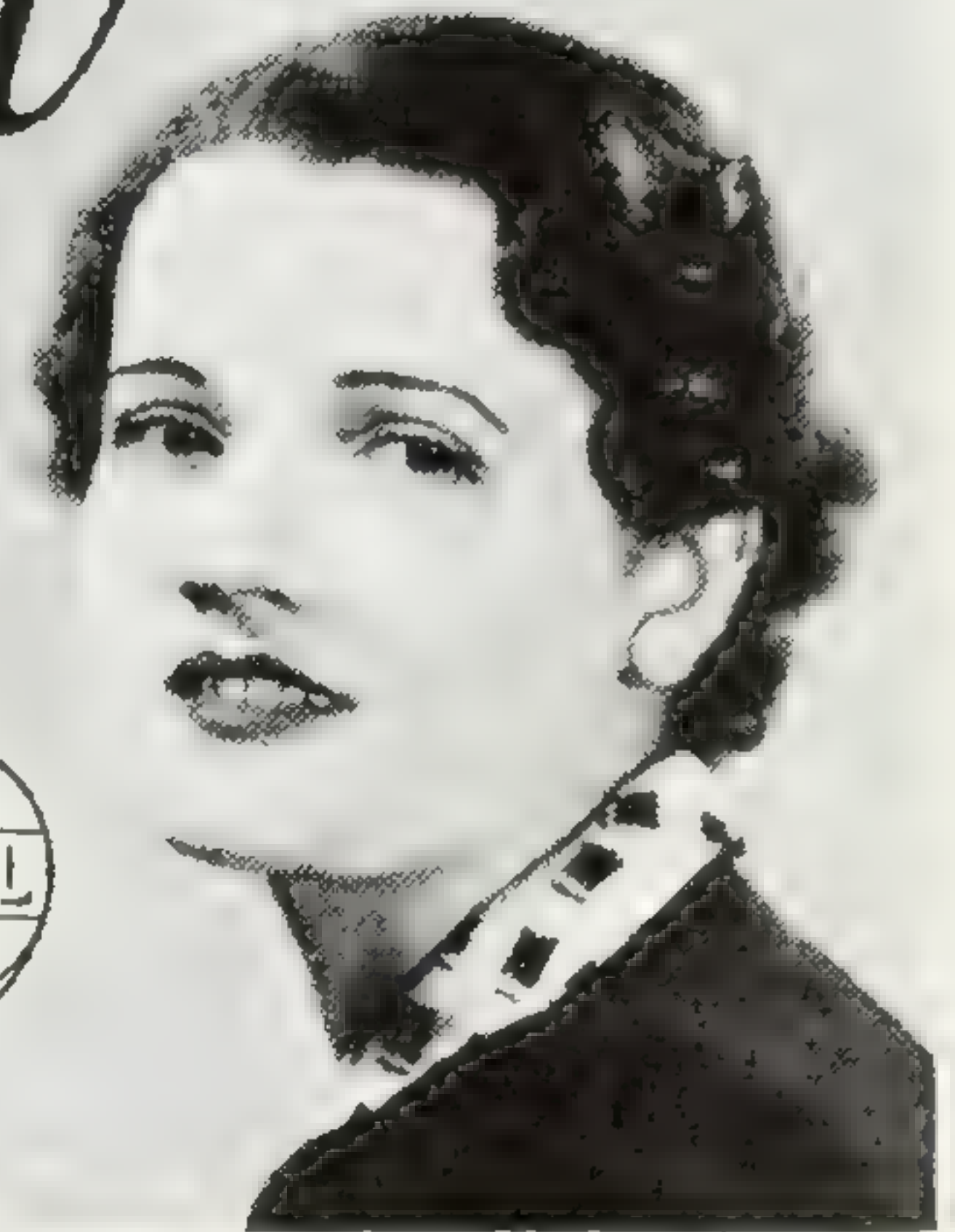
BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Josephine Hutchinson
 Allen Jenkins
 Al Jolson
 Olive Jones
 Ruby Keeler
 Guy Kibbee
 Robert Light
 Margaret Lindsay
 Anita Louise
 Helen Lowell
 Aline MacMahon
 Everett Marshall
 June Martell
 Frank McHugh
 James Melton
 Jean Muir
 Paul Muni
 Pat O'Brien
 Henry O'Neill
 Dick Powell
 Phillip Reed
 Philip Regan
 Edward G. Robinson
 Mary Russell
 Winifred Shaw
 Barbara Stanwyck
 Lyle Talbot
 Verree Teasdale
 Genevieve Tobin
 Dorothy Tree
 Mary Treen
 Rudy Vallee
 Gordon Westcott
 Warren William
 Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
 Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

*The old fear
gone—forever!*



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. And the comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

A HOLLYWOOD FASHION!

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-Yet

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light as silk. Include
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and Co., New York,
N. Y.

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AND CO.

Mail this coupon today!

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Please send new SPRING STYLE FOLDER of
Hollywood Autographed Fashions. 65P76

Name _____

Address _____

Postoffice _____

State _____

He Made a Fortune By Looking Dumb

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

Harpo Marx spent his afternoons chasing frightened blondes up and down Hollywood Boulevard. If it was ever true, as the story goes, that Charlie Butterworth's customary method of leaving a party is to take off his pants and exit with them thrown over his right arm, it is no longer true—as a small and very select group of Hollywood friends will testify.

CHARLIE lives quietly on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills with his wife, the former Ethel Kenyon, whom he married in New York in 1932. He swims, plays tennis, and seldom misses a good prize-fight. He and his wife are regulars at theatrical first nights, but are seldom seen in restaurants or night spots. Charlie's closest friends belong to the old newspaper crowd he knew in New York, Heywood Broun, Frank Sullivan and others who, like their erstwhile monologuing companion, have made their place in the publicity sun. In no sense of the much used and much abused phrase has Charlie Butterworth ever gone Hollywood.

There is nothing dumb about Charlie, either, when it comes to signing contracts. Since coming to Hollywood in 1930, he has made the studios pay high for his peculiar talents. He will make them pay higher. He knows that his name brings money to the box-office, and

he has the praiseworthy notion that a reasonable fraction of it belongs to him.

From all of which you may already have concluded that Charlie Butterworth is really dumb at all. You are right. He's smart enough to make a fortune *seeming* to dumb. He isn't the money-maker that Chaplin was at the height of his fame or that Lloyd was. It is doubtful if there will ever be another Chaplin or another Lloyd. He isn't the picture-a-year star that Eddie Cantor is. Week in and week out, there is probably more welcome name, when a picture's cast flashed upon the screen, than that of Charlie Butterworth. And there is a fundamental reason for this warm feeling of welcome, most of kinship, which wells up in all of us at the mere mention of his name.

CHARLIE is US in our least effective and most anguished moments. When he is embarrassed, as he frequently is, we are embarrassed. When he tries to be the life of the party and fails, we try and fail, too. When the telephone rings just as he is about to get into his car with his bride, it is our telephone, our bride, our disappointment. We see ourselves doing the same things he does, or tries to do, and we realize that on some occasions we have fared no better and looked no happier than Charlie does.



The crew listens in to Helen Mack's telephone conversation! Director Mitchell Leison is telling her what to say for a scene in "Night Drama"

The Girl They Tried to Forget

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

the good news from Ghent to Aix, Hollywood was in a stew of righteous indignation in her behalf, and that she was not talked of girl in Cinematown.

"I'll be darned," she said. "I wanted to know—and this was more important to her—if I didn't think the camp was a pretty cozy little box; and for the price; and if I could stand up for dinner; and why couldn't we all go to Ham's night club afterwards; and the fact that Cavalcade had been scratched was a handicap."

Of course, you really can't expect Bette Davis to get all worked up over being a *Forbidden Woman*. It has happened to her too many times before in Hollywood.

Remember when the studio that first brought her to Hollywood let her languish for months without giving her an outside chance, and then dismissed her, explaining that she had as much sex appeal as Slim Sumner?

Remember how the studio which now under contract relegated her to myriad small, puny rôles of no opportunity, from *Of Human Bondage*, played on a loan basis, to *K.O.*, eventually rescued her.

After that she had to walk out on a part to gain recognition.

Her role in *"Of Human Bondage"* was of a kind no other actress of her standing would have accepted for love or money. It was poison to what she considered her most—glamour.

At that time Warners bitterly objected—at least they refused permission—to her playing *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Finally battered them into reluctant agreement, but their warning rang in her ears: "You'll destroy any screen following you have. You'll never live it down."

She answered with a performance which made people whisper the name of another great actress—Jeanne Eagels.

Yet—at a preview of another of her pictures,

I overheard a woman next to me mutter, "There's Bette Davis—that horrible girl!"

That is the sort of thing she must brave to play what she wants to play—such as her murderess in *"Fog Over Frisco,"* and her more recent psychopathic *Lady MacBeth* wife in *"Bordertown."*

BUT it is her great courage which has allowed the little unpretty Bette Davis, with her big rolling eyes, her turned-down mouth and her twisting, slovenly carriage, to shed her ugly duckling screen feathers and become an actress whose slighting today can cause so much concern.

Oddly enough, she once told me that she had gathered her fortitude from the same Jeanne Eagels whose genius she approaches.

Eagels had said, "Never let anyone become such a friend of yours that he can tell you whether you're right or wrong about your life or your career." Bette read it somewhere. It suited her own then nebulous convictions.

And although she has never seen Jeanne Eagels on the stage or the screen, there is a further and more striking coincidence in the fact that the same man, George Arliss, provided the turning point and the inspiration for both their careers.

Arliss, tamed, disciplined and then encouraged the tempestuous Eagels when she played with him on the stage in *"Alexander Hamilton."* And years later, he called in Bette Davis to give her a part in *"The Man Who Played God,"* when her bags were already packed to leave Hollywood—the first time she was forgotten.

Wouldn't it be surprising if the parallel continued?

Wouldn't it be strange—and also disconcerting to some—if Bette Davis, the little blonde actress they tried to forget but found they couldn't—some day reached the genius of another Jeanne Eagels?

Or maybe she already has—and Hollywood just doesn't know it.

They've Got What It Takes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

She had one asset which was greater than all her liabilities. That was a cold, hard will to succeed. She took off that extra poundage. She dieted until she was so emaciated that sometimes she fainted from lack of given energy. Nita Naldi, who startled the world by her beauty, gave up her career for the food she preferred to fame. Joan was starved for her success. Few women have the courage.

When the talking pictures arrived, Joan decided to sing. She learned to sing. She studied the art of singing until today she is one of the best, and a spectacularly garbed woman in Hollywood. She deliberately achieved that spectacular effect. It is a part of her creed of "being what you are." She has learned to dance, not in a rhythmic, random manner of her old days, but gracefully and smoothly and elegantly.

Every day for weeks before she made *"Dancing Lady,"* Joan practiced for long hours on a deserted sound stage with a piano player and a dancing instructor. One day she collapsed with a little moan. The instructor rushed to her in alarm. Joan took off her slipper and showed him a thick bandage across her heel. She had been dancing for days with a painful, burning blister on her foot. Other girls would have given themselves a vacation, telling their consciences that they couldn't work and suffer. That's why there are so few Joan Crawfords.

When Joan was beginning her screen career, two other girls were starting out with her on the road to fame. They were probably the most publicized trio in Hollywood—Joan, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian. Their pictures were plastered over the pages of the motion picture magazines and newspapers. Anita and Dorothy had more actual physical

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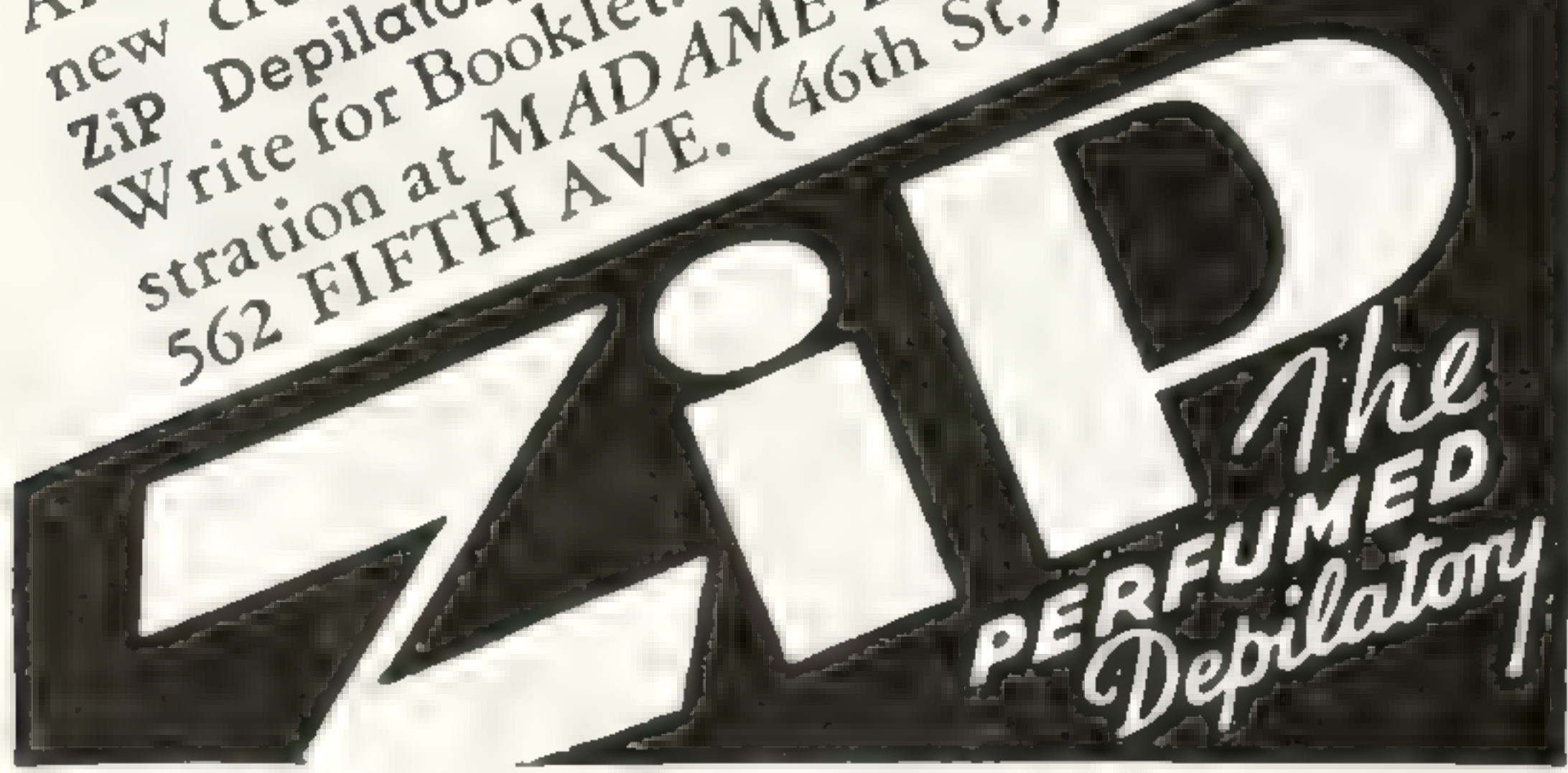
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assets than Joan. But today they both are forgotten. They didn't have the stuff to win, that's all.

Dorothy hailed from the sleepy flower-laden land of Alabama. In addition to the soft slur of her southern accent, she brought with her a heritage of plain, honest laziness. She didn't care enough about a career to work and sacrifice for it. It was fun while it lasted, but she gave it up without a sigh of regret to marry the screen's Bill Boyd.

Anita had everything in her favor. She was naturally beautiful and she was a "born actress," in a youthful emotional fashion. If she had possessed the driving force of Joan Crawford or the iron will of Norma Shearer, she might have become one of the screen's greatest stars. But she tossed away the golden opportunities for which other girls pray and work and dream.

During the silent days Anita's beauty over-shadowed her physical awkwardness and her untrained voice. Her friends saw the handwriting on the wall. They begged her to take dancing lessons to acquire grace and poise, to take voice lessons to smooth and develop her tones. But Anita didn't listen. She could find neither the time nor the desire to prepare for the tomorrow which swept her into oblivion.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN almost followed in Anita's footsteps. Recently she has taken a new lease on her professional life and she may go far, if she really settles down to hard, determined effort. But, for a while, it looked as if Maureen were headed straight for complete failure. She came from Ireland to Hollywood as the leading woman in John McCormack's one and only motion picture. She was plunged into a spot-light with no preliminary struggle or hard apprenticeship.

She was young and untried. She fell in love, and that love became more important to her than a career or stardom or anything. She lost interest in her world. Finally the studio released her from her contract. She drifted around Hollywood until she had exactly one hundred dollars left. Then by sheer good luck, she was given the part of Jane with Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan."

"I guess I don't care enough about success," she admitted when she tried to explain her own lack of desire to fight for her future.

That's the answer to many failures. The people who succeed are the ones who care more for success and accomplishment than they do for their own personal happiness. It is impossible to be contentedly happy under the terrific stress and strain of Hollywood competition. If they are going to win the game, they must check their own private lives and emotions at the front door. Maureen is too soft for Hollywood. Not putty soft or silly soft. But gently, bruisingly soft. She is the average, well-reared girl, whom you find in thousands of protected homes, a girl who was born to be cared for and sheltered.

Not many young men and girls have the grit, the slave-driving will power to climb slowly but surely. The few real stars, the ones who remain at the top year after year, are the ones who have earned that stardom by their own tireless efforts. The flashes in the pan flicker out as quickly as they flashed. Dozens have appeared over night on a pedestal built of publicity and have disappeared in the cold, gray light of the next morning.

There are a few "flashes" who don't belong in this category. Mae West and Fred Astaire, for instance. But they aren't merely taking a flyer in pictures. They came to Hollywood to

work and make the screen their life. And behind them lies a long road of struggle and which has prepared them for the Hollywood battle.

Clark Gable was one of the screen's amazing, almost over-night, successes. There was a time, several years ago, when Clark wore out the benches in the studio waiting offices, when he was glad to receive an extra's paycheck for a day's work. Clark's entire life has been one long struggle. He has no illusions about easy success.

Now he is plodding sturdily along the path, trying to hold that popularity which came to him so suddenly. He honestly tries to give his best effort to every part he plays, whether he likes it or not. And there are no parts which he does not like. But never a complaint from Clark. He knows very well that in many pictures he has been merely the foil for the feminine star. As he says, "I was there, that's all." But he was there with his and vigor and Gableish vitality. And no woman in the audience forgot that he was among those present on the screen.

The Clark Gable of today is a gilt-edged, leather edition of the paper-backed Clark of four years ago. He has honed himself to shape with a fine, pumice-sharp determination. He has developed ease of manner, ease of speech and, best of all, ease of personality.

"You can't stand still in this game," Clark will tell you. "You've got to go either backward or forward." He has made up his mind to go forward as long as it is humanly possible.

When Clark first stepped into the Hollywood picture, Bob Montgomery was the bright and shining light of the M-G-M studio. To Clark and Wallace Beery, the ageless, charcoal Wally, share top masculine honor and popularity. Bob has slipped far down in the ranks. He doesn't care enough about Hollywood success to work for it.

Probably fame and fortune came too easy for Bob. He arrived in motion pictures as a young, untried juvenile from the stage. Before he knew what it was all about, he found himself a star. And he is letting this stardom pass slowly through his fingers. He slides through his screen rôles as he slides through his life—jauntily, debonairly, carefreely. That is charming and amusing, but it doesn't lead to lasting success. Bob lives and works in Hollywood but his heart is on the Broadway scene and in the peaceful calm of his Connecticut farm. No fighting blood runs through his veins.

EVERY year the various studios give contracts to promising boys and girls, hoping they may discover among them a new star personality. These contracts contain months options, that provide a probationary period in which the youngsters must prove their worth. It is impossible to put a finger on the qualities which make for success, but a veteran studio carpenter can recognize them when he sees them. That luscious blonde, who is talking so gaily and coquettishly between scenes, is thinking of the safe regularity of her weekly pay check and of the fun which Hollywood offers. That other blonde, who is studying her script so feverishly, even though she has only one line to speak, who is watching the more experienced actors' every move with eager eyes, will probably go places, if she has an opportunity.

There was little Mary Carlisle, for instance. She found a job as a chorus dancing girl. But she didn't stay there long. It was her only way to get inside a studio. She couldn't dance

She wanted to be an actress. So, between chorus rehearsals, she hounded the casting director and everyone else until she landed one of those option-filled contracts as an actress. "I guess they gave it to me to get rid of me," Mary giggled and dimpled in her most demure manner.

Eight other girls signed similar contracts at the same time. The other seven are gone. Only Mary remains. She will probably never be a big star. But she'll have a successful career for a long time. That giggle and the big, blue eyes are only camouflage. She knows what she wants and she is going to get it. Life is no bed of roses for Mary. She loves to eat but she doesn't dare. She closes her eyes when she passes those tempting trays of French pastries. She takes every possible kind of a lesson to develop her abilities. She even volunteers her services in Little Theater productions to learn stage technique, and drags all the powers-that-be to watch her work.

If the girls who wish that they were motion picture actresses could trail along with Mary Jean Parker for awhile, Hollywood might not look so rosy to them. Jean is like Joan Crawford in one way. The same blazing determination burns in her eyes. Success comes before her own physical comfort, her own happiness, before everything else. For many months Jean lived in the forests of the High

Sierras, when she was working in "Sequoia." Her only feminine companion was an older woman. There was no youthful gaiety, no young fun during those long weeks in the woods. Jean came to Hollywood only three times, to visit the dentist. Then she went back to the forest.

"I was too busy to be lonely," she said, when those months, which would have been unbearable to most youngsters, were ended. "It was grand because I had time to practice my singing and dancing without any interruptions."

That's the same spirit which carried Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor to long and lasting success.

"You've got to learn to take it on the chin and go down, but you must never go out," Marie Dressler often told the youngsters who came to her for advice.

Marie, herself, went down many times, but she always came up, more determined than ever before.

Hollywood is no place for softies. You can count the real stars of the screen on your fingers and toes. That proves how very few people have the steel in their wills to match the iron of Hollywood, how very few men and women are willing to sacrifice happiness and personal liberty for the thrill of success and fame.



When Verree Teasdale finished work in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she came back on the set to visit and watch the others

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THE FAN CLUB CORNER

NOW that the warm weather is here again all the fan clubs are busy planning their Summer activities. There will be picnics, boat rides and all kinds of outings. If you're not a member of some fan club why don't you get busy and join one so that you will be in on some of these good times?

So many letters have been pouring in upon the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs, asking for information about organizing clubs eligible to membership in the Association, that this explanation of the various types of clubs is given:

The two most popular types of fan clubs belonging to the Association are: (1) Clubs organized to sponsor a particular star, and (2) Clubs which do not sponsor individual stars but embrace all of them in general, their work in films, the kind of films being shown in theaters, and the movie industry in general.

The first type of club is organized by persons particularly interested in the work and ambition of one favorite star. Personal permission from the star must be obtained by the organizer of such a club before it is started. Many such clubs are already organized and are members of the Photoplay Association of Movie Fans Clubs.

The second type of club is much easier organized. It may be directed along lines embracing all movie lines in general. It offers many topics for discussion and is the ideal type of club where it is possible to hold regular get-together sessions. Many such organizations are limited to local membership, others welcome corresponding members from other parts of the country.

Both types of club are eligible to membership in the Photoplay Association of Movie Fan Clubs. For any information write to the Association's office, 1926 B'way, New York City.

These are some of the clubs that would be

interested in hearing from new members. Lew Ayer Club, Helen Raether, Pres., 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich., Ginger Rogers Club, Marion Hesse, Pres., 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., Norma Shearer Club, Hans Faxdahl, Pres., 1947 B'way, N. Y. C., and the Mike and Movie Club, Barbara Tickell, Pres., 1925 14th Ave., S. Birmingham, Ala.

A note from Barbara Tickell, Pres. of the Mike and Movie Club, informs me that the contest they have been running is completed and the winners selected. The first prize, which was to be selected by Vera Van, herself, went to Chaw Mank, Pres. of the Movie Fan Friendship Club at 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., second prize to Mrs. Pearl Himes, third prize to Dorothy Mae Hulse, fourth prize to Dorothy Dilley and the fifth to Catharine Macadam, Pres. of the Lanny Ross League Club.

We had a very interesting bulletin from the Movie Club Guild telling us that they held a "Waffle Party" at the home of the Ruth Roland Club, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill. It turned out to be a great success. The crowd was much larger than they anticipated but they were able to serve them all with steaming hot waffles and other delicacies. Two weeks later they followed this up with an eight stop, eight course, all night "Progressive Dinner" which took them over a fifty mile route of Chicago's boulevards, winding up with a seven A. M. breakfast at the last stop.

The Lanny Ross League membership contest winners have been chosen, first prize going to Rose Moore, Lancaster, Pa., and second prize to Dorothy White, N. Bennington, Vt. Betty Smith also of Lancaster was given honorable mention. Large pictures of Lanny went to the following:—Rose Moore, Dorothy White, Betty Smith, Ida Cagna, Miss Porter, Eleanor Reichenbach, Frank Gokas, Virginia Bales and Adaline Brown.



Jean Arthur, with Edward G. Robinson in the current "The Whole Town's Talking," is scheduled to do another film with Eddie for Columbia, "Jail Breaker"

Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Laurence Clark and Max Giersch and the play by Frederick Herendeen and Fred Horan. Screen play by Frank Tuttle and Rick Stephani. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *King Rudolph*, Carl Brisson; *Carlo Rocco*, Carlon; *Elaine, the Queen*, Mary Ellis; *Peppi*, Fred Everett Horton; *Mimi*, Katherine DeMille; *Conley*, Eugene Pallette; *Baron Kraemer*, Arnold Stiefel; *Marina Schubert*, Count Ballo; *Stanley*, Edw. Maxwells; *1st Gentleman*, Edwin Maxwell; *2nd Gentleman*, Richard Barbee; *Major Domo*, Fredman; *Finance Minister*, Eric Mayne; *Count Heim*, Phillips Smalley; *Ilonka*, Rosita.

"CAPTAIN HURRICANE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Sara Ware Bassett. Screen play by Josephine Lovett. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Zenas*, James Barton; *Abbie*, Helen West; *Latie (Susan Ann)*, Helen Mack; *Capt. Jeremiah*, Lockhart; *Jimmy*, Douglas Walton; *Captain Henry Travers*, Silas Coffin; *Otto Hoffman*, Nydia Westman; *Dave*, Lon Chaney, Jr.

"AR 99"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Detzer. Screen play by Karl Detzer and C. Sullivan. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: *Ross Martin*, Fred MacMurray; *Professor*, Sir Guy Standing; *Mary Adams*, Ann Lan; *Sheriff Pete Arnot*, Frank Craven; *Sergeant*, William Frawley; *Recruit Blatsky*, Douglasley; *Recruit Carney*, John Cox; *Recruit Haynes*, Chandler; *Recruit Jamison*, Alfred Delambre; *Recruit Burton*, Dean Jagger; *Granny*, Nora Cecil; *Marina Schubert*, Smoke, Mack Gray; *Dulch*, Ward Wilson.

"CASINO MURDER CASE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the original story by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar A. Woolf. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Philo Vance*, Lukas; *Mrs. Llewellyn*, Alison Skipworth; *Lynn*, Ed Cook; *Doris*, Rosalind Russell; *Kincaid*, Byron; *Sergeant Heath*, Ted Healy; *Currie*, Blore; *Amelia*, Isabel Jewell; *Becky*, Louiseada; *Markham*, Purnell Pratt; *Dr. Kane*, Leslieon; *Virginia*, Louise Henry; *Smith*, Leo Carroll; *Doremus*, Charles Sellon.

"THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Woman and the Puppet" by Louis. Screen play by John Dos Passos. Directed by S. K. Winston. The cast: *Concha*, Marlene Dietrich; *Antonio Galvan*, Cesar Romero; *Don Pasquale*, Lionel Atwill; *Don Pasquale*, Edward Everett; *Senora Perez*, Alison Skipworth; *Dr. Mendez*, Alan Wallace; *Morenito*, Don Alvarado; *Tuerla*, De Pigott; *Conductor*, Lawrence Grant; *Gypsy*, Luisa Espinal; *Supt. Tobacco Factory*, Edwinwell; *Foreman Snowbound Train*, Hank Mann.

"DOG OF FLANDERS, A"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by "Ouida." Screen play by Ainslie Morgan. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Nello*, Frankie Thomas; *Jehan*, O. P. Heggie; *Helen Parrish*, Mr. Cogez; *DeWitt Jennings*, Cogez; *Ann Shoemaker*, Hans, Christian Rub; *Richard Quine*, Mr. Venderkloot; *Henry Kol*, Mrs. Venderkloot; *Nella Walker*, Hardware Man; *son Richards*, Mons. de La Tom; *Josef Swickard*, Keller, Sara Padden; *Sacristian*, Harry Beres; *Leo*, Lightning.

"GOIN' TO TOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mae West. Screen play by Mae West. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Cleo Borden*, West; *Edward Harrington*, Paul Cavanagh; *Ivan*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Taho*, Tito Coral; *Mrs. Crane*, Marjorie Gateson; *Buck Gonzales*, Freder, Sr.; *Fletcher Colton*, Monroe Owsley; *Winslow*, Bert Emery; *Young Fellow*, Grant Withers; *Adrienne D'Ambricourt*, Signor Vitola; *Luis Al*, Senor Ricardo Lopez; *Lucio Villages*, Dolores; *Mona Rico*, Donovan, Paul Harvey.

"GREAT GOD GOLD"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Albert J. Meserow and Elynore Dalk. Adapted by Norman Houston. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The cast: *John Hart*, Sidney Blackmer; *Marcia Harper*, Martha Sleeper; *Phil Stuart*, Toomey; *Gerl*, Gloria Shea; *Nitto*, Edwinwell; *Frank Nitto*, Ralf Harolde; *Elena Nitto*, Alba; *Simon*, John T. Murray.

"GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Vincent Starrett. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Roger Blackwood*, Edmund Lowe; *Andy Mc*, Victor McLaglen; *Elinor Blake*, Rosemarys; *Olivia Temple*, Mary Carlisle; *Mr. Harvey*, O'Neill; *Dr. Temple*, C. Henry Gordon; *Prentice*, William Janney; *Anthony Wilson*, Les C. Wilson; *"Feet"* Moore, John Wray; *Ole*, Qualen; *Hans*, Herman Bing; *Tessie*, Madgeamy; *Police Captain*, Robert Gleckler; *Girando*, H. H. Wilson.

"HONGKONG NIGHTS"—FUTTER PROD.—From the story by Roger Allman. Adapted by Norman Houston. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *Tom*, Tom Keene; *Trina*, Wera Engels; *Warren Hymer*, Wong, Tetsu Komai; *Burris*,

Cornelius Keefe; *Capt. Evans*, Freeman Lang; *Blake*, Tom London.

"IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Ward Morehouse and Jean Dalrymple. Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Rian James. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Vania Nardi*, Gertrude Michael; *Chris*, Heather Angel; *Charley*, Lyle Talbot; *Haywood*, Hugh O'Connell; *Fleurette*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Prince Dvorak*, Rafael Storm; *Venetti*, Robert Gleckler; *Joe Blake*, Wallis Clark; *Radio Announcer*, Phil Tead; *Landlady*, Bess Stafford; *Publicity Man*, Dick Elliott.

"LADDIE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Gene Stratton-Porter. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Laddie*, John Beal; *Pamela Pryor*, Gloria Stuart; *Little Sister*, Virginia Weidler; *Paul Stanton*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Stanton*, Dorothy Peterson; *Shelley Stanton*, Louise Henry; *Sally Stanton*, Gloria Shea; *Leon Stanton*, Jimmy Butler; *Mahlon Pryor*, Donald Crisp; *Peter Dover*, Grady Sutton; *Candace Swartz*, Greta Meyer; *Mrs. Freshett*, Margaret Armstrong; *Mr. Freshett*, William Gould; *their Daughter*, Maxine Hicks; *The Minister*, James Alf.

"LES MISERABLES"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Victor Hugo. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: *Jean Valjean*, Fredric March; *Javert*, Charles Laughton; *Big Cosette*, Rochelle Hudson; *Little Cosette*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Marius*, John Beal; *Eponine*, Frances Drake; *Bishop Bienvenu*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Madam MaGloire*, Jessie Ralph; *Fantine*, Florence Eldridge; *Thenardier*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Madam Thenardier*, Jane Kent; *Mother Superior*, Eily Malyon; *Brissac*, Vernon Dowling; *Lamarque*, Lyon Michland; *Enjolras*, John Canadine; *Brevet*, Charles Hoefeli; *Genflou*, Leonid Kenishey; *Chenildieu*, John Bleifer; *Cochevallie*, Harry Semels; *Toussaint*, Florence Roberts.

"LET'S LIVE TONIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Bradley King. Screen play by Gene Markey. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Kay Routledge*, Lilian Harvey; *Nick Kerry*, Tullio Carminati; *Mrs. Routledge*, Janet Beecher; *Brian Kerry*, Hugh Williams; *Countess Margot de Legere*, Tala Birell; *Mario*, Luis Alberni; *Lily Montrose*, Claudia Coleman; *Ozzy Featherstone*, Arthur Treacher; *Maharajah*, Gilbert Emery.

"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"—FOX.—From the novel by Walter B. Pitkin. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Kenesaw H. Clark*, Will Rogers; *Lee Austin*, Richard Cromwell; *Col. Joseph Abercrombie*, George Barbier; *Adele Anderson*, Rochelle Hudson; *Ida Harris*, Jane Darwell; *T. Watterson Meriwether*, Slim Summerville; *Chris*, Sterling Holloway; *Joe Abercrombie*, Thomas Beck; *"Pappy" Smithers*, Roger Imhof; *Tom Cotton*, Charles Sellon; *Wally Stevens*, John Bradford; *Mrs. Cotton*, Ruth Gillette; *Charlie Beagle*, Jed Prouty; *Simonds*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mrs. Meriwether*, Claire DuBrey.

"LITTLE COLONEL, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Annie Fellows Johnston. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Lloyd Sherman*, Shirley Temple; *Colonel Lloyd*, Lionel Barrymore; *Elizabeth*, Evelyn Venable; *Jack Sherman*, John Lodge; *Swazey*, Sidney Blacker; *Hull*, Alden Chase; *Dr. Scott*, William Burress; *Frank Randolph*, David O'Brien; *Mom Beck*, Hattie McDaniel; *Maria*, Geneva Williams; *May Lily*, Avonne Jackson; *Henry Clay*, Nyanza Potts; *Nebler*, Frank Darien; *Walker*, Bill Robinson.

"LIVING ON VELVET"—WARNERS.—From the original story and screen play by Jerry Wald and Julius Epstein. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Amy Prentiss*, Kay Francis; *Terry Parker*, George Brent; *Walter (Gibbaltor) Pritcham*, Warren William; *Aunt Martha*, Helen Lowell; *Major*, Russell Hicks; *Mrs. Parker*, Maude T. Gordon; *Mr. Parker*, Samuel Hinds; *Cynthia Parker*, Martha Merrill.

"LOVE IN BLOOM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank R. Adams. Screen play by J. P. McEvoy and Keene Thompson. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *George*, George Burns; *Gracie*, Gracie Allen; *Larry Deane*, Joe Morrison; *Violet Downey*, Dixie Lee; *Col. "Dad" Downey*, J. C. Nugent; *Mrs. Cassidy*, Mary Foy; *Sheriff*, Richard Carle; *Pop*, Lee Kohlmar; *Waitress*, Julia Graham; *Cashier*, Sam Godfrey; *The Cop*, Wade Boteler; *Bridesmaid*, Marian Mansfield.

"MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the scenario by Edwin Greenwood and A. R. Rawlinson. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Betty Lawrence*, Nova Pilbeam; *Abbott*, Peter Lore; *Lawrence*, Leslie Banks; *Jill*, Edna Best; *Ledine*, Frank Cosper; *Clive*, Hugh Wakefield; *Louis*, Pierre Fresnay; *Nurse Agnes*, Cicely Oates; *Binstead*, D. A. Clarke Smith; *Gibson*, George Curzon.

"McFADDEN'S FLATS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Gus Hill. Screen play by Arthur Caesar, Edward Kaufman and Andy Rice. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Dan McFadden*, Walter C. Kelly; *Jock McTavish*, Andy Clyde; *Sandy Mc*,

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"MUTINY AHEAD"—MAJESTIC.—Screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Tommy Atkins. The cast: Kent Brewster, Neil Hamilton; Carol Bixby, Kathleen Burke; McMurtrie, Leon Ames; Capt. Martin, Reginald Barlow; Mimi, Noel Francis; Sassafras, Ray Turner; Steve, Dick Curtis; Glory Bell, Katherine Jackson; Teeter, Paul Fix; Mrs. Vanderpool, Maidel Turner.

"MYSTERY MAN, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Tate Finn. Adapted by John Kraft and Rollo Lloyd. Directed by Ray McCarey. The cast: Larry, Robert Armstrong; Anne, Maxine Doyle; Jonas, Henry Kolker; Marvin, James Burke; District Attorney, Guy Usher; Eel, Leroy Mason; Whalen, James Burtis; Dunn, Monte Collins; Weeks, Sam Lukin; Pawnbroker, Otto Fries; Whistler, Norman Houston; Hotel Manager, Dell Henderson.

"ONE MORE SPRING"—FOX.—From the novel by Robert Nathan. Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Elizabeth, Janet Gaynor; Otkar, Warner Baxter; Rosenberg, Walter King; Mrs. Sweeney, Jane Darwell; Mr. Sweeney, Roger Imhof; Sheridan, Grant Mitchell; Miss Weber, Rosemary Ames; Auctioneer, John Qualen; Policeman, Nick Foran; Girl in the Antique Shop, Astrid Allwyn; Zoo Attendant, Stepin Fetchit.

"RIGHT TO LIVE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Ralph Block. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: Stella Trent, Josephine Hutchinson; Colin Trent, George Brent; Nurse Wayland, Peggy Wood; Maurice Trent, Colin Clive; Mrs. Trent, Henrietta Crosman; Major Liconda, C. Aubrey Smith; Alice, Phyllis Coghlan; Dr. Harvester, Leo G. Carroll.

"ROBERTA"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jane Murfin and Sam Mintz. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Stephanie, Irene Dunne; Huck, Fred Astaire; Scharwenka, Ginger Rogers; John, Randolph Scott; Roberta, Helen Westley; Ladislav, Victor Varconi; Sophie, Claire Dodd; Voyda, Luis Alberni; Lord Delves, Ferdinand Munier; Albert, Torben Meyer; Professor, Adrian Rosley; Fernando, Bodil Rosing.

"STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Doris Anderson. Directed by Scott R. Beal. The cast: Marian Henshaw, Mary Astor; Andy MacLean, Roger Pryor; Maggie Haines, Baby Jane; Mrs. Haines, Carol Coombe; Edwards, Andy Devine; Ice Cream Man, Henry Armetta; Austin, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Austin, Virginia Hammond; Ross Reglan, Robert McWade; Miss Carter, Doris Lloyd; Miss Nellie, Hilda Vaughn; Mother in bread line, Louise Carter; District Attorney, Willard Robertson; Speed Spelvin, Douglas Fowley; Mrs. Anderson, Clara Blandick; Grant, Rollo Lloyd.

"SWEET MUSIC"—WARNERS.—From the story by Jerry Wald. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Carl Erickson and Warren Duff. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Skip Houston, Rudy Vallee; Bonnie Haydon, Ann Dvorak; Ten Percent Nelson, Ned Sparks; Dopey Malone, Robert Armstrong; Barney Cowan, Allen Jenkins; Lulu Betts, Alice White; Sidney Selzer, Joe Cawthorn; Sigmund Selzer, Al Shean; Billy Madison, Wm. B. Davidson; Grant, announcer, Phillip Reed; Louis Trumble, Henry

O'Neill; Mr. Thomas, Addison Richards; Helen Morgan, Helen Morgan; Mayor, Russell Hicks; Mr. Johnson, Clay Clement.

"SYMPHONY OF LIVING"—INVINCIBLE.—From the original story by Charles Spencer Beldon. Screen play by Charles Spencer Beldon. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Paula Greig, Evelyn Brent; Adolphe Greig, Al Shean; Rozzini, Charles Judels; Mancini, Albert Conti; Richard Greig, John Darrow; Carl Rupert, Lester Lee; Carmen Rozzini, Gigi Parrish; Michael Rupert, Richard Tucker; Herb Livingston, John Harron; Mary Schultz, Ferike Boros; The Doctor, Ferdinand Schumann Heineck; Judge, Carl Stockdale; Symphony Chairman, William Worthington.

"TIMES SQUARE LADY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Albert Cohen and Robert Shannon. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Steve Gordon, Robert Taylor; Toni Bradley, Virginia Bruce; Pinky Tomlin, Pinky Tomlin; Margo Heath, Helen Twelvetrees; Babe, Isabel Jewell; Mack, Nat Pendleton; Jack Kramer, Jack LaRue; Mr. Fielding, Henry Kolker; Slim Kennedy, Raymond Hatton; Ed Brennan, Russell Hopton; Dutch Meyers, Fred Kohler; Brick Culver, Robert Elliot.

"TRANSIENT LADY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Screen play by Arthur Caesar and Harvey Thew. Directed by Edward Buzzell. The cast: Carey Marshall, Gene Raymond; Hamp Baxter, Henry Hull; Dale Cameron, Frances Drake; Pat Warren, June Clayworth; Chris Blake Clarke Williams; Major Marshall, Frederick Burton; Nick Kiley, Edward Ellis; Fred Baxter, Clifford Jones; Matt, Douglas Fowley.

"VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Hugh Walpole. Adapted by Lenore Coffee. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Vanessa, Helen Hayes; Benjie, Robert Montgomery; Ellis, Otto Kruger; Judith, May Robson; Adam, Lewis Stone; Barney, Henry Stephenson; Lady Herries, Violet Kemble-Cooper; George, Donald Crisp; Lady Mullion, Jessie Ralph; Marion, Agnes Anderson; Leathwaite, Lionel Belmore; Amery, Lawrence Grant; Timothy, Crauford Kent; Jamie, Howard Leeds; Winifred Trent, Ethel Griffies; Vera Trent, Elspeth Dudgeon; Mrs. Leathwaite, Mary Gordon; Porter, George K. Arthur.

"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"—M-G-M.—From the story by James K. McGuinness and John Monk Saunders. Screen play by Frank Wead and Arthur J. Beckhard. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: Big Mike, Wallace Beery; Little Mike, Robert Young; Skip, Maureen O'Sullivan; Gen Carter, Lewis Stone; Joe Bags, James Gleason; Dare, Rosalind Russell; Phil, Russell Hardie; Pellis, Henry Wadsworth; Pipinger, Robert Livingston; Jaskerelli, Robert Taylor; Capt. Cannon, Frank Conroy; Lieut. Kelly, G. Pat Collins; Mike, as a boy, Ronnie Cosby; Phil as a boy, Bobbie Caldwell; Skip, as a girl, Marilyn Spinnet.

"WOMAN IN RED, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the novel "North Shore" by Wallace Irwin. Screen play by Mary McCall, Jr. and Peter Milne. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Shelby Barrett, Barbara Stanwyck; Johnny Wyatt, Gene Raymond; Nicko, Genevieve Tobin; Eugene Fairchild, John Eldredge; Olga Hungerford, Dorothy Tree; Grandfather Wyatt, Claude Gillingwater; Dan McCall, Phillip Reed; Clayton, Russell Hicks; Major Casserly, Arthur Treacher; Mrs. Casserly, Doris Lloyd; Aunt Bettina, Nella Walker; Foxall, Ed Van Sloan; Wyatt Furness, Hale Hamilton; Stuart Wyatt, Gordon Elliott; Uncle Emlen, Brandon Hurst; Cora Furness, Ann Shoemaker; Estelle Furness, Jan Buckingham; Bil part, Jack Mulhall.



Director La Cava (seated, foreground) closely watches a scene from "Private Worlds," with Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

RS are sensitive about revealing their charities, for fear of the publicity accruing. Most of them must be discovered secretly.

The Marion Davies Foundation is one of the known, since it would be impossible to keep an organization of this size secret. The foundation, in its own building, is in Sawtelle (Hollywood) and treats children up to the age of twelve. Every year a circus is given for 2500 children. Each youngster gets a toy, and the family receives a basket, turkey and food.

John Crawford has endowed a bed at the Hollywood Hospital, which runs about five hundred dollars a year, including all hospitalization expenses of the ill person. Doctors fees outside of this, and paid by her. Many of her charities are not known.

Myrtle Brian and her mother go to the post office every year and mail letters addressed to Santa Claus. They sign each one, and most of the deserving children really believe there is a Santa Claus. Mary hears from them. She has two children at home with her over the holidays each year.

Barbara Kent keeps two beds in a children's hospital.

Al Rogers was recently ill in the Hollywood Hospital, and when he paid his bill, he gave a thousand dollars to be used for needy patients who could not pay. This is a small part of his many generous gifts. Myrtle Boland's sympathies are reached by the sick and impoverished, especially old people. She has paid for many an operation, hospital care.

Myrtle Grant never buys Christmas cards. She uses the money for groceries for poor people. Mae West is the friend of down-at-prize-fighters. They work in all her pictures, and she sees to it they are not in trouble. She is very generous to her church,

Barbara Stanwyck quietly and loyally helps her old friends. Bill Fields is paying the bills and buying the groceries for a half dozen families of men he has known in the profession. Al Jolson maintains twelve children in an up-state New York children's hospital. Dick Powell has helped a playground for two years in Lincoln, Nebraska. Earl Brisson Fan Club in England collects for crown membership, which is contributed to cancer hospital. George Raft says he was paid off at a hundred and fifty a week than because he gives his salary away. He turns down a plea for help, especially theatrical people.

Cecil B. DeMille is active in the Casa Crèche, a foundling's home, giving generously of time and money.

Myrtle Hull has an Old Actor's Charity Fund. Karloff makes weekly visits to the City Poor-House, taking cigarettes and

Nellie Kalmus, of Technicolor, gives a big Christmas party every year to an orphan's home. They are entertained at the Technicolor Studio with Walt Disney pictures, suppers and toys.

The best known charitable organization is the Assistance League, in which most of the stars are active. The Harold Lloyd children,

who have a church on their own grounds, give the contributions and many toys to the children's day nursery of the League. Shirley Temple sent a sweater and a picture to each of the seventy-five children in this day nursery this Christmas. The League maintains a shop and tea-room in which Jean Harlow, Jeannette MacDonald, Bette Davis and many stars serve as waitresses and saleswomen. Janet Gaynor bought most of her presents there this year. In the League work-room, where old ladies who cannot find work elsewhere are employed, Mrs. Ralph Bellamy had all the curtains for her new home made. Four hundred baskets, to feed two thousand persons, are given by the League every Christmas. Victor McLaglen donates the turkey or roast that goes in each one, and has done this for several years.

Jobyna (Mrs. Richard) Arlen takes care of a family with twelve children all the year round. She collects little Rickey's toys and those of the Bing Crosby children, to be repaired and sent to hospitals.

Jetta Goudal, Theda Bara, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Lou Anger, Mrs. Bill Gargan, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Tod Browning, and many other wives of actors, directors and producers contribute liberally of their time and support to this organization.

THE sea has not only got into Warren Williams' blood, it has invaded his swimming pool.

So nautical has the suave Mr. William become since navigating his yacht, "Pegasus," that he has had an exact replica of the boat built in miniature. It sails the waves of the Williams' plunge.

Warren has also constructed a sea-going room. In the middle is a mast, on one side are tiers of bunks and on the other portholes. When you look through the marine windows, you peer out on painted blue waves.

I don't know why he bothers to board the yacht and brave seasickness with such a setup at home.

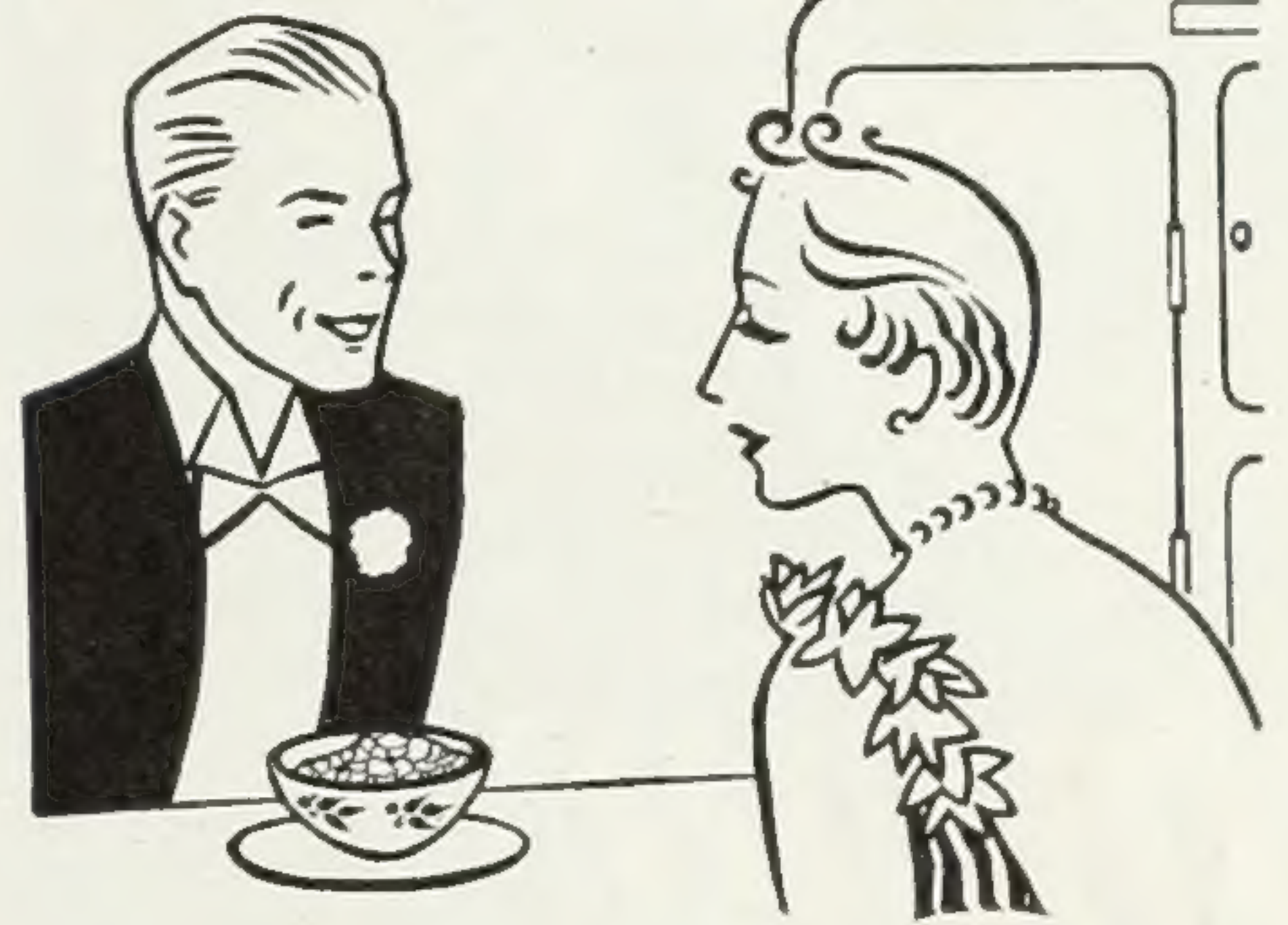
THE autograph business is looking up in Hollywood. Not that it ever suffered much of a slump—but of late, especially since the All-Year Club of Southern California has been bearing down on the tourist trade, the familiar clusters of book and pencil clutches in front of strategic star gathering spots has swelled to dangerous proportions.

Autograph seekers have always intrigued me. They are usually in the doubtful age bracket of the early 'teens, just ready to turn into cranks or useful citizens. Perhaps some primitive instinct denied to city youth the satisfaction which the country boy gleans by shooting sparrows or trapping muskrats accounts for it.

At any rate, the hunters lie behind telephone pole or refuse can blinds and swoop down upon the greatest or smallest screen actor who alights from a car or emerges from a door. Now they seldom say, "May I have your autograph"—only "Here!" accompanied by a thrust of the pad and pencil.

The best places to hunt autographs in Hollywood, a freckled veteran of the racket whom I accosted before the Brown Derby restaurant informed me, were at previews, in front of the

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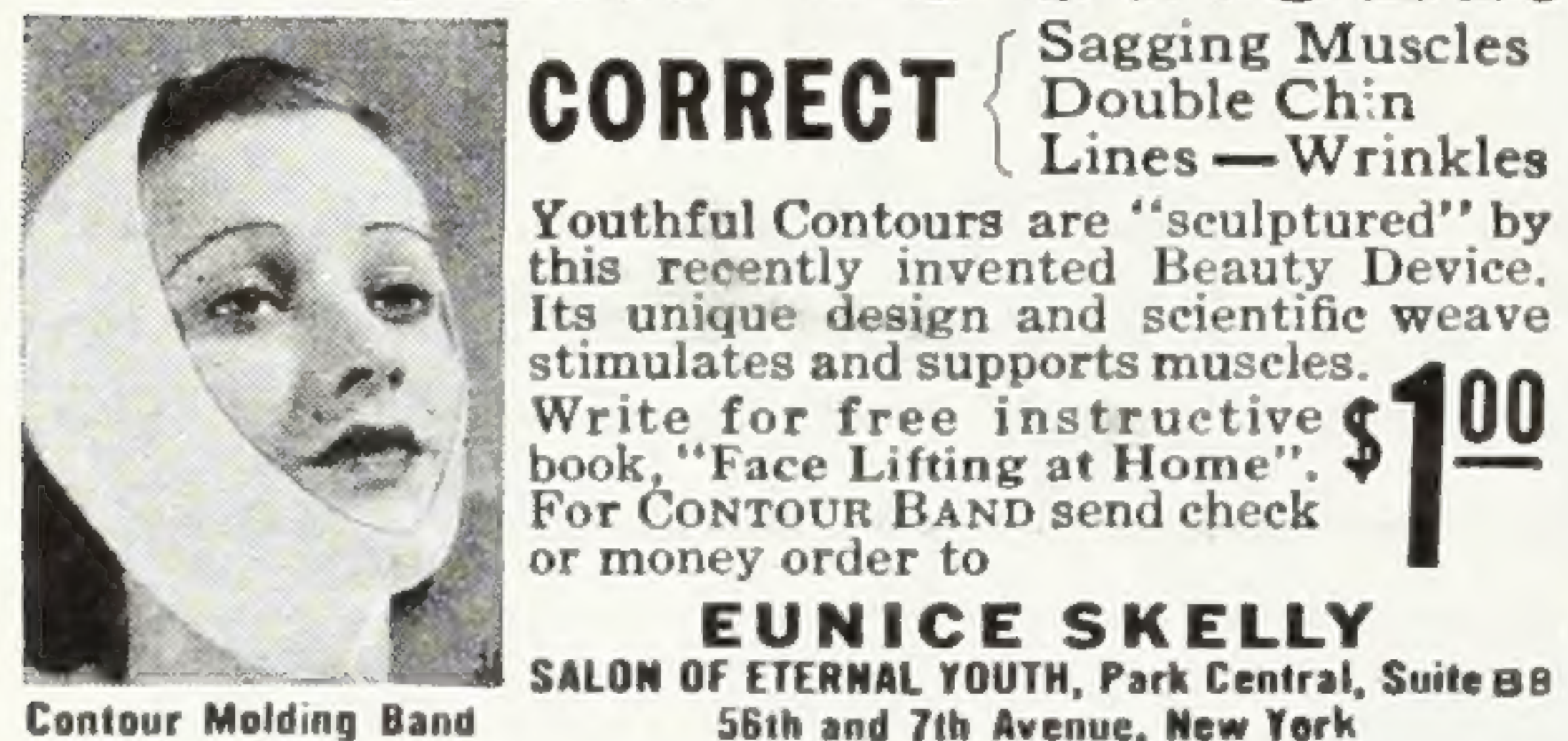


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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Derby, Sardi's, Al Levy's Tavern and the Vendome. Also in front of the Paramount and R-K-O studio gates. Most of the stars roll in and out too at M-G-M and Fox and Warners to make the hunting good. He advised that big openings and premieres were usually a total loss because of "the cops."

Most stars, he said, were easy prey. Usually they will sign the first five books thrust before them and then depart. Seldom does a star, accosted point-blank, refuse to oblige. But if they can dodge the swarm of youngsters, that is entirely ethical. It's kind of a game.

Various signatures of various stars have various values. It's all governed strictly by the law of supply and demand. George Raft, for instance, who is quite a noon-time boulevardier and an obliging fellow, has his name scrawled on practically every important book. His autograph has a low market value. However, Charles Chaplin, who is an artful dodger, rates high. Greta Garbo, of course, is—or would be—tops. My informant didn't know of any colleague who boasted her scalp.

A brisk trading business goes on among the various autograph exchange leaders. Something like the old days of cigarette pasteboards glorifying Della Fox or Ty Cobb. Books and leaves from books are bartered.

The more finicky hunters offer a clean page to each star. But less particular Nimrods, who go in for quantity, will have as many as twenty or thirty signatures to a sheet.

The seasoned youngster who was giving me the lowdown had filled five books in his time. "I just gave one away," he volunteered, "with over six hundred names." He admitted that it wasn't the actual trophies he treasured so much as it was the thrill of the chase.

A true sportsman's outlook.

I HAD always thought people wrote fan letters to movie stars because of some secret passion.

I find that love, sex and all that sort of thing has about fifty-six one-hundredths to do with it. The other ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths is pure.

People write fan letters for selfish, helpful information.

It was at first a shock to discover, through the accurate records of Mrs. Ethel Webb, Jean Harlow's efficient secretary, that in 1933 twenty-five per cent of all Miss Harlow's fan mail came from men, while the other seventy-five per cent was dashed off by feminine hands. In 1934 the ratio was twenty per cent to eighty.

Having labored under the conviction that the Harlow appeal was, of all the stars in Hollywood, most evidently for males, the only explanation I could offer for the feminine preponderance of interest was that most men are inept correspondents.

But Mrs. Webb's analytical tabulation shows that the questions most frequently asked are these, in the order of their frequency:

1. Is your hair naturally platinum?
2. What treatment do you give your hair?
3. What kind of cosmetics do you use?
4. Do you diet? How old are you?
5. What are your hobbies?
6. Who is your favorite male star?
7. What schools did you attend?

Of the group, only two,—How old are you? and Who is your favorite male star?—could possibly be construed as having an intriguing answer for men.

The rest blend into one vital feminine inquiry—How do you do it?

Jean Harlow's fan mail averages between 300 and 350 letters a day. In 1931 she mailed some 670 autographed pictures each month. In 1934, 3500 were sent out every thirty days.

Most of the mail comes from this country, with Pennsylvania and New York far in the lead.

England shows the most foreign interest. New Zealand is second. The British like the Harlow type.

In all foreign fan mail, the percentage of masculine handwriting is noticeably higher, but then so is the Continental blood pressure, as a rule.

Sizeable packets of letters arrive each month from such out of the way spots as the Canary Islands, Dutch East Indies, Java, Iceland, Trinidad, The Federated Malay Straits Settlements and Morocco.

Chile is not as cold as its name suggests. It leads the Latin-American countries in Harlow enthusiasm.

The champion Jean Harlow fan is a young woman living in New York State. She has written a letter each day for the past three years and sent it by air mail.

At the minimum air-mail postage rate that is exactly \$65.70 worth of devotion.

Postmaster-General Farley should encourage this sort of thing.

GRETA GARBO never carries a handbag because she unvariably loses it. Jean Harlow never wears a pair of gloves until they have been cleaned. Myrna Loy is sensitive to the feeling of wool, so all her woolen costumes are lined with silk. Mady Christians carries small muffs to match her dress, instead of a purse. Joan Crawford puts in Saturdays arranging flowers in her house. Elizabeth Allan walks in the rain, and Jeanette MacDonald calls Woody Van Dyke "Cutie." (And if you must yawn, you might be more polite about it.) Oh yes, and hold it for a still. Joan Crawford carries a beaded pocketbook on which is embroidered details of her life history. Don't ask us which details.

VALUES seem to be entirely a matter of years. What forces me reluctantly into this philosophical observation is what I saw the other day in Dickie Moore's bedroom. It was mainly loot that Dickie's devastating personality had gathered from screen sirens. A miniature cruiser from Marlene Dietrich. An elaborate electric train from Tallulah Bankhead. A tiny gold wrist watch from Barbara Stanwyck, engraved to "Dickie Moore in appreciation of your work in 'So Big.'"

The boat was resting passively in a corner, and the train looked as though it was suffering from the depression. Mrs. Moore was wearing the wrist watch. On the dresser top were piled two framed pictures—Dickie with two gorgeous feminine stars.

I learned that the pictures used to adorn the bedroom walls and that Dickie used to wear the watch constantly. But now a picture of President Roosevelt holds the mural display spot and Dickie lets his mother wear the watch because he is afraid the boys will call him "sissy."

And what Dickie lovingly fondles are not the lavish toys from his big-time lady admirers. It is a baseball autographed by Babe Ruth.

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128]

If you like to know the gentlemen back of your entertainment, meet Graham Baker and Gene Towne, the busiest writing team in the village. At the moment they are whipping together a little dish for George Raft, putting the finishing touches on a national broadcasting program, and have just completed a play about censors which will hit Broadway next season. Their offices always look as if an eternal cocktail party was going on and it's a mystery when they get all the work done—but they do.

Graham is tall and solemn-looking, nicknamed "Reverend Davidson," but that's only a front. He's about as solemn as behind the scenes at a burlesque show. Gene is short and wide and talks sixteen to the dozen, whether anybody else is talking or not. He is the contact-man, salesman and table-hopper of the team, while Graham puts in the heart interest.

When they get stuck with a situation, Gene goes to a party and Graham hops in his car in the middle of the night, all alone, and drives to Caliente. He turns right around and drives back, figuring, "Why would the audience like this guy? What does he do? What *has* he? Why does the girl fall for him?" After talking to himself for six hours, he has the situation well in hand. Gene has been untying the knots in his own way, so the next day they get together, with thousands of people milling in and out of the office, and block out their story. It's a good trick if you can do it.

They write only originals and have a healthy contempt for the boys who merely translate somebody's story for the screen. The Baker-Towne team starts with a name, a title, a situation—or simply from scratch—and goes on from there to a complete story, which a director can take and shoot from, as is.

JOHN LODGE, Boston acting blueblood, received a letter from an old man who said that as he knew Mr. Lodge was a member of the elite, he supposed he had a silk top hat. This man said his ambition for years had been to have a silk hat to wear to lodge meeting. He was now getting old and hoped just once to wear a silk hat to lodge before he died. Would Mr. Lodge please send him one of his old ones?

Lodge showed the letter to Claudette Colbert. "What would you do?" he asked.

Claudette said, "I'd find out his size and send him one. I'll chip in with you."

So John Lodge bought a silk hat, after writing for the size, and sent it, and the old man realized his life's ambition.

CORA SUE COLLINS is the little twinkle, and the great big stars are Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, William Powell and Edward G. Robinson.

And here is what Cora Sue thinks about them:

"I think Miss Shearer is nice.

"I think Miss Garbo is lovely.

"I think Miss Young is nice.

"I think Miss Colbert is lovely.

"I think Miss Loy is nice.

"I think Mr. Powell is lov—is, nice.

"I think Mr. Robinson is nice."

And that's what a little Twinkle thinks.

THE thoroughness of Cecil B. DeMille always awes me.

Take this "The Crusades" picture, for instance. Right now C. B. is deep in all sorts of literary lore and research about crusading knights. But he doesn't stop with the knights. He goes right down to particulars.

Two of them are falcon hunting and medieval armor. I was amazed to discover how much the man had unearthed about what I should deem rather incidental things to the picture.

Falcon hunting, I found out, is a very technical sport. It has its own vernacular and its very fine points. To quote from a letter C. B. received from a falconeer about his sporting birds:

It starts out tragically: "One of my little



The first step in the making of a set. It's for Marlene Dietrich's picture, "The Devil Is a Woman." Hans Dreier is the artist doing a sketch, then the models are made, and finally the finished set

merlins (a type of hawk) was killed and eaten by the big peregrine (another type) leaving me only two birds. The peregrine is the more impressive looking on the fist, but has a rather heavy style in the air . . . she can go from 40 to 50 miles per hour . . . will fly from a quarter mile to the lure . . . The remaining merlin . . . will stoop and dash at the lure . . . and when she misses shoot up a hundred feet to come to a stall . . ."

All that about the technique of a bird!

It seems that there really is no such thing as a "falcon" bird. A falcon is merely a trained sporting hawk. Goshawks, peregrines, merlins and golden eagles make the best falcons, and their training is a life's work.

The ancient sport, which flourished among the nobility during the middle ages, has its modern stronghold in the Hawking Club of England, which numbers a thousand-odd members. In America the most enthusiastic groups of falconers live in Massachusetts, although Denver, Colorado, is rapidly becoming a hawking center.

About the only sporting equipment required for hawking is the heavy perch glove, which keeps the lightning bird's talons from piercing the arteries of the wrist, and a blinding cap which keeps him from becoming all hot and bothered until just the right time.

DeMille's research on mediaeval armor was even more thorough. He spent days at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and at the Field Museum in Chicago. Furthermore, he has imported Juliano Arechea, the world's sole exclusive maker of armor, whose forge is near Pamplona, Spain. Arechea is creating the correct mode of boiler plate for the period to be used in the film.

There were definite fashions in iron wear in those distant days, and only Arechea and a few scattered cranks on the subject know the answer. Sometimes even a tiny rivet will date a suit of mail as much as fifty years from another.

The surprising thing uncovered by DeMille in his armorial research is that, contrary to popular belief, the gentlemen who wore the suits were not runts as compared to our modern football heroes, but instead, bigger in frame and meat.

Henry Wilcoxon, who will play "Richard Coeur de Lion" in "The Crusades" is a sizeable fellow. Yet he floats around in most of the relic suits.

Strangely enough, the only parts of the ancient tin suits which gave Mr. Wilcoxon a close fit were the helmets. Or maybe that's not so strange after all. Mr. Wilcoxon is an actor.

In fact, he's a British actor.

WELL, Bill Powell's much publicized and long awaited bachelor's castle in Beverly Hills is now completed, and everything you've read about it is true.

Here are just a few of the wonders which made me open my eyes—see if you've ever run across any of them before—

Collapsible walls between the living room and the drawing room. If Bill wants a comfortable small party, he leaves things as is; if he wants a mob, down go the walls and it's all one big room.

Vanishing closets in the bedrooms—just try and find 'em. I couldn't.

An amazing voice throwing business by which from any room in the house Bill can greet his guests approaching from the outside. Likewise, he can hear everything they say as they arrive—and what's more important—as they're leaving. (Lets him know where he stands.)

A central radio with loud speakers in every room, built in.

Electrically washed and temperature-regulated air throughout the house. In the wine cellar, a gadget keeps it always at fifty-five degrees, which is healthy for most vintages.

Tap beer in the bar.

A robot kitchen that is beyond description. Even peels potatoes and shells peas while you wait.

Buttons that let down couches from unsuspected walls when you push them.

It's quite a place, as you can imagine. The next time I go up I'm going to ask Bill if the place also has lights and gas and all the modern conveniences.